

MODERN
SCOTTISH POETS

FIFTEENTH
SERIES

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[Edwards, David Herschell]

Fifteenth Series.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND
CRITICAL NOTICES.

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PREFATORY NOTE.



SHOULD any of our readers take the trouble to glance over the "Introductory Notes" appended to the foregoing volumes of this work, we feel that they will consider these "Notes" of a somewhat conflicting nature—some of the promises (perhaps rash) being seemingly made only to be broken, while others, it may be, were in several respects more than fulfilled. The unexpected demands on our space, and consequent growth of the work, are the main causes of our schemes "ga'n aft alee." At last, however, in this volume, which is more bulky and is the result of more thought and correspondence than any of its predecessors, we come for the present in sight of the end of our arduous labours in this field. We have been compelled, by the weak state of our health for some time, and by command of our medical adviser, as far as possible to endeavour to seek rest and change, so that we have had to forego our intention of meanwhile preparing and laying before the reader our general preface on Scottish Poets and Poetry, and remarks on our varied experiences during the past eleven years. While this is the case, it affords us much pleasure to be able to announce that our friend, Mr J. M. Macbeath of Lynnfield, Orkney, has kindly come to our aid. Mr Macbeath has a wide and extensive knowledge of the subject, and is well-known through his valuable writings on archæological and antiquarian lore. Along with a carefully prepared treatise from his pen, we may yet be able to give a few jottings in the way of selections from our correspondents—poets and friends in all parts of the world who have kindly given us valuable assistance through their personal knowledge

and by means of rare works in their possession ; also, our reminiscences, experiences, and an "In Memoriam" of poets who have recently died. These, with other items of a "hotch-potch" nature, we may, from our crude notes, ultimately expand into a separate volume, of which particulars will in due time be given. Meanwhile the volume containing the exhaustive index by Mr F. T. Barrett, junior, and Mr Macbeath's entertaining general introduction is in preparation, and will be published early in 1894. The labour in connection with the comprehensive index has been immense, but it will be very useful and interesting in many respects. As we have before explained, it will embrace the names of all the writers who have a place in this work, titles of poems mentioned as well as quoted, and classified entries of birthplaces and occupations. It will thus serve to show at a glance the distribution of poetic fancy throughout our land and in professions and trades ; what poems and books have been published by a certain man ; who wrote a certain poem or volume ; what poets belong to certain districts, and what trades or professions have had their poets, and who these poets were. The reader will thus be made acquainted with the condition of every writer, and with the circumstances in which his minstrelsy was given forth.

We now add merely a word of grateful thanks to our readers and friends for their kind forbearance, assistance, and sympathy, and would express the hope that the present volume will be found equal in point of merit and interest to any of its predecessors.

D. H. EDWARDS.

Advertiser Office,
BRECHIN, June, 1893.





MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.



GEORGE WILSON, M.D., F.R.S.E.,

BROTHER of Sir Daniel Wilson, noticed in this work, was born at Edinburgh in 1818, where his parents had come to settle a few years before—his father being a native of Argyleshire and his mother a native of Greenock. From the charming and interesting “Life of George Wilson” (Macmillan & Co.), written by one of his sisters (Jessie Aitken Wilson) and one of the admirable series of biographies issued by the Religious Tract Society, by Dr James Macaulay, we learn that the mother of the Wilsons was a woman of rare natural gifts. She fostered in her children the love of knowledge, and they regarded her with devoted affection. From her, George Wilson inherited the genius and the character by which he was distinguished. “She verifies,” says Dr John Brown, in a paper on him in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, “what is so often and so truly said of the mothers of remarkable men. She was his first and best *alma mater*, and in many senses his last, for her influence over him continued through life.” How early this good influence began may be understood by an anecdote told by his biographer. “It

was a custom of his mother to pay each night a visit to the little cot of her twin boys, and repeat over them Jacob's blessing, 'The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel that redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads!' So fascinating was this to George that in mature years he has told a friend how he used to lie awake watching for it, pretending to be asleep that he might enjoy it to the full." The mother sedulously induced her children to be naturalists by the encouragement of keeping pets. It was from the tender feeling thus early acquired that he afterwards became a zealous advocate of mercy to animals, and pleaded earnestly with the medical professors and students against the cruelty of reckless and needless experiments and demonstrations. The love of nature and of natural history led to many a ramble in the country. With his brothers or other companions it was not uncommon to walk fifteen miles during a Saturday or holiday excursion, and to come home laden with botanical or geological specimens, to be added to the home museum of curiosities. Some delightful pages of recollections of those expeditions, by Daniel Wilson of Toronto, appear in the biography. From his mother George acquired an early love of poetry. George Wilson was from 1828 to 1832 a pupil of the High School. Here he maintained always a high place, and the bent of his mind in those years was strikingly shown in the establishment of a "Juvenile Society for the Advancement of Knowledge," which met weekly at his father's house, in the room where his books and natural history collections were deposited. William Nelson the publisher, Dr Philip MacLagan of Berwick-on-Tweed, Mr John Alexander Smith, an accomplished antiquarian, and other men of mark in after years were among the members. George was usually the chief speaker.

Our poet chose the medical profession, not from any

special liking for it, but rather attracted by the course of scientific study required at the University of Edinburgh for all students of medicine. In the winter session of 1832-33 he attended the mathematical class and that of natural philosophy. In the next year's winter session he attended the chemistry class, the class of anatomy, and also the extra-academical lectures on anatomy; in subsequent sessions, in winter or summer, the botany class and that of *Materia Medica*.

All these studies were pursued with enthusiasm. Knowing, however, that there was little prospect of obtaining through any of them a means of living, he had at the same time to devote himself to the practical part of the profession, in order to get his diploma as a surgeon or his degree as a physician, as qualification for becoming a medical practitioner. With this view he was bound as an apprentice in the laboratory of the Royal Infirmary. At the same time he was diligent in gaining all the knowledge that he could acquire in the wards, and at the clinical lectures. The scenes in the operating theatre caused intense distress to his sensitive and sympathetic mind, and this the more because what he witnessed was before the use of chloroform and other anæsthetics had been introduced. For the profession itself he had the highest respect, and only regretted his own unfitness to be a worthy and useful member of it. He felt this in his early student days; and twenty years afterwards, in an address to the Medical Missionary Society, "On the Sacredness of Medicine as a profession," he spoke of "the healing art" as not only the highest of all secular callings, but as "essentially a Christian calling." "The Head of our profession," he said, "is Christ. He left all men an example that they should follow His steps, but He left it specially to us. . . . The object of His whole earthly life was the same as

ours, the abolishment of pain and of death. What we vainly strife to effect, He fully effected."

When the term of apprenticeship at the hospital was ended, great was his joy at having more time for pursuing his favourite studies. Of these chemistry proved the most attractive, and the ambition was formed in his mind of some day filling the chair which Joseph Black had made the most famous in Great Britain. Meanwhile he industriously laboured at the long and varied course of study necessary for graduating in medicine in the University of Edinburgh. All his examinations were passed with ease, and the final with distinction. He has said that among the daily incidents of even the saddest sick-ward, amusing events occur to lighten the tragic darkness which otherwise prevails. The convalescents are also ready to cheer and assist the distressed. The first operation which he saw performed was the amputation of a sailor's leg above the knee. After the first shock which this sight caused him, he determined to visit the poor fellow, who happened to be a namesake, and see if he could be of any service to him. On going to the ward he was agreeably surprised, and indeed amused, to find the nautical George Wilson half propped up in bed, and intently occupied with a blacking brush, borrowed from the nurse, polishing the single shoe which, in a month or six weeks, he might hope to wear.

In 1834 the British Association held its first meeting in Edinburgh, and the subjects discussed intensified his longing to be able to devote himself to scientific pursuits. He subsequently hired a room where he prosecuted his taste for chemical and physical experimenting. Visiting London, he was introduced to Professor Graham, afterwards Master of the Mint, who gave to him the post of assistant in his laboratory, and who obtained for him admission to several classes.

An introduction to Faraday was followed by attendances at one of the famous course of lectures at the Royal Institution. Returning to Edinburgh, and having received licence from the Royal College of Surgeons, and the privilege of his lectures being received as qualifying for their diploma, he became lecturer of chemistry in the "Extra-Academical Medical School." Of the subjects he was thorough master, and he had gained experience as a speaker before more private audiences at home and in societies. He was specially careful in preparing illustrative diagrams and striking experiments, sometimes as many as fifty being introduced in a single lecture. No one ever excelled him in this combined address to ear, eye, and mind, except Faraday, whom he regarded as his master in this art. In fact, at the close of his first course he had already become famous as a "popular lecturer on science." His services soon were in request for other audiences than his class of medical students, and he had every prospect of finding a secure income from his lectures and from teaching private pupils in his laboratory. It became gradually evident, however, though long met by buoyant gaiety of spirit and manly perseverance in work, that his outward success in life was to be accompanied by the feebleness and distraction of bodily ailment.

For the poor sufferer a "peaceful grave" may then have seemed a happy relief; but for others, and for all time, the latter years of George Wilson's life are bright with divinest radiance and beauty. "Not in all biography (says Dr Macaulay) is there a grander instance of noble persistence in duty amidst weakness, disease, and pain." In the year 1843 it became evident that the conflict with suffering could not much longer be sustained. It was only by the use of opiates that any rest was attainable. The disease in the foot

became so rapidly aggravated that he had to choose between death and the sacrifice of a limb. The choice was promptly made, and the suffering under the surgeon's knife was intense, for there were no anæsthetics yet in use. The result was satisfactory, and writing to a friend he said—"The operation leaves me a more useful limb, and the doctors hold out the hope of my being able to limp about with a wooden foot or stuffed high-heeled boot, without betraying to every eye the amount of my loss."

During his season of enforced inaction his love of poetry and the facility of versemaking seemed to develop, and he then composed not a few new words to old melodies, as well as several "Hymns for the Sick Room." As years passed, his popularity as a lecturer increased, and he strove in vain to meet all the demands made on his time and labour. Besides the systematic courses given each session to his several classes, there were occasional series to all manner of audiences, from the educated and critical members of the "Philosophical Institution," down to the humble village gatherings in parish school-rooms. As an analyst he was in constant request, and his laboratory was crowded with soils and products of each kingdom of nature, sent by applicants for information. His personal advice was sought by all sorts and conditions of men, who wished to consult him as a man of science, or what pleased him better, though bringing no fee or reward, to have his advice as a wise counsellor and a good physician of souls. In his later years he was much engaged in religious and spiritual service, and fortunate were those who had the benefit of the instruction of a teacher so accomplished as well as devoted. Correspondents, not only his own many relations and friends, but strangers, made large demands on his time, and he never neglected these opportunities of gratifying or of helping others. To

the afflicted he had special pleasure in writing, his own experience giving him keen sympathy with those who were tried or depressed.

His labours were at length rewarded by the establishment in the University, by the Crown, of a new Chair, that of Technology, of which he was appointed the first Professor, with the additional post of Director of the Industrial Museum of Scotland. This museum he lived to see in possession of more than ten thousand objects, occupying a space larger than that of the London School of Mines. The University lectures attracted many pupils from all parts of the Kingdom, and of ages and grades of life not usually seen on students' benches—country gentlemen, farmers, manufacturers, and other skilled artificers of many kinds. Another occupation in which he took peculiar delight was helping the work of the Medical Missionary Society, and the school and dispensary under its auspices. The influence of men so eminent as Dr Abercrombie, Sir J. Y. Simpson, and others in the same field of medical activity, whether at home or in connection with foreign mission, must have strengthened the foundation of the institution which now bears the name of Wilson's early friend, Dr Livingstone.

The books published by George Wilson will remain as classical works, in popular as well as in scientific literature. The most widely known are "The Five Gateways of Knowledge" (Macmillan & Co), "Researches on Colour Blindness," and other smaller works. Two biographical works of laborious research are the "Life and Works of the Honourable Henry Cavendish," printed for the Cavendish Society; and and the "Life of Dr John Reid, Chandos Professor of Medicine in the University of St Andrews." A biography that was looked for with wide interest was the "Life of Edward Forbes, Professor of Natural History

in the University of Edinburgh," which he did not live to complete, but the portion of it from his pen is a delightful record of events and delineation of character. These volumes, published or projected, all appeared within the last ten years of Wilson's life, from 1850 to 1859. But from 1839, twenty years before he laid down his pen, there had been a numerous procession of papers and treatises, some separately published, or appearing as contributions to reviews or periodicals, or in volumes of the transactions of learned and scientific societies. In all his writings it was evident that he considered a tone of reverent worship of the Author of nature was befitting men of science.

In November, 1859, soon after the opening of the College Winter Session, he had a sudden attack of pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. The second lecture of his course was delivered with great difficulty, and with an apology to the students for sitting while addressing them. On getting back to his home in the afternoon, his sister was startled by his appearance, and the anxious fear was confirmed by his saying, in a low and constrained voice, "I'll just creep upstairs." He was helped tenderly into bed. His mind remained calm and clear, but it was soon apparent that his sickness would be unto death. The change had been so often welcomed in anticipation that no surprise overtook him now. His end, which took place on 22d November, 1859, at the age of forty-one, was a scene of cheerful submission and quiet peace. Rev. Dr Lindsay Alexander said of him—"His memory will always remain with us, tenderly cherished. His elegant and graceful mind, his genial and happy spirit, made him many friends, and never a single enemy." The President of the Philosophical Institution, after referring to the loss of one who had "so often charmed as well as instructed them, the clear scientific exposition

being enlivened and adorned by graceful play of fancy," concluded by saying that "a gentler, nobler, more true-hearted man we have not left among us."

We do not require to refer to George Wilson at any great length as a poet. His verses were varied—some of them brimful of sacred truth and expressive of the deeper feelings, while others, more particularly his rhyming letters to young friends, flowed with genial fun and quiet humour.

YE PEARLY SHELLS.

Ye pearly shells,
That from the deep sea wells,
Where brooding darkness ever dwells,
Have risen to the light of day,
Who fear no more
The breakers dashing on the angry shore,
Or the first tempest's fiercest roar
Or the wild wintry spray,
To me ye seem,
Whilst thus a Sabbath ye for ever keep,
Like infants, whose soft-breathing sleep
Is only broken by some pleasing dream,
In which a bending angel sips
A kiss from those small smiling lips,
And leaves behind an added grace
To rest upon the fair young face;
Or rather are ye like a band
Of saints in the immortal land,
Who through deep waters long had passed ;
On whom dark waves their wrath had cast,
Who in the whirlpools of despair,
Had bidden farewell to God's bright air,
And yet are safe in heaven at last.
Ye fair bright things !
It seems to me
That ye must listen
To the far-off sea,
Then wake a moment, and with keen zest
Sink back again to graceful rest ;
Like sailors sleeping on the shore.
Who sleep the sounder
Because at times awaking,
They catch the rolling of the distant thunder

And the hoarse billows on the high cliff breaking,
And hear them say, above their sullen roar,
"Sleep on, ye are at sea no more."

Rest is more restful than we ran before ;
Sleep is more sleepful for long tortures sore ;
Night can make brighter even the brightest light ;
Blindness makes clearer even the clearest sight ;
Peace is more peaceful after bitter strife ;
And death the only gate of endless life.

May she whose graceful hand
Hath given you bright repose,
In God's good time be joined to those
Who from all change are free,
And rest all safe within that land
Which never can be vexed by storms,
Because it hath no sea !

ORIGIN OF THE SNOWDROP.

No fading flowers in Eden grew,
Nor Autumn's withering spread
Among the trees a browner hue,
To show the leaves were dead ;
But through the groves and shady dells,
Waving their bright immortal bells,
Were amaranths and asphodels,
Undying in a place that knew
A golden age the whole year through.

But when the angel's fiery brands,
Guarding the eastern gate,
Told of a broken law's commands,
And agonies that came too late ;
With longing, lingering wish to stay,
And many a fond but vain delay
That could not wile her grief away,
Eve wandered aimless o'er a world
On which the wrath of God was hurled.

Then came the Spring's capricious smile,
And Summer sunlight warmed the air,
And Autumn's riches served a while
To hide the curse that lingered there ;
Till o'er the once untroubled sky
Quick driven clouds began to fly,
And moaning zephyrs ceased to sigh,
When Winter's storms in fury burst
Upon a world indeed accursed.

And when at last the driving snow,—
A strange, ill-omened sight,—
Came whitening all the plains below,
To trembling Eve it seemed—affright
With shivering cold and terror bowed—
As if each fleecy vapour clond
Were falling as a snowy shroud,
To form a close enwrapping pall
For Earth's untimely funeral.

Then all her faith and gladness fled,
And, nothing left but black despair.
Eve madly wished she had been dead,
Or never born a pilgrim there.
But, as she wept, an angel bent
His way adown the firmament,
And, on a task of mercy sent,
He raised her up, and bade her cheer
Her drooping heart, and banish fear ;

And catching, as he gently spake,
A flake of falling snow,
He breathed on it, and bade it take
A form and bud and blow ;
And ere the flake had reached the earth,
Eve smiled upon the beauteous birth,
That seemed, amid the general dearth
Of living things, a greater prize
Than all her flowers in Paradise.

"This is an earnest, Eve, to thee,"
The glorious angel said,
"That sun and Summer soon shall be ;
And though the leaves seem dead,
Yet once again the smiling Spring,
With wooing winds, shall swiftly bring
New life to every sleeping thing ;
Until they wake, and make the scene
Look fresh again, and gaily green."

The angel's mission being ended,
Up to Heaven he flew ;
Put where he first descended,
And where he bade the earth adieu,
A ring of snowdrops formed a posy
Of pallid flowers, whose leaves, unrosy,
Waved like a wingéd argosy,
Whose climbing masts above the sea,
Spread fluttering sail and streamer free.

And thus the snowdrop, like the bow
 That spans the cloudy sky,
 Becomes a symbol whence we know
 That brighter days are nigh ;
 That circling seasons, in a race
 That knows no lagging, lingering pace,
 Shall each the other nimbly chase,
 Till Time's departing final day
 Sweep snowdrops and the world away.

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER PUTTING OFF HIS ARMOUR AT THE GATES OF HADES.

Helmet of the hope of rest !
 Helmet of salvation !
 Nobly has thy towering crest
 Pointed to this exaltation.
 Yet I will not thee resume,
 Helmet of the nodding plume ;
 Where I go no foeman fighteth,
 Sword or other weapon smiteth :
 All content, I lay thee down,
 Shall gird my brows with an immortal crown.

Sword at my side ! Sword of the Spirit !
 Word of God ! Thou goodly blade !
 Often have I tried thy merit ;
 Never hast thou me betrayed.
 Yet I will no further use thee,
 Here for ever I unloose thee :
 Branch of peaceful palm shall be
 Sword sufficient now for me ;
 " Fought the fight, the victory won,"
 Rest thou here, thy work is done.

Shield of faith ! my trembling heart
 Well thy battered front has guarded :
 Many a fierce and fiery dart
 From my bosom thou hast warded.
 But I shall no longer need thee,
 Never more will hold or heed thee.
 Fare-thee-well ! the foe's defeated,
 Of his wished-for victim cheated :
 In the realms of peace and light
 Faith shall be exchanged for sight.

Girdle of the truth of God !
 Breastplate of His righteousness !

By the Lord Himself bestowed
 On his faithful witnesses,
 Never have I dared unclasp thee,
 Lest the subtle foe should grasp me ;
 Now I may at length unbind ye,
 Leave you here at rest behind me !
 Nought shall harm my soul, equipped
 In a robe in Christ's blood dipped.

Sandals of the preparation
 Of the news of peace !
 There must now be separation,
 Here your uses cease.
 Gladly shall my naked feet
 Go my blessed Lord to meet ;
 I shall wander at his side
 Where the living waters glide ;
 And these feet shall need no guard
 On the unbroken heavenly sward.

Here I stand of all unclothed,
 Waiting to be clothed upon
 By the Church's great Betrothed,
 By the everlasting One.
 Hark ! He turns the admitting key,
 Smiles in love and welcomes me :
 Glorious forms of angels bright
 Clothe me in the raiment white ;
 Whilst their sweet-toned voices say,
 " For the rest, wait thou till the Judgment Day."

ATHANASIUS CONTRA MUNDUM.

O Athanasius ! thy too subtle creed
 Makes my heart tremble when I hear it read,
 And my flesh quivers when the priest proclaims
 God's doom on every unbeliever's head.

Yet I do honour thee for those brave words
 Against the heretic so boldly hurled,
 " Though no one else believe, I'll hold my faith,
 I, Athanasius, against the world."

It was not well to judge thy fellow men,
 Thou wert a simple mortal like us all ;
 Vengeance is God's ; none but Himself doth know
 On whom the terrors of His wrath will fall.

But it *was* well, believing as thou didst,
 Like standard-bearer with thy flag unfurled,
 To blazon on thy banner those brave words,
 "I, Athanasius, against the world."

Thy faith is mine ; but that is not my theme ;
 'Tis thine example I would preach to all ;
 Whatever each believes, and counts for true,
 Of things in heaven or earth, or great or small,—

If he believe it, let him stand and say,
 Although in scorn a thousand lips are curled ;
 "Though no one else believe, I'll hold my faith,
 Like Athanasius, against the world."

A STORY OF A COUNTRY WIGHT.

I've heard a story of a country wight,
 Whether 'tis true or not I cannot tell,—
 Who never had been taught to write,
 And very likely could not spell.
 He kept a sort of shop of shops
 Dealing in blacking, boots, and teas,
 In Epsom salts, and humming tops,
 And cotton handkerchiefs, and Stilton cheese.
 His windows were so full they cut a dash,
 And he displayed his goods, and people wanted them ;
 And if they could not pay in cash,
 And asked for credit, why, 'twas granted them.
 But how was't possible to keep his books
 When he was ignorant as any nigger,
 And never learned to make pot hooks,
 Or found in early life the way to figure?
 Why, this he did : he used his pen,
 But not to mark the money due him ;
 When he sold any goods, why, then
 He pulled his ledger out and drew 'em.
 If hats were bought, he painted hats,
 If China ware, he sketched the dishes ;
 If mats were sold, he drew the mats ;—
 Or herrings, portraits of the fishes ;
 And so, with some mysterious signs
 That made his pictures clearer,
 He marked beside his quaint outlines
 Whether his goods were cheap or dearer.
 One day a customer came in to settle
 And begged his bill might be looked up,—
 There drawn against him stood a kettle,

A pound of sugar and a breakfast cup.
"And I find also," quoth the dealer,
"Here sketched against you, if you please,
Nothing you see, sir, could be clearer,
The portrait of a skim-milk cheese."
"A cheese! oh no!" the other cried,
"I never bought a cheese from you."
"You did indeed," the first replied,
"And there's the figure of the cheese I drew."
And so he showed a round thing like the moon,
Or any other round thing that you please,
A hoop, a ring, a saucer, or a spoon,—
But he who drew it said it was a cheese.
A cheese it could not be, the man protested;
And so there rose a very strong contention—
Cheese or no cheese, they bitterly contested,
And lost their temper in the hot discussion.
At length the dealer, making no impression,
Suddenly stopped and changed his ground.
"My good man," says he, "make at least confession,
You lately purchased something round."
"Round!" quoth the customer, "why, wait a bit!
Ay, sure enough, as I'm Jack Bilston,
(We'll square it now, the nail you've hit),
I bought from you last spring a millstone."
Loud laughed the dealer; "I forgot—
I see you did not try to diddle—
To put within the ring a dot,
To show the axle in the middle:
I mark my cheeses from my millstones so,
But I was hurried on that day,
And so forgot the dot; but you must go,
Well, here's the sum you have to pay."
The two shook hands and parted friends,
And wondered they had been so hot.
A story's good if well it ends,
And here you see's the wondrous dot--.



JOHN BOGUE,

WHO occupies a prominent position in the musical profession in Glasgow, was born in that city in 1849. Both his parents were lovers of poetry and music—his mother being the possessor of a remarkably good soprano voice. From childhood, John showed a marked appreciation of and love for music. Many amusing stories are told of his precociousness in this direction, but having the misfortune to lose his father by death while the subject of our sketch was yet an infant, his love of sweet sounds was not guided and developed as it might otherwise have been. Like other distinguished Scottish musicians we have dealt with in this work, he had to serve for years to more or less uncongenial occupations. During these experiences, however, many of his songs, sketches, and humorous verses appeared in the London and local newspapers and magazines.

Ultimately Mr Bogue was able to turn his attention seriously to the study of music, and became favourably known as the possessor of a good tenor voice. At the formation of Mr Lambeth's Choir he was invited to become a member, and as such he was one of the "twenty-four blackbirds" who sang with so much acceptance before Her Majesty at Balmoral. He was principal tenor in several of the West-End churches, and at length became choirmaster and harmoniumist in some others. During these years he won several prizes, and received many substantial marks of esteem, such as silver tea and coffee services, &c., which encouraged him to give up all his business connections, and devote his whole time to the profession of his choice.

At present Mr Bogue is one of the visiting music masters engaged by the School Board, and has a con-

siderable number of schools under his charge in and around Glasgow. In connection with his evening classes in the High School of Glasgow, he has formed a choir of picked voices, which, as "Mr Bogue's Choir," have frequently given much appreciated recitals, spoken of by musical critics as showing a marvellous degree of finish and efficiency. They also sang twice at the Glasgow International Exhibition, at the East End Exhibition, and have frequently been received with much favour in several large towns throughout Scotland.

Mr Bogue, it should be observed, is essentially a self-taught man in almost all departments. Without a single friend to encourage him at the outset of his career, he has worked his way upwards, until he now occupies a high position in the profession which it was always his ambition to enter. He is also favourably known as a platform speaker—his lectures on the "Songs of Scotland," "The Songs of Burns," and other similar topics, with musical illustrations, being enthusiastically received. He is a member of the Glasgow Society of Musicians, and as a vocalist has frequently performed at their concerts. He has written and composed a large number of part songs, sacred and secular, as well as sets of verses written for German songs. Mr Bogue has also edited several class books, including "The Text Book of Staff Notation," for use in elementary schools, containing a selection of easy part songs, which has been styled as one of the most lucid and concise works of the kind yet published.

"HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD."

Home of my childhood,
Home ever dear to me,
Tho' thou art far away,
Thought flies to thee.

B

Tho' far from thee I roam,
 Weary and sad, and lone,
 Yet childhood's happy home
 In dreams I see.

How sweet thy valley
 Perfum'd with many flowers,
 How sweet the songs we sang
 In thy green bowers.
 Ah ! in my heart must dwell,
 Ling'ring with magic spell,
 Memories I love so well,
 Joys that were ours.

In Heav'n's fair future,
 Earth's every sorrow o'er,
 May we united stand
 On yon bright shore.
 Where all the blessed are
 Gather'd from near and far,
 Nothing their peace to mar,
 Joy evermore !

DEAR KELVIN GLADE.

Dear Kelvin glade, how oft I've strayed
 'Neath shelter of thy stately trees,
 When stars' pale light gave charms to night,
 While softly sighed the summer breeze.
 Thy scene so fair hath charms more rare
 Than brighter spots in other climes ;
 Where'er I be my heart's with thee.
 Dear scene of happy childhood's times.

Joys of a past, too fair to last,
 Awake sad thoughts within my breast--
 I hear it said old friends are dead,
 That in the grave they silent rest.
 Say, trembling heart, when I depart,
 This well-loved spot no more to see,
 When passing by shall no one sigh
 For other days, and think of me ?

COME BACK TO ME, MY LOVE.

'Tis summer time, bright summer time, when flow'rs bloom fresh
 and fair,
 While birds that flit from tree to tree make music rich and rare ;

Yet what to me are perfumed flowers or bird's melodious lay,
The gladdest hours are saddest hours when thou art far away.

Chorus.

Come back to me, my love,
Come back to me :
Ah ! how I've longed and sighed and prayed for thee.
Come back to me, my love, come back to me
Joy of my longing heart, Oh come back to me.

'Tis winter time, bleak winter time, when fields are clad in white,
While frost hath bound with iron band and day seems part of
night ;
While thro' the woods all leafless now is heard the wind's low sigh,
Yet saddest hours are gladdest hours if only thou art nigh.

Chorus.

Come back to me, my love, &c.



REV. JAMES AITCHISON,

WAS born at Glasgow in 1846. His father was by trade a potter, and in these dull and hard times found only occasional employment for support of his household. He had, moreover, somewhat prominently identified himself with the Chartist movement, and being more outspoken than some of his cautious *confreres*, he found himself, in 1848, not only precluded from any hope of obtaining employment at his trade, but also in other respects a marked man. In these circumstances he resolved to emigrate to the United States of America, intending, when fortune favoured him, to send for his wife and family. He reached New York in the beginning of 1849, but there, and at Brooklyn, could find no occupation. Taking to the

road with a companion, he proceeded southward on foot in quest of work, spent a few months in fruitless outlook, exhausted all his means, was laid low by sun-stroke, and, in the early summer of that year, worn out by failure and disease, died in a hospital in Philadelphia.

His widow, left with the care of her young family, and with scarce a sixpence in the world, set herself bravely to the task of maintaining and training her "fatherless bairns." James received his education, first at St Matthew's Parish School, and afterwards at the Sessional School of the same parish. At the age of ten he was sent to work, that he might bear his part in providing for the household, and for three years thereafter he continued an errand boy in various situations. When he reached thirteen he was apprenticed to a watchmaker, in whose employment he remained for several years, acquiring in this and in the service of other employers a fair knowledge of the business, and becoming an expert and accurate workman.

During this period, however, and indeed from the time he left school, he had been intent on self-improvement. He studied at evening classes in the Mechanics' Institute and elsewhere, and thereby acquired a wider knowledge of his own tongue as well as an acquaintance with Latin and Mathematics, and a slight smattering of the French language. In his twenty-first year he entered the Glasgow University, taking the Arts course, with a view, however, at this time to the Law, and not to the Gospel. During the succeeding four years he continued his attendance at College, working at his trade in summer, and also during the winter sessions, often far into the night, in order to scrape together his class fees, and otherwise pay his way. In the fourth year his health broke down, and although he had already taken two of the three departments of his degree, he was reluctantly

compelled to forego his intention of attaining that honour.

In the meantime his views as to the future having undergone a change, he had applied for admission to the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, and having successfully passed the entrance examination was enrolled a student in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1869. A situation as missionary in connection with Canal Street Church, Paisley, which at this period he held for eighteen months, enabled him to maintain himself with less strain on the strength and nervous system than formerly. Afterwards he found it advantageous to remove entirely to Edinburgh, where for a time he was resident tutor at Canonmills House, and one of the Assistant Masters in Circus Place School. He subsequently obtained a position in Grange Academy, which he occupied till the end of his divinity course.

He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Edinburgh in 1873, was placed on the Probationers' List in April 1874, spent the three summer months of that year in peregrinating through the Orkney churches, and going south in the autumn was in the month of October called in succession to Eaglesham, and to Erskine Church, Falkirk. Making choice of the latter sphere of labour, he was ordained in January, 1875, by the Presbytery of Falkirk, and from then till now has filled the position of minister in the above named congregation. Besides the work appropriate to his pastorate he has been much identified with educational matters in the town of Falkirk, having served for several terms on the School Board. His aim has been chiefly to foster secondary education in that town and in the eastern district of Stirlingshire, and mainly through his efforts the High School of Falkirk was founded a few years ago. In ecclesiastical affairs he has also taken a considerable part, being

Clerk of the Presbytery of Falkirk, and having, as Convener of the Committee which founded the now highly prosperous congregation of Carron, helped to extend the influence of his denomination in the district. He has also been much engaged in Synodical Committee and Deputation work.

Mr Aitchison has been a lover of the Muses from boyhood, and his earlier efforts found their way into various magazines and periodicals, where not a few of them are buried in the oblivion of anonymity. In 1887 he published a volume of poems under the somewhat fantastic title of "The Chronicles of Mites," (Kegan, Paul, Trench & Co., London,) which received very favourable notice and acceptance. The chief poem in the volume is a satire on the negative schools of theology and philosophy. There are also minor pieces grouped under the headings, "Etchings from Nature," "Parables from Nature," "Odds and Ends," and these have been by many highly appreciated. In 1890 Mr Aitchison published through Messrs Cassell of London another work, "Signa Christi," in which, forsaking for a time "the walks of poesy," he presents the evidences for the Christian faith that cluster round the person and work of Christ. This work has been highly successful, and has added much to the author's reputation. He contemplates, we believe, various further essays in prose and poetry, to which by his past experiences of favour he is encouraged.

THE RIVULET.

Cheerily wandering,
Never at rest,
Quietly meandering
On to the west ;

Flowing on foamily
Through the bright hours,

Singing sweet melody
To the wild flowers ;

Constantly whispering
In the still night,
Merrily glistening
In the moon's light ;

Evermore murmuring
Through the lone glen,
Trickling and turning in
Meadow and fen ;

Often-time tarrying
By fairy bower,
Moisture still carrying
To the wild flower ;

Onward, blithe rivulet,
Flow to the sea ;
Flow, gentle rivulet,
Joyous and free.

THE RUINED CASTLE.

Rude relic of the past, with ivy crowned,
And left a prey to time's destroying hand ;
Ancient abode of storied chiefs renowned,
To whom like monuments its ruins stand.

Its lordly turrets, once their owner's pride,
Now furnish shelter for the screeching owl ;
Strange are the sounds that echo far and wide
When midnight tempests round the ruin howl.

And now how sadly changed the spacious halls,
Once filled with beauty, chivalry, and grace ;
How crazy now the once defiant walls :
A curse seems resting on the ancient place.

Re-people yet again, with fancy's aid,
The dismal ruin, once so bright and gay ;
Bring back the scenes that have for ever fled,
And lead oblivion into genial day.

Sweet sings the minstrel in the castle hall,
Loud laugh the barons o'er the jovial cheer,
Light trip the fair ones at the courtly ball,
Soft speaks the lover in his lady's ear.

Shrill sounds the clarion—the call to arms—
 Loud clangs the armour as the knights prepare ;
 For them the battle-field possesses charms
 Above the peaceful home, or lady fair.

Low falls the drawbridge, wide the portals veer,
 Proud from the castle rides each gallant knight ;
 The sun's rays glance upon the armour clear,
 And plumes are nodding over helmets bright.

Again loud mirth resounds, loud laughter rings,
 And notes of triumph break upon the ear ;
 The minstrel tunes his harp, of vict'ry sings,
 And all forget their dangers as they hear.

The ladies mingle in the merry dance,
 The knights join chorus in the jovial song ;
 Heart beats for heart, and glance replies to glance,
 While love and happiness the feast prolong.

But all are gone—the lord and lady gay,
 The hoary minstrel, and the belted knight ;
 Stilled are the sounds of joyous revelry,
 Nor nods the plume, nor shines the helmet bright.

Gaunt, like a skeleton, the ruins rise,
 Strong battlement and buttress crumbling fall,
 Unhinged the gates, the drawbridge broken lies,
 And ivy creeps along the old grey wall.

Rude relic of the past, proud grandeur's tomb,
 The home of beauty, chivalry and grace,
 Now wrecked and ruined, the abode of gloom—
 A curse has fallen on the ancient place.

FADING AWAY.

Fading away, fading away !
 Like the last faint streaks of the waning day,
 Robbing my heart of its gladd'ning light,
 And chilling my soul with the damp of night.

Fading away, fading away !
 The glad and the sad, the grave and the gay,
 The friends of my youth for ever gone,
 And the love-light quenched that so brightly shone.

Fading away, fading away !
 Must friendship for ever, like this decay ?
 Must the hands we clasp and the lips we kiss
 For ever be snatched from our love like this ?

Fading away, fading away !
 Oh, when will the light of the endless day
 Break on the gloom of my mourning heart,
 And join me in friendship which ne'er shall part ?

Fading away, fading away !
 Yes, the shadows will go but the light will stay—
 The light of a morn that brings no night,
 The morn of a day for ever bright.

THE VALLEY.

A lovelier scene ne'er met the gazing eye
 Than yonder peaceful valley, lying low
 Between the lofty hills, which o'er its face
 At morn and eventide their shadows throw.

The yellow cornfields with their rip'ning grain
 Like golden waves bend gently to the breeze ;
 The leafy hedgerows stretching o'er the land
 Enhance the prospect and the vision please.

A strip of woodland here and there is seen,
 With rustling leaves and branches waving slow ;
 Fresh grows the grass and sweet the wild flowers bloom,
 Where little trickling streamlets dancing flow.

Throughout the valley, every swelling hill
 Is with some peasant's cheerful cottage crowned,
 Or whitewashed farmhouse, scene of peaceful toil,
 With well-tilled acres stretching all around.

The busy rustics labour in the fields,
 And cut with swinging scythe the ripened hay,
 Or guide the patient steed that drags its load
 And slowly trudges o'er the dusty way.

A peaceful lake scarce ruffled by the breeze
 Lies dreamy, like a calm inverted sky ;
 A gentle river flowing from its shore
 Winds like a silver cord beneath the eye.

The moving shadows of the floating clouds
 Pass slowly o'er the sweetly placid scene,

Now resting softly on the leafy wood,
 Now gently passing o'er the pastures green.

The cattle lowing by the river's side,
 The children laughing at their merry play,
 The skylark singing from his airy height,
 The streamlet murm'ring o'er its pebbly way,

The water splashing down the mill-wheel's steps,
 The zephyr rustling through the forest green,—
 Break on the ear in mingled mellowness,
 And breathe a quiet content o'er all the scene.

How sweet when tired and jaded here to dwell,
 Secure from worldly cross and cank'ring care ;
 To ramble through the woods or by the streams,
 And breathe the fragrance of the scented air.

To mingle with the rustics in the fields,
 To cull the wild flowers by the river's brink,
 To wander from the peep of dewy morn,
 Till in the west the golden sunbeams sink.

O what a feast is here for human eyes !
 O what a feast is here for human heart !
 Such scenes once known remain for ever dear,
 And bitter is the pang if called to part.

R O N D E A U .

(UNDER DIFFICULTIES OF RHYME.)

A cup of tea, in dainty dish,
 Of pattern somewhat heathenish—
 Fantastic scene in gold and blue—
 And sweet, a tête-a-tête with you,
 'Tis really all the heart could wish.

I leave to fools, in law, to fish
 For right of "entry" and of "ish,"
 No "ish" want I when we two brew
 A cup of tea.

Were I like Saul, the son of Kish,
 Who found a crown beyond Shalish',
 To sweet Bohea, and you still true,
 My kingdom left, I'd drink anew
 A cup of tea.

WILLIAM LYNDON.

IN this work we have given several examples of the poetry of restless, erratic mortals, who roam about the country, doing occasional turns of work when the spirit moves them. The subject of this brief notice styles himself "a tramp labourer," who, although this is true of him, is an honest, upright, though unsettled son of song, whose periodic visits to certain localities are greatly enjoyed, and who receives warm and substantial sympathy from many friends. Although born in Dungarven, county of Waterford, Ireland, about thirty-one years ago, he has spent nearly all his life in Scotland, and most of his writings are in pithy Doric. When the subject of our sketch was an infant, the family removed to Cardiff—the father working there as a dock labourer. William was only a very short time at a Roman Catholic school, and has tramped the country since he was fourteen years of age. For a short time he was employed in a match factory in the East End of London, and then tramped to Liverpool, where he worked in a dairy for about a year. He is a man of great intelligence, well read, and writes a good hand, though entirely self-taught. Our poet spends a good part of each year in the Western Isles, but is best known in Ross, Sutherland, Argyle, and Caithness shires, where he occasionally works for the farmers. Lyndon's effusions partake a good deal of the ballad form, although he has written many pleasing love songs; and frequently, while in the reflective vein, his thoughts are presented in touching pathos, with a dash of sparkling humour, good-natured satire, and sarcastic wit.

THE SKYE CROFTER.

A straw thatched roof, an earthen floor,
 A fire of peats just in the centre,
 You stoop near double at the door
 If you do wish to enter ;
 A few lean chickens keenly picking
 For what may likely not be found,
 A dog beneath the table licking
 A pot with crusted filth well bound ;
 A Bible on the window shelf,
 A whisky bottle close beside it—
 Enough to make one ask himself,
 “ Is there no better place to hide it ? ”
 An ancient hog now enters in,
 Which gazes on the stranger's face,
 And, as a gift, does incense bring—
 “ Sweet odours ” from his dwelling-place.
 The good wife's colour's like tanned leather—
 Poor woman, she does most the work
 Outdoors all kinds of weather ;
 While Donald in the smoke does lurk,
 Spending a tranquil, happy life,
 Smoking the “ pipe of peace,”
 Blessing the Lord for such a wife,
 Who makes his labour cease ;
 Where you will hear his earnest prayer,
 And psalm resounding every day.
 Which seems to leave but small fruit here,
 Whate'er good people say.
 He has his virtues—he is kind ;
 If you have got the needful thing,
 And likely to leave some behind,
 Then to you he will fondly cling ;
 Yet Job himself, so just and good,
 Were greater patience to him given,
 Out of this island never could
 Have found his road to Heaven.

OOR TAMMY MAK'S THE ANVIL CLINK.

My thochts were roamin' far awa',
 Till the dull fire gave a blink,
 Which brocht me to the smiddy sma',
 Whaur Tammy mak's the anvil clink.

He is as wise as he is strang.
 An', though he tak's the giddy drink,

Few idle oors will frae him gang,
Sae regular does the anvil clink.

The smiddy fire groans an' glows,
An' throws aroun' a cheery blink ;
An' then, wi' strong an' steady blows,
Oor Tammy mak's the anvil clink.

He hears the loafers mend the laws,
But thinks theirsels' maun need a link :
Their havers on the labour cause
He muddles wi' the anvil clink.

Wi' waefu' heart I mony a time
Sat weary on the gloomy brink
Of want, till his hand grippit mine,
An' then I heard the sillier clink.



JOHN M'CUTCHEON

WAS born in the village of Borgue, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, in 1849. Shortly after the birth of our poet, his parents removed to Castle-Douglas, where he received his education. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed as a compositor in the office of the *Kirkcudbrightshire Advertiser*, and soon proved himself an intelligent member of the Fourth Estate. After completing his apprenticeship he held several important appointments on different newspapers, and for a number of years he has been the esteemed and energetic manager of one of the departments in the office where he served as an apprentice.

From his boyhood, Mr M'Cutcheon's tastes have run in a poetical groove, and being fond of music, his gifts

are largely taken advantage of in the way of topical songs at rural entertainments. He is a frequent contributor to the prose and poetical columns of the *Advertiser*, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Ariel." His poetic efforts show him to be possessed of keen sympathetic feelings, and a natural gift of expressing the warmest sympathies of the heart.

THE HAMELESS ORPHAN.

Hard his lot frae early mornin',
 Beggin' for a bite o' breid,
 An' when nicht comes doon upon him,
 He kens naewhere to lay his heid.

Weary, wat, an' gey near starvin',
 Seeks he lodgin's oft in vain ;
 No a ane wi' care or pity
 For a pair bit orphan wean.

In the corner o' a strae-hoose
 While's he's gled to cuddle doon :
 Pleased wi' ony kin' o' shelter,
 In a blink he's sleepin' soun'.

When the mornin' licht comes peepin'
 Thro' the rafters o' his biel,
 Feared that ony ane nicht see him,
 Quaet's a moose awa' he'll steal.

Back into the cheerless world,
 As he's often' done before,
 Trudgin' on thro' rain or snaw-storm,
 Turned awa' frae ilka door.

Aye he pleads wi' heart o' sorrow—
 'Help, oh ! help an orphan boy !'
 Put there's nane to gie him comfort,
 No a blink o' hope or joy.

Horrid thochts his wee heid enter—
 Wretched, hameless, no a frien'.
 Sinks he doon on yonder roadside,
 Nearly greetin' oot his een.

'O, that God wad tak' me to him,'
 Sobbed aloud the wee outcast,
 'I wad then be free frae trouble,
 An' my cares wad a' be past.'

Weak an' weary, faint wi' hunger,
 Soon his eyes were closed in sleep,
 But the angels hovered near him,
 O'er his soul a guard to keep.

Wakin' frae his peacefu' slumber,
 Wildy look'd he roun' an' said—
 'Mither, ye maun come an' meet me,
 O, I weary to be——' Dead!

TAM AND HIS MITHER.

Losh, Tam, it's a lang time noo since we met ;
 Hoo the time's slippin' quickly by ;
 I mind o' ye weel on the lanely hillside,
 A wee laddie herdin' the kye.

Ye mind o' the pool doon beside the auld brig,
 And the burn purlin' doon frae the hill ;
 'Twas there that ye fished wi' a big bended preen,
 And guddled for troots near the mill.

Wi' a bonny black coo an' some guid layin' hens,
 Your mither aye kept ye weel cled ;
 And aft ye hae sat 'mang the strae in the byre,
 Till Crummie was milkit an' fed.

She washed your wee face and made ye look braw,
 And took ye half road to the schule ;
 And wearied and watched till again ye cam' hame
 To sit on your wee creepie stool.

An', Tam, ilka nicht ere ye gaed to your bed,
 Ye kneeled at your dear mither's knee,
 And lisped the first words she taught you to pray—
 'O, God, bless my mither an' me.'

When ye toddled up stair to a saft, cosy bed,
 To please ye a sang she wad croon ;
 Syne blessed ye and kissed ye and happ'd ye fu' snug,
 And sune ye were sleepin' richt soun'.

Noo, Tam, ye're a man, think weel what ye dae,
 And ne'er cause your auld mither strife;
 Content ye maun bide till the end o' her days,
 And ne'er think o' takin' a wife.

Think naething a trouble, if ocht ye can dae
 To lichten the load o' her years;
 She toiled late and early to keep the house gaun,
 Though aften, nae doubt, amid fears.

Nae sad, bitter thochts, can enter your breist,
 Ye've been husband and son a' in ane;
 For your faither was ta'en to the fair land abune
 Ere ye entered this worl' o' sin.

Though your mither's noo feeble, her hair white as
 snaw,
 She keeps the hoose tidy an' clean;
 Nae wonder ye lo'e the auld body sae weel,
 Tam, ye'll ne'er again fin' sich a frien'!

I MIND O' YE, JESSIE.

I mind o' ye, Jessie, a bairn on the knee,
 Wi' your wee chubby face an' sweet witchin' e'e;
 An' aft hae I nursed ye, an' rocked ye to sleep,
 An' prayed the dear angels might o'er ye watch keep.

A big strappin' lad—for I was in my teens—
 In passin', I aye ca'd to see my auld frien's;
 An' a mair kindly pair ne'er were buckled thegither
 Than the auld folks, wi' pride, ye ca' faither an' mither.

When I entered the door, an' my face ye did see,
 Ye wad jump, an' ye'd skirl, richt brimfu' o' glee,
 Till I'd tak' ye an' hug ye, an' aft pree your mou'—
 Ye'll wonder, nae doot, lass, if that could be you.

Then your wee han's, wi' mischief, wad rug at my hair,
 Gin I cried oot, it pleased ye, an' gaur'd ye pu' mair;
 I wad reckon to scold ye, but a' was in vain,
 For ye'd thae your arms roun' me—then at it again.

Your mither—the best o' a' mithers, I ween—
 Wad dress ye fu' braw, like a wee fairy queen;
 An' the bairns in the schule amaist envied your lot,
 But they lo'ed ye sae weel they their envy forgot.

But noo ye're a woman, richt winsome an' fair,
 An' nane in the lan' can wi' Jessie compare ;
 Frae mornin' till nicht ye're as busy's a bee,
 An' I'm prood o' the bairn that I nursed on my knee.

Gin' I were but young, I would ask for your han'—
 I ken I could win ye frae a' in the lan' ;
 But ye've plighted your troth, sae I'll never repine,
 I'm content that I lo'd ye, the bairn o' lang syne.

Think weel o' the lad that's to mak' ye his ain ;
 Be true to your vow, lass, an' ne'er gie him pain :
 But aye keep a corner deep doon in your heart
 For the frien' that will lo'e ye till death does us part.



GEORGE REID,

WHOSE “Canaanite’s Daughter” is a “guidly ballant,” worthy of being classed with any of those by George Macdonald, or “The Maister and the Bairns,” by the late William Thomson, was born in Montrose in 1843. He was “reared” mostly under the care of his grandparents, and it is of interest to learn that a sister of his grandmother, who was married to a soldier of note, and who for many years served “his King at home and abroad,” was the writer of a volume of poems published in India, in which she in simple yet tender verse moralises on the everyday duties of soldiers and their wives. At the age of eleven years our poet was “flung on his own resources,” and found employment at a mill—his wages being one shilling and sixpence for a week of sixty hours. After some time of such slavery, he went to sea for several years, and endured many of the hardships common at that time. Being out of a ship, he found employment

at a woodyard in his native town, and ultimately obtained a situation as overseer in a spinning-mill. After thirteen years' service, however, he was obliged, through failing health, to relinquish this position, and for a year acted as agent to an Assurance Society. He then went into the drapery trade, at which occupation he is at present engaged, doing a considerable business in the fishing villages in the Montrose district. It should be noted that in his earlier years Mr Reid had no education whatever. He learned to read and write at an age when other boys are almost finished with their school course. When seventeen years old he began, with the help of a friend, to study arithmetic, and in one winter he succeeded in learning the Danish language, besides mastering several other subjects, including geometry and mensuration. He had at this time a few pupils under him studying Pitman's shorthand, an art which he had previously acquired. For seven years he acted as assistant in an evening school, in this and other ways reaping a harvest by adding to his own knowledge and feeling that he was doing lasting good to lads whose early advantages, like his own, were by no means encouraging. He has only courted the muse of late years at rare intervals, contributing to the *Evening Telegraph* (Dundee) and other newspapers. These effusions are generally of a thoughtful and sympathetic nature, expressed with loving fervour and true Christian charity.

THE CANAANITE'S DAUGHTER.

A puir, wearie bodie cam' to the Lord,
 An' flung hersel' down at His feet ;
 O' warldly gear 'twas little she had,
 An' nocht cud she dae but greet.
 " My puir bit lassie (I only hae ane)
 At hame lies lanely an' ill ;
 A'thing's been tried, but dune nae guid ;
 Ye hinna to speak, but, will.

" My neibors a' said I needna fash,
 An' leuch when I cam awa,'
 Sae I ran a' the road (my puir bairn's ill,)
 Mysel' on you to ca.'
 I ken I'm no come o' a very guid race—
 A Canaanite's dochter by birth ;
 We're kent for nae guid, it's true, I confess,
 Nane o' oor name's muckle wirth.

" I ken that ye've been unco kind,
 An' heard ye were to pass
 The street yer servant's housie's in ;
 Oh, spare my puir wee lass.
 Yer mercy, Lord, lat fa' on me,
 An' licht me o' despair ;
 Oh, cast the fiends oot o' my wean,
 Great Master, hear my prayer."

He didna mind a word she said,
 Nor e'en a word spak' He ;
 But aye she cried, " Oh, David's Lord,
 Yer peety grant to me."
 " Hame wi' ye, wumman," His cronies cried,
 " An dinna the Maister torment :
 Wha cares for you or yer ootcast brat ;
 It's no to yours He's sent."

An' I'm sair mistaen but this is fat
 The unco guid do still ;
 They ban the puir an' coort the rich
 Against their Maister's will.
 " It's no for dougs," at last He said,
 To eat the bairnie's bread ;
 Nae Canaanite may houp to share
 Until my ain I feed."

" It's true, my Lord," the bodie said ;
 " Dougs ne'er can houp to eat :
 But wi' the moulin's we'll be content,
 That fa' amon' yer feet."
 At wirds sae gran' the Maister ran
 An' heised her frae the ground.
 " Rise up," He cried ; " sic faith as yours
 I hinna here yet found.

Puir bodie," He said, the tear in's e'e,
 " Hame to your housie rin ;
 Yer bairn's weel an' rinnin' aboot,
 It's true my words ye'll fin',"

She took to her heels an' sune gat hame,
 Her neibors were a' in a splore ;
 She cudna believe her ain twa e'en—
 Her lassie was playin' at the door.

THERE'S NO' A CHEEK IN GOURDON DRY.

There's no' a cheek in Gourdon dry,
 There's no' a heart but's sair,
 There's no' a hame in a' the place
 But has o' grief its share.

There's no' a bairn in a' the street
 But kens there's something wrang ;
 There's no' a lad but hings his heid,
 And hushed's the maiden's sang.

The souch o' sobbin' hearts is heard
 In a' the place around ;
 The very bairns on the street
 Ha'e ceased their merry sound.

For lichtsome hearts at morning rise
 Ere nicht are chilled by gloom ;
 For four brave lads that left the shore
 Ha'e met wi' sudden doom.

The "Scottish Maid," a craft as trig
 As ever cleft the wave,
 Through mony a storm had reached the shore,
 That round her wildly rave.

But boats may come and boats may go,
 An' mony a voyage be made,
 But tidings nevermore will come
 Of Gourdon's "Scottish Maid."

The kindly heart o' Alec's gane,
 An' Willie's sparklin' e'e,
 The couthy smile o' Hughie Gowan,
 An' Robbie, fu' o' glee.

Cauld, cauld beneath the chilly wave
 They a' lie soundly sleepin',
 Noo cauld's the hearth, an' toom the seats,
 An' nocht is heard but weepin'.

The pair auld mither's only help,
 Wha did her kindly tend,

An' cheer her aye in comfort sweet,
Her best an' dearest friend.

An' Willie, but a three months gane
Since wedded to his bride,
Ah what a gloom is now between
Since he stood by her side !

An' Robbie, too, wi' Willie gane,
Beneath the flowing tide ;
They baith are resting 'mong the weeds,
The brithers side by side.

An' Hughie, wha was liked by a',
Has wi' his cousins gane,
An' joined his father, lang since deid,
On Heaven's sunny plain.

Oh, dull the hames, an' sad the hearts,
Since on that fatal morn
They a' set sail, wi' lightsome glee,
But never to return.

We fondly hope that He abune
Did hear their hinmost cry,
An' took them in His airms o' love,
To dwell wi' Him on high.

O ! Thou who every sorrow knows
An' can apply the balm,
Send comfort to the broken hearts,
An' all their troubles calm,

Speak peace, as in the days o' yore,
An' peace will surely come
To ilka dooncast mourner here,
Wha rests on Thee alone.

O, gi'e Thy grace to ilka ane
To mak their' peace wi' Thee,
Syn'e death will hae nae terror then,
To us by land or sea.



MRS MARY MACPHERSON,

(THE SKYE POETESS).

MRS MARY MACPHERSON, the Skye poetess, was born in Skeabost, Isle of Skye, seventy years ago. Her father was known as "Ian Bàn" Macdonald, and, according to the usage of North and West, Mary came to be spoken of familiarly as "Mairi Nighean Iain Bhàn." In Skye she spent her youth and early womanhood in the uneventful manner common to the majority of the crofting class. It is evident, however, that if her early life was perhaps comparatively destitute of incident for the chronicler, the scenes and customs and associations of that time were imperceptibly forming the impressions which find such eloquent and musical expression in the teeming rhymes of her later years. Indeed, it may be said that the "Home School" and Dame Nature were her best "schools and schoolmasters," for, though she can read both English and Gaelic, she cannot write. In 1848 she removed to Inverness, where she married a Mr Isaac Macpherson, a shoemaker—a man of most respectable character and a first-rate tradesman. After a quarter of a century of happy married life, her husband died, leaving Mary with four surviving children. Accustomed all her days to hard work, she bravely set about earning her own living as a nurse in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, which profession she afterwards practised in various other places till the year 1882, when she returned to her beloved Skye. Here the benevolent proprietor of the district in which she was born, Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, bestowed upon her a free cottage

for the remainder of her life. In the present connection it ought to be stated that the same generous friend has also borne the expense of the publication of her poems.

Mrs Macpherson was well stricken in years before, like Burns, she "committed the sin of rhyme." It was only certain persecutions and miscarriages of justice in the town of Inverness in the year 1872 that struck the iron into her heart, and it may almost be added that "her impetuous soul came rushing through the wound" in the form of boiling and scathing denunciations of her own persecutors, as well as of the oppressors of her people. These are varied with more pleasing, if less powerful, tributes in praise of her native Isle of Skye, and touching elegies on several departed fellow countrymen and women. The bulky volume of Mrs Macpherson's poems, recently published by Messrs A. & W. Mackenzie of Inverness, contains some 6000 lines all taken down from her recitation by Mr John Whyte (to whom we are indebted for these details). Nor did this at all exhaust the store of her own compositions, not to speak of perhaps an equal quantity of the compositions of other Highland bards—a testimony at least to her amazing powers of memory. The book is beautifully got up, well printed on excellent paper, and contains, apart from the merits of Mrs Macpherson's poetry, a body of excellent Skye Gaelic, which of itself ought to constitute it a welcome accession to the all too scanty literary heritage of the Gael. The book contains several well-executed photogravures representing Mrs Macpherson engaged in various occupations redolent of the Highlands, such as carding and spinning wool and flax, and the warping of Highland tartan, in all which branches of industry Mrs Macpherson, it ought to be told, is no less an adept than in the composing of Gaelic poetry and the singing of Gaelic songs.

CUMHA NEILL MHIC-DHOMHNAILL,

FEAR DHUN-ATHACH.

A mhuinntir Eilean mo ghraidh,
 Is fhad o'n a dh'fhag ur glinn,
 'S tha cumail 'n ur cuimhne le baigh,
 Gach cleachdamh a b'abhaist leinn ;
 Tha nochd ann an Glaschu nan sraid,
 Ann an Talla na Ban-rìgh cruinn,
 Tha ur cridheachan uile fo phramh,
 M' an naidheachd tha craidhteach leinn.

Dà bhliadhna 's beagan a chorr,
 Bha ar comunn le solas cruinn,
 'S am fiuran a sheasadh ar coir,
 Ceann-suidhe na coisir, leinn ;
 Ach a nise bho'n dhùineadh a shuil,
 'S nach fhaic sinn a ghnuis a chaoidh,
 S' e ar comain ar deoir a ruith dluth,
 Le Teaghlach an Uird 's le chloinn ;

'S leis a' bhaintighearna cheanalta, shuairc,
 Tha snidh' air a cluasaig, blath,
 Ach 's e'n Tìle'n do sgaoileadh na duail,
 Bha ceangailt cho chruaidh le gradh,
 Gu diomhair a chumas i suas,
 Fo nithe cho cruaidh 's an bàs ;
 'S ged a sgaradh do chompanach uait,
 'S ann gu oighreachd tha buan 's is fhearr.

'S, a mhuinntir Eilean mo ghraidh,
 'S ann agaibh tha fath na caoidh,
 Chan ann mar oide neo-thlath,
 No muime nach tath ri cloinn ;
 Oir chaill sibh ur caraid a b'fhearr,
 A sheasadh ur cas 'n ur teinn,
 'S fhad's bhios ceo air a' Chuillionn a tamh
 Bidh 'iomradh le gràdh ga sheinn.

A mhuinntir Latharn nan caol,
 Tha sibhse maraon ri bron,
 Oir chaill sibh ur caraide gaoil,
 A sheasadh gach taobh ur coir ;
 Bidh iomradh an fhiurain ga luaidh,
 An duthaich nan cruach 's nan crann,
 Feadh mhaireas an talamh 's an cuan,
 Dun-athach is Cruachan Beann.

MARBHRANN DO MHAIRI NIC-EALAIR,

(MAIRI CHAMARON),

*Bana-Ghaidheal bhlatheachd agus Ban-Philidh bharr-
 aichte, a chaochail ann an Dun-Eideann anns an
 Fhogharadh 1890. Chaidh a tiodhlacadh ann an Loch-
 abar a h-oige, a luchd-cinnidh. agus a gaoil.*

Och, ochain, a Rìgh,
 Gur sgith an galar an cradh,

'S chan 'eil neach air am bi,
 Nach saoil gur seachdain gach la.
 Tha iomadh 'n ar linn,
 'S an cinn a' cromadh gu lar,
 Bho'n dhealach i ruinn,
 'S nach till bean-chomuinn nam bard.

Bean-chomuinn nam bard,
 'S gach cearna deas agus tuath ;
 Bean-chomuinn nam bard,
 'S a talant cuimhir gu buan ;
 Bean-chomuinn nam bard,
 'S gach ait theid Gaidhlig a luaidh ;
 A Caraid a b'fhearr,
 Cho trath ga sgioblachadh uainn.

Tha'n fhirinn cho fìor—
 Bheir diachainn cuid gus an uir,
 Le iomadach gnìomh
 A dh'fhiacht' a chur air an cliu.
 'S iomadh osna o d'chliabh,
 Is dìar a shìl o do shuil,
 'M an do choinnich thu trian,
 De na liath do chiabhagan dluth,

Cha bu mhath leam bhith'n cot,
 Am brog, an osan, no'm breid,
 Na chuireadh ort sgìle,
 'S an coir dhe leithid ac' fhein ;
 Gum fagamaid diblidh,
 Sinte 'n comunn nam marbh,
 Na chuireadh ort spid,
 No mi-chliu idir air d'ainm.

Bho'n tha onair nam bard,
 Air fhagail dhuinne le uaill,
 Ga gleidheadh gu brath,
 Choglan 's a chumas a' chuach,
 Ged gheobhadh iad taire,
 'S tamailt iomadach uair,
 'N uair thigeadh am bas,
 Rachadh carn is clach air an uaigh.

Mor bheannachd gu brath,
 Dha na sair a choisinn a' bhuaidh,
 Rinn d'onair cho ard,
 Ga d'charamh sìos anns uaigh.
 'N uair dh'eireas tu'n aird,
 Air aithne Sagairt-nam-buadh,
 Gun seinn thu gu brath,
 Le gradh, aig cathair an Uain.



CHRISTOPHER DAWSON,

AUTHOR of "Avonmore, and other Poems," was born at Cupar, Fife, in 1826. His parents settled in Coldstream about the year 1830, and amid the beautiful scenery which surrounds that Border town he spent his childhood and youth. These scenes have left their impress upon his character and writings, and, no doubt, from them have sprung that insight into Nature and that spirit of observation which form so marked a feature in his works. The subject of our sketch was educated at the Parish School of Coldstream, where he acquired a fair knowledge of Latin, Greek, and French, and where he also served an apprenticeship of five years as pupil-teacher. In 1844, he became one of the English masters in the Madras Academy, Cupar. There he soon became a favourite with both parents and children, and friendships were then formed, which these long years have served only to strengthen. His duties were heavy, as his classes averaged 350 in daily attendance, but his tact and enthusiasm made him equal to the task. In 1846, Mr Dawson was appointed Parish Schoolmaster of Abercorn, on the Southern shore of the Forth. Thus he was again placed amongst scenes of peaceful beauty, with the distant Ochils and mountains of Perthshire adding their charm to his more immediate surroundings, which must have fostered and strengthened his poetic tastes. Often, when out on the Forth in his little skiff, he would cast anchor to watch the sunset. His influence amongst the young men of the neighbourhood was great, for with their hopes and aspirations he was always full of sympathy, and in their difficulties they could ever count upon his friendly and helpful counsel. Even yet, it affords him great pleasure to

address such on matters which concern their best interests. On his attaining his jubilee as a teacher, in 1889, he was presented by the Earl of Hopetoun, in the name of his many friends and former pupils, with a silver tea-service and a purse of sovereigns, as a mark of their affectionate regard. He had several advantageous offers to leave Abercorn—two of these were from Oxford—but his attachment to the place and the people with whom his lot had been cast, decided him to remain amongst them, rather than accept the greater worldly advantages that he could have elsewhere secured.

As a popular lecturer on historical, literary, and scientific subjects, and a speaker at public meetings he was ever a favourite. He has always been fond of geological and antiquarian research, and the result of several of his important discoveries and unwearied researches are recorded in the "Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries." The Earl of Hopetoun and other distinguished men encouraged and supported him in these researches. The North British Railway Company gave him a walking pass over one of their lines, where he discovered deeply-interesting traces of the ice-age. He was thus able to pick up many things of interest, so that he has now a museum rich in celts, fossils, minerals, coins, &c., and former pupils from far distant lands are constantly adding gifts to it. In 1865, Mr Dawson was elected Fellow of the Geological Society of Edinburgh; he is also a Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland. It might be noted that both his parents were great readers and possessed considerable poetic taste, and indeed composed a little themselves, so that from them he has inherited much of that gift which has been to him a source of pleasure and of solace amid the exhausting work of his profession. Since retiring to Edinburgh, Mr Dawson has employed his acquired leisure in making a selection of

his effusions in a handsome volume under the title of "Avonmore and other Poems," which has been published by James Nisbet & Co., London. The poem which gives a name to the volume is a well-sustained production, containing many beautiful passages. It proves his expansive taste, refined imagination, and wide reading. In his miscellaneous verse we have evidence of the cultured mind and ear. Mr Dawson's poetic eye is seen in his warm and intelligent love of Nature, while his keen perception of the beautiful and the true is frequently visible in pleasing and delicate touches.

WORDS IN SEASON.

Come, brothers, let the song-gods their burning thoughts proclaim :
Sing ye their songs, they'll fire us in life's terrific game.

We ask not how we came here,
We're in the thick of fight,
And that's enough for soldiers
Who know their post aright.
Time calls for wary footsteps,
Foes crowd our unknown way,
And coward hearts within us
Our high resolves betray.

Give us, then, words of warning and life-thoughts brave and true,
Fires lit from heaven's own altar to light our journey through.

Each day some duty claims us our better man to prove,
Some call for kindness, mercy, to sound our depths of love.

Be ours, as man's true brothers,
Before each setting sun,
To have some dark spot lightened,
Some foot from ruin won ;
A smile may cheer a sister
Despairing 'mid earth's cold,
Or win a child to sunshine
Whose heart with woe is old.

Ay ! hear the angels telling to count their load our own,
And with a god-like spirit make song replace the groan.

Sing out the faith, the daring that starred some struggling life,
That he alone is noble who wrestles in the strife ;

Sing of truth's peerless glory
'Mid darkness, sword, or flood,

Of martyr's fiery chariot,
 To stir our languid blood,
 To shame us into action,
 To up and play the man,
 To grasp the flag of duty,
 And bear it to the van ;

That o'er our silent tombstones some loving tears may fall,
 Or fainting hearts take courage to honour duty's call.

Spurn back the judging spirit, unhorn of heaven or earth,
 That dries the fount of mercy and kills love's tender birth.

We know no brother's soul-fight ;
 What's *falling* in our eyes
 May be his strange uprising,
 His ladder to the skies ;
 And in his awe-clothed gladness
 At being " much-forgiven,"
 His leap to heaven may place him
 'Mid senior peers of heaven ;

Or when in hours of darkness a leader down may fall,
 Teach us to watch and boast not, for weakness heirs us all.

Swell out a song to cheer us when hope is sinking low,
 'Twill make the journey lighter as round the verses flow,
 Of hearts uncrushed by failure,
 Of life-long battles won,
 Of faith, of love, and goodness,
 When this old world was young ;
 Our drooping souls will listen, nor heed their fruitless hours,
 Till hope with summer magic will clothe our path with flowers.

And grandly cheer the dying to breast the sullen tide,
 To see the sun clad mountains which skirt the other side ;
 To feel 'mid death's dark waters
 No soul can suffer loss
 That leans upon that Brother
 Who glorified the Cross.

To know a morn is waiting, when past is time's long sway,
 When all this maze of darkness will flood itself in day.

THE THRIFTLESS WIFE.

Before I got this wife o' mine
 I'd siller in the bank,
 But now I'm puir as smitten Job,
 An' wha hae I to thank ?
 She maun be like the rest o' folk
 That flaunt aboot the town,

Although my faithfu' Sunday coat
Is auld, an' bare, an' brown.

I scarce can thole, while wi' my pen
I ink the openin' steeks,
That girnin' glour wi' mockin' laugh
A' down my coat an' breeks ;
But weary on't, gin I but daur
Their waefu' plight to name,
She fires up like Beelzebub,
An' tears to shreds my claim.

The bairnies rin about the house
Sae dirty and ill-clad,
That mak's my vera bluid to boil,
An' drives me almost mad ;
I whiles am apt to curse my lot—
My bitter cup o' life,—
The very hell o' misery.
A feckless, wastin' wife.

My mither aye (I see her now)
Wi' canty thrift an' care,
Ne'er spent a penny thoughtlessly,
Though she might hae't to spare ;
She said, "Save aye a shillin', lad,
Whene'er ye hae the power ;
'Twill be a friend that winna fail
In cauld misfortune's hour."

I see her sittin' wi' her specs,
Her needles an' her yarn,
An' sorted stockings a' laid out
For her deft hands to darn ;
An' scatterin' round her funny jokes
An' tales o' far-off youth,
A' jumbled up wi' screeds frae Burns
An' words o' livin' truth.

In no' a corner o' the house
Could ony dust be seen,
But a' was trig in that wee beil',
An' pleasin' to the een ;
But now the bairnies write their names
Amang the grimy stour
That rests in peace frae week to week
On our auld furniture.

O men, beware ! an' think in time,
For fearfu' is the dool

A wife can bring upon your lot,
 To crush you 'neath its rule ;
 A witless brain, a ceaseless tongue,
 A heart that canna feel,—
 You'd hae mair chance o' happiness
 Wi' Tam o' Shanter's deil !

THE STREET—THE MIND.

I pensive tread the hurrying street,
 Heaving its life-waves to and fro,
 And guess the winds that strangely blow
 To port or wreck life's mystic fleet ;
 And ponder o'er its whence and where,
 Its thousand moods in duty's fight,
 Battling the wrong, daring the right,
 And scorning scorn, and fearing fear.

Moving or moved, 'mid smile or tear,
 The crowds tramp on their untracked way,
 To darker night, or brighter day,
 With breaking heart or song of cheer ;
 Elbowing in life's awful haste
 Each other ; near, yet far apart ;
 Diverse the utterance of each heart.
 Where hopes elate or doubtings waste.

Here civic might with lordly tread
 Broods o'er some scheme or social wrong ;
 There gifted youth with purpose strong
 Dreams of a name and laurelled head.
 The Christ-born pastor moves along,
 With thoughts on fire and heart aglow,
 And with a love for human woe
 As bids the groan become a song.

Next fashion's slave, the vain coquette,
 Her co-mates' hate, and sharp men's sneer,
 From better hearts prompting the tear,
 Half weed, half flower,—as worthless set ;
 Her shadow by her side, in form
 A man, a piece of tailor's art,
 Guileless of thought or brain or heart,
 Or manly love's ennobling charm.

Here flaunting vice, there silvered hairs,
 Whose years' long furrows deeply laid
 Are thousand tongues pleading for aid,

To feel for him and dry his tears.
 And next the sot, for whom is made
 Easy the wrong and hard the right,
 And orphans asking coming night
 Where weary heads shall down be laid.

Heralds of healing to the race
 Speed on to ease the throbbing head :
 And germinating crime with sullen tread,
 Stares mercy sternly in the face.
 Rags touch broad lawn ; the spring and fall
 Of life are mixed, but still unblent,
 And youth outstrides where vigour's spent,
 And flesh and blood and force seem all.

And boyish life with lusty play
 Awakes bright visions of our past,
 But suns must set, flowers cannot last,
 And youth's bright hours must pass away.
 A thousand aims, a thousand forms,
 And countless cares are hurrying by,
 Each scanning but his own strange sky,
 And knowing not his neighbour's storms.

And in man's soul thoughts come and go,
 Crowding the highways of the mind,
 Yet trackless as the fitting wind,
 And soundless as the falling snow ;
 All hurrying on in fitful mood,
 Severe, magnanimous, or wild,
 Wayward as some rude vagrant child,
 Unused to pause, unused to good.

Now resolution holds the rein,
 Till fickleness with wanton sneer
 Makes half-formed purpose disappear,
 And hope's fruition dies in pain.
 While thoughts of good, like fire from heaven,
 Strive hard to burn the dross of old,
 Or change it into burnished gold
 By contact with their mystic leaver.
 Thus hurrying through the restless brain
 Are thoughts of heaven, of earth, and hell,
 In gentle calm or tempest's swell,
 And like the street, an endless train.

THE AULD KIRKYARD.

There's a spot we haud dear in the auld kirkyard,
 It aye claims a tear in the auld kirkyard ;

It's 'neath an ashen tree, an' it's dear, dear to me,
 That wee bit o' sod in the auld kirkyard.
 The wind heaves a sigh in the auld kirkyard,
 As it glides gently by in the auld kirkyard,
 As if it missed a flower frae some shady bower,
 An' feared that it lay in the auld kirkyard.

O saft is our tread in the auld kirkyard,
 As we draw near our dead in the auld kirkyard ;
 A half-whispered word or a look o' regard
 Aye tells a' our tale in the auld kirkyard.
 Our thoughts rise above in the auld kirkyard,
 By strange links o' love in the auld kirkyard ;
 The spirit-land is near while we drap the silent tear
 On the wild tangled grass in the auld kirkyard.

It's dark 'mid the light in the auld kirkyard,
 For the heart bends in night in the auld kirkyard ;
 We canna see His hand, we silent weeping stand,
 And lang for the day in the auld kirkyard ;
 But faith whispers low in the auld kirkyard,
 'Twas love sent the blow in the auld kirkyard,
 An' frae that vacant chair has sped a spirit fair,
 Whose garments mouldering lie in the auld kirkyard.

Sweet spring wakes the flowers in the auld kirkyard,
 An' bright sunny hours in the auld kirkyard ;
 And th' dead 'neath the sod, at the voice o' our God,
 Will rise a' refreshed frae the auld kirkyard.



DANIEL WILLIAMSON,

WELL-KNOWN in Inverness and Perth-shires as
 "the blind poet," was born in 1843 at Clyth,
 Caithness, where his father was employed as a car-
 penter. Daniel at an early age was taught to read
 by his mother, and when seven years old he was sent
 to the parish school. After attending this school for
 about three years, he proved so apt a scholar that his

teacher and parents wished him to take up some of the higher subjects ; but, rather than return to school, Dan ran away from home, and travelled to Thurso, a distance of twenty miles. The father made anxious search for the truant, and, finding him comfortable and content in the service of a farmer (his duty being to carry dairy produce to the town), permitted him to remain in that occupation. We next find the subject of our sketch acting as stable-boy to a neighbouring farmer, then as page and stable-boy in the employment of a gentleman residing near Lybster ; and again as apprentice to a mason at 3s a week—when trade was dull Dan being expected to assist on the croft. Nine months there were quite enough for him, and he then returned to his parents, who now resided at Wick. Here he was again apprenticed to a mason—this time at 2s 6d a-week—but he was permitted to go to sea with the fishers in the season, when he frequently earned from 15s to 20s a night. After serving his time, he worked for a year at home as a journeyman, and then set out to seek his fortune. He arrived in Glasgow, and, after suffering many hardships, he secured employment for a short time in that city, and subsequently in Edinburgh and Birkenhead. He then went to London, where he was steadily employed for about five years. Then the crowning catastrophe overcame him, and he was destined thenceforth to walk in darkness all his days. An attack of sunstroke rendered him blind. For four long and anxious months he stayed in London, buoyed up with the hope that medical skill might restore his sight, but in vain. Finding that all man could do was of no avail, he returned to Wick, well-nigh broken-hearted. Then it was that he first essayed verse-making as a means of beguiling the tedium of his days, and keeping his mind from dwelling too much upon his terrible calamity. The sad story of that time is pathetically

told in his booklet, "On Beholding the Moon for the Last Time," which was published shortly after his return home. About ten years ago he went to Inverness, where he soon found employment in the Institute for the Blind, and whence issued several other poetical works, including "Musings in the Dark," and a second edition of "On Beholding the Moon." A few years ago he lost the use of his lower limbs, and now he has to be conveyed to and from his work in a bath chair. Truly might it be said of him

"He'll hae misfortunes great an' sma',
But aye a heart aboon them a',"

for, notwithstanding his sad and checkered career, and, as we learn from his brother poet, Mr Hector Macpherson, he is an exceedingly bright and cheerful companion, never complaining or fretting over his infirmities. His conversation is interesting, and often lit up by keen flashes of wit. Quiet humour is also present in a number of Mr Williamson's poems—notably in "My Guid Mither," "The Dying Flea," and the English traveller, benighted on the Black Isle moor, who got shelter in the humble cot of an aged dame, and was surprised to see her converting "dirty water" into a pudding—

It was nae water, sir, ava,
But guid Scotch sowans that ye saw.

Apart from the touching circumstances of their composition, our poet's miscellaneous pieces possess real merit. He has a keen sensibility, and there is a high purpose, and what Carlyle styles "a music of mankind" in all his writings.

THE DYING FLEA.

Oh, chide me not in wrathful numbers,
Nor look at me with such disdain,
As I no more can mar thy slumbers
Throughout the silent hours again.

For cruel man, with heart unfeeling,
 Hath sadly bruised my tiny head,
 E'en charged me with the crime of stealing,
 Because sometimes on him I fed.

'Tis true, mayhap, when he was sleeping,
 Oblivious of his friends and foes,
 Perchance I might, while on him leaping,
 Have then disturbed his calm repose.

But why should he charge me with stealing
 What instinct did to me reveal?
 And sure that man is void of feeling
 Would grudge to me so scant a meal.

Himself we find in every season
 Provideth ample store of food,
 And being guided by his reason,
 Selects, methinks, the kind that's good.

Though here I lie in torture dying,
 This happy thought now makes me glad,
 That no one ever found me trying
 To do what instinct taught was bad.

Then why hath men aye basely striven
 To murder us like beasts of prey,
 Since we obey the knowledge given,
 Which tells us where we ought to stray?

Oh, when I think of deeds appalling
 By mortals done since time began,
 My gratitude's beyond all telling
 That I'm a flea, and not a man.

THE BENIGHTED ENGLISHMAN.

Across a moor called the Black Isle,
 Now many years ago,
 An English traveller bent his way
 On one fierce, cold December day,
 While hill and vale around him lay
 All covered o'er with snow.

He ne'er before was so far north,
 Nor felt the cold more keen,
 The storm he knew was not yet past,
 For all the sky was overcast,
 And flakes of snow were falling fast,
 While not a house was seen.

As shades of night around him closed,
More fierce the wild winds blew,
Urged by many an anxious thought,
Still 'gainst the storm he bravely fought,
When, lo ! he spied a little cot,
Half buried from his view.

Ere long he stood within the cot
Where burned a hazy light,
The weird glow of its flickering flame
Revealed to him an aged dame,
Who asked at once from whence he came
On this wild stormy night.

"I came, my friend," the traveller said,
"From Inverness to-day,
While on my way the storm burst forth
With boisterous fury from the north ;
Exposed to such one learns the worth
Of shelter by the way.

"As I am tired and sore fatigued,
I crave to-night your board,
And if you grant me leave to stay
Beneath your roof till break of day,
I shall, my friend, be glad to pay
What you to me afford."

"Whest, whest, guid sir," the dame replied,
"An' dinna speak o' pay,
Although mysel' an' my guidman
Noo haena muckle at oor han',
We'll dae for ye a' that we can
In oor ain humble way.

"Sae sit ye by the ingle cheek
Till the guidman comes ben,
An' tak' the shoon frae aff yer feet,
An' gie yersel', guid sir, a heat,
While I prepare something to eat,
For sic ye need, I ken."

A cask of dirty water he
Nigh to the fire had seen ;
"Well, this is strange," the traveller thought,
"To keep a cask that's full of nought
But dirty water in their cot,
By jove, what does it mean ?"

Observing what the old dame did,
His heart beat loud and quick ;
Lifting this water with a can,
She put it in a large saucepan,
And by and bye she then began
To stir it with a stick.

The pan was next placed on the fire,
And closely covered o'er,
The stranger now was filled with dread,
As next he saw the table spread,
On which were laid bowls, plates, and bread,
With cheese an ample store.

He saw when she the pan took off
That its contents were flown,
The foulsome water all had fled,
And left a pudding in its stead ;
" Am I hewitched, by jove," he said,
" Or is my reason gone ?"

Weird thoughts that moment crossed his mind
Of witches and of ghosts,
And though the pudding looked so nice,
He vowed that nought would him entice
To take that night e'en but a slice,
Along with his strange hosts.

With child-like faith the old man asked
That God would bless their meal,
And grant them grace from day to day,
That they in turn might trust alway,
How He through life hath been their stay
His mercies doth reveal.

When grace was o'er, the stranger sat
Beside the good old man,
And though at first was rather blate
To taste the pudding on his plate,
Yet, when he saw the others eat,
He then at once began.

And ne'er before in all his life,
He afterwards would tell,
Did he enjoy a supper more
Than in this cot on that wild moor.
Though things at first an aspect wore
Which did not look so well.

Now to the dame the stranger said,
When they were both alone,
"Was it, my friend, an easy task
To change some water from that cask
Into a pudding? may I ask
How such a thing is done?"

She laughed outright—'twas vain to try
Her feelings to conceal—
"Upon my certie, this beats a'.
It was nae water, sir, ava,
But guid Scotch sowans that ye saw,
Made frae the sids o' meal."

Next day he bade his hosts good-bye,
For then the storm was o'er,
But all through life he ne'er forgot
The night he spent within their cot,
Or yet that supper which he thought
Was made by magic power.

THERE'S THINGS SAE SMA'.

There's things sae sma' aye in oor lot
That some hae ne'er discerned,
Frae which great guid is aft times got,
An' usefu' lessons learned;
Yet mony men sma' things despise,
Yea, at sic aften sneer,
Wha say it's weakness an' unwise
For ane to shed a tear.

When stern misfortune wi' her frown
Drives ilka hope awa',
Yea, hopes that roun' oor hearts had grown
Like ivy on the wa',
As we bewail our dolefu' fate,
An' see nae help is near,
Hoo aft times then we comfort get
Frae sheddin' o' a tear.

Aft when oor frames are racked wi' pain,
That we can get nae rest,
An' aid frae man proves a' in vain.
Though they hae dune their best:
'Tis then we ken the boon o' health
When we sic trials bear,
Nae comfort e'er is found in wealth
When troubles force a tear.

When trials great on us befa',
 That try the strongest faith,
 As when a frien' is taen awa'
 By the cauld han' o' death,
 Fillin' oor heart sae fu' o' grief
 For ane we lo'd sae dear,
 Hoo often then we get relief
 Frae sheddin' o' a tear.

The teardrops in the een express
 What words can ne'er impart,
 As aye from them we clearly trace
 The feelings o' the heart.
 The things that cause its stream to flow
 Are pleasure, grief, an' fear ;
 When they're acute we truly show
 Oor feelings by a tear.

While on the earth our Saviour trod,
 Hoo aft he shed a tear
 For those wha lived far frae their God,
 Yet sic He bade draw near,
 An' seek His mercy an' His grace—
 He'll a' their burdens bear,
 An' tak' them to yon happy place
 Whaur nane do shed a tear.



HECTOR MACPHERSON,

THE son of a soldier who took part in the Crimean War and Indian Mutiny, was born in Tain, Ross-shire, in 1864. His attendance at school in this town as well as in Beaul, Inverness-shire, to which the family afterwards removed, was very irregular, owing to a severe affection of the eyes. On account of his defective sight, he was debarred from joining in the games of his schoolfellows. Nevertheless, he made fair progress in his studies, and his ailment did not prevent reading,

so that he greedily devoured every book that came in his way, no matter what the subject might be. In 1881 he went to Inverness to act as assistant in a draper's establishment, in which employment he is at present engaged. His hermit-like spirit, which he acquired in his school-days, clings to him still; and he is in the habit of rambling alone all over the countryside, visiting every historic spot in the district. About six years ago Mr Macpherson first attempted verse-making, and he made his *début* as a poet in the columns of a local newspaper,. Since then he has had poems printed in the *Weekly Scotsman* and many other weekly newspapers and periodicals, at home and abroad. His poetry is always easy, clear, and limpid as a Highland burn, and of a reflective and observant cast. He describes nature and the historic scenes of his native country with glowing power and patriotic fervour.

MY BAIRN AT SEA.

When the gloamin' creeps doon
 Frae the tap o' the hill,
 An' the beams o' the moon
 Licht oor valley sae still,
 Aften lanesome I rove,
 While the tears dim my e'e,
 For the bairn o' my love,
 On the turbulent sea.

Tho' lang years hae ta'en flicht
 Since he gaed frae his hame,
 In my dreams ilka nicht
 Do I murmur his name,
 His kin' letters I seek,
 They bring pleasure to me,
 For o' love do they speak
 Frae my bairn on the sea.

When the storm-fiend doth sweep,
 Thro' the woods on the brae,
 Ne'er in peace can I sleep,
 When my heart is sae wae,

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.

But I pray that His han'
 O'er the ocean may be,
 An' bring safely to lan'
 My brave bairn on the sea.

Oh ! then hasten the morn
 When I'll greet him again,
 An' wi' fear nae mair torn
 When the win' mak's its mane,
 Frae the dawnin' till night
 Shall my heart blithesome be,
 A' the dark shall be licht,
 When my bairn's frae the sea.

SCOTLAND'S FLOWER.

There are flowers in lands afar, frien',
 May cheer fond hearts oot there,
 And fling their gentle fragrance
 Upon the caller air,
 But, ah ! my soul aft wearies
 For hame across the sea,
 Where bonnie heather sweetly blooms—
 The dearest flower to me.

Erin's bairns may weave a wreath
 O' shamrock fair an' green ;
 An' garlands o' the roses
 May charm gay English een ;
 Gie unto me the heath frae
 The mountain's rugged broo ;
 It whispers tales o' those I kent,
 The gallant, kind, an' true.

Where thou, sweet flower, bloomed fairest,
 Oor faithers wcrshipped God ;
 Ont o'er thy regal purple,
 A foeman never trod ;
 The sons o' Caledonia
 Their heart's blood aft did gie,
 That thou might'st ever bloom amang
 The noble an' the free.

A WINTER SANG.

Awa to the curling rink, my boys,
 Oor cares for a time we'll jink, my boys,
 While the frost is keen
 There's glory I ween,
 'Mang freens on the curling rink, my boys.

Tho' snaw clothe the loch fu' deep, my boys,
 A way for oorsel's we'll sweep, my boys,
 Frae crampet to tee
 The ice shall be free,
 An' mirth aye rule on the rink, my boys.

Nae toil shall the winter ken, my boys,
 'Tis the season o' rest for men, my boys,
 Frae cottar to laird
 The joy shall be shared,
 That reigns supreme on the rink, my boys.

Ho ! shouther your brooms an' awa, my boys,
 In the name o' the toon we ca', my boys,
 To the loch then flee,
 We victors maun be,
 An' foremaist stand on the rink, my boys.

Then hurrah ! for the roaring game, my boys,
 An' ilka chiel lo'es the same, my boys,
 May a way aye free,
 An' nae ill to dree,
 Be his share aff an' on the rink, my boys.



JOHN KENT,

WHO has the honour of a place in Mr Brown's work on "Paisley Poets," was born at Paisley in 1860, where he also received his education. On leaving school, he was employed for four years as message boy to a stationer, afterwards serving his apprenticeship to the trade of a compositor. On the completion of his "time," he worked in various towns, including Edinburgh and Glasgow, subsequently returning to Paisley, where he remained for some years in the office of the *Daily Express*. He is now in business in his native town as a bookseller and stationer. The subject of this sketch first began

to write verses when about 22 years of age, and many of his effusions have appeared in the local newspapers. He has taken several prizes in connection with the Free Church "Welfare of Youth Scheme," including one of £3 for an essay on "The Covenanters." In 1885 he received a letter from Professor Blackie thanking him for a copy of his poem "Aye dae your Best," which, the Professor says, is "far above the level of similar compositions. You must have a real genius for Scotch poetry, and I hope you will not forget to cultivate your gift—1 Tim., iv. 14." After this we do not require to add our estimate. The following selection speaks for itself:—

AYE DAE YOUR BEST.

Come roon' me, bairnies, for a wee,
An' listen patiently to me,
While I a word o' counsel gi'e,
That may be blest;
Whate'er ye dae, where'er ye be,
Aye dae your best.

Be this your motto ilka day,
At wark, at lessons, or at play;
A better ane ye canna ha'e
For life's contest
Than that ye shall, let come what may,
Aye dae your best.

Your lessons may be dreich to learn,
Your wages may be hard to earn,
Your maisters aften strict an' stern,
An' sair the test;
But let it be your gran' concern
To dae your best.

Hooever ye succeed or fail
'Gainst a' the ills that life assail;
Whether wi' lightsome step ye scale
The mountain's crest,
Or plod along the lowly vale,
Aye dae your best.

If scrimpit be your worldly share,
 Your recompense seem aften bare,
 Let that ne'er cause you to despair,
 Nor be distrest ;
 The best o' folk can dae nae mair
 Than dae their best.

Or should kin' Fortune by ye stan',
 An' prosper ye on ilka han',
 O, ne'er despise your brither man
 By want opprest ;
 But help him, in what way ye can,
 To dae *his* best.

Aye to your God be true an' leal,
 As up life's staney braes ye spiel,
 And in a' guid endeavours feel
 It's His behest
 That you not only should dae weel,
 But dae your best.

Gin' Satan try to gar ye fa',
 An' lure ye frae the richt awa',
 Sen' up to Him, wha thol'd it a',
 Your heart's request
 For help to keep his holy law,
 Syne dae your best.

An' sure am I o' this, that He
 Wha made the warld an' a' we see,
 Yet watches owre, wi' carefu' e'e,
 The birdie's nest,
 His trusting bairnies willna lea'
 To dae their best.

Haud by His Word, an' dinna fear
 Your daily course by it to steer,
 Tho' some may scorn and ithers sneer
 Wi' jibe or jest ;
 Aye carry you a conscience clear,
 An' dae your best.

To help the richt, resist the wrang,
 Support the weak against the strang,
 To shed the Gospel licht amang
 Those yet unblest,
 An' sae mak' life "ae glad sweet sang,"
 Aye dae your best.

An' when death's darksome nicht sets in,
 Which may be late or may be sone,
 Ye'll then be askit up abune,
 To heaven's rest,
 And hear the Maister say, Weel dune,
 Ye've dune your best.

A H A P P Y H A M E .

O, some may seek for walth or po'er,
 While ithers fecht for fame ;
 Let them wha will sic like secure,
 Gie me a happy hame.

Some think to find felicity
 In pleasure's wanton game,
 But there's nae pleasure I can see
 To match a happy hame.

Gie me a round o' honest wark,
 A hale and healthy frame ;
 A spirit lightsome, like the lark
 Within its laigh-built hame.

The praise o' single blessedness
 Some vauntingly proclaim ;
 But aft it's single selfishness
 That scorns a happy hame.

Fu' lang I've lived a single life,
 It's blessedness is tame ;
 There's naething like a cheerie wife
 To mak' a happy hame.

A bonnie, winsome lass I ken,
 But needna tell her name,
 Whose smiling countenance wad len'
 A charm to ony hame.

That bonnie lassie's een sae blue
 Hae set my heart aflame :
 O, may the lowe o' love burn true
 To lichten up oor hame.

Then hasten, hasten happy day
 When I her hand may claim,
 Syne will I ken, syne will I hae
 A bricht and joyfu' hame.

Wi' love to licht oor lifelang way—
A love for aye the same—
We'll cleek thegither up the brae
To heaven's happy hame.



WALTER DALGLIESH,

AUTHOR of several small volumes of poems, is a son of Simon Dalgliesh, farmer, Potburn, Ettrick. He was born in 1865 at Over Phawhope, a small farm near the source of the river Ettrick. Being far from a school, our poet was educated at home until his twelfth year, when his parents removed to Potburn, further down the Ettrick. He was then sent to a school in Moffat Water, four miles distant. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to the joiner trade, but in the fourth year of his apprenticeship he was attacked by a spinal disease, which rendered him unfit for regular work ; and although he has now so far recovered as to be able for light labour at home, he is still a sufferer. It was while serving his time that the subject of our sketch first began to write verses, chiefly of a comic nature, but it was not until laid aside by ill-health that, to any extent, he began to woo the muse ; and, being a rapid composer, he soon wrote a large number of poems and songs. While residing at Silloth, he arranged for the printing of his first volume—"The Moorland Bard," (J. J. Martin, 1887.) This work meeting with a very favourable reception, he was encouraged, four years afterwards, to issue a second and larger selection of his "Poems and Songs." Most of his pieces have appeared in the *Hawick Standard*, and other newspapers. These are of a

cheerful and reflective nature, written often to relieve the tedium of enforced seclusion, and while enduring much physical pain. His poetry, while occasionally somewhat rugged and unequal, might be described as touched with lively, sympathetic, and genial feeling, and abounds with graphic and homely illustrations of the joys of humble life.

BY THE AULD TRYSTIN' TREE.

Abune the grey mountain the bricht mune was shinin',
 An' white lay the dew on the bonnie green lea ;
 At the foot o' the meadow young Annie was stanin',
 Dejected an' sad by the auld trystin' tree.
 A dark cloud o' sorrow abune her did hover,
 An' fast fell the tears frae her bonnie blue e'e,
 The ship in which Willie, her long absent lover,
 Had been comin' hame in had founder'd at sea.

She turn'd her sad eyes doon the lang wooded valley,
 Where bright shone the moon on the far distant sea,
 An' mournfully murmur'd, "Oh, Willie ! dear Willie !
 I can't live without you;—oh, come back to me."
 Oot through the plantation a glad cry resounded,
 That startled the cattle at rest on the lea,
 As up the small footpath her lost lover bounded,
 And embraced her ance mair by the auld trystin' tree.

BIDDY MAGEE.

How sweet were the days when a bold, happy lover,
 I used with my charming young Biddy to stray
 On the green, sunny banks of the clear winding Shannon,
 And sported with her 'mong the sweet scented hay.
 But as my dear country's wrongs now need righting,
 With my brave-hearted comrades I've crossed the wide sea ;
 And, surrounded by dangers, I'm bravely now fighting,
 Far away from old Ireland and Biddy Magee.

But oft when the long weary day's march is over,
 And I'm lying asleep on the hot desert sand,
 In my dreams I am straying, a light-hearted lover,
 'Mong the mountains and streams of my dear native land.
 The friends that I left in the home of my childhood,
 On the green sunny banks of the Shannon I see ;
 And, dearest of all, the snug cot by the wildwood,
 Where dwells my dear lassie, young Biddy Magee.

Oh, had I the wings of the fast skimming swallow,
 Away from red wars and fierce battle alarms,
 At midnight I'd fly 'cross the rough stormy billow,
 To clasp my fair treasure once more in my arms.
 But in a few weeks the fierce war will be over,
 And if spared through all dangers I'll be once more free,
 And return to old Ireland, a bold, happy lover,
 To wed my fair, charming young Biddy Magee.

THE SCOTTISH TONGUE.

The Scottish tongue is deein' oot now at a rapid pace,
 An' English, mix'd wi' scraps o' French, is takin' fast its place ;
 If noo-a-days oor fashionable freen's we gang among,
 We're thought unlearn'd an' vulgar if we speak the Scottish
 tongue.

An' lassies that hae been awa' a while at city schules
 Are fu' o' English to the mooth, an' think their parents fules,
 An' wonder why they werena' learned, like them, when they were
 young,
 An' why they speak the vulgar an' ootlandish Scottish tongue.

They canna sing unless they hae their music, an' the sangs
 Ye hear them sing are seldom ocht but English harangues ;
 The sweet, he'rt-meltin' lays which Burns an' Lady Nairne sung,
 They winna try, because they're in the vulgar Scottish tongue.

When country lads into big toons their livin' gang to mak',
 Their mither tongue an' hamespun ways aff at aince maun shake,
 An' if in' twal' months they come back, their auld playmates
 among,
 They hardly ever speak a word in the auld Scottish tongue.

Folk cry 'boot being patriots, but patriot is a name
 That winna stick to those that o' their country's tongue think
 shame ;
 An' though they are of Scotch descent, an' reared her hills
 among,
 They arena real Scotchmen if they speak the English tongue.



JAMES ALEXANDER DUNCAN

WAS born in Glasgow in the autumn of 1849, and was educated at the High School of his native city. He was then sent to Germany, where he lived for a year and a half close to the old University town of Göttingen. Returning home, he entered Glasgow University, and studied there for a short time. His father was a partner in one of the large iron-works in the West of Scotland, and James then began his business career in the office of these works. On the retiral of his parent from active commercial life (about eleven years ago) the subject of this notice assumed his father's position in the business. Our poet's busy life has not afforded him much leisure for engaging in literary work, except contributing verses occasionally to the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*, and other newspapers. Mr Duncan, however, is a great reader, and devotes a good deal of time to the study of music—a gift which his poetry shows that he possesses, for it is full of fine flowing melody and rich rhythmical cadence. His thoughts are always neatly conceived, comprehensive, natural and chaste in expression, and are such as appeal directly to the heart.

THE BEAUTY O' LIFE'S GLOAMIN.

When life's lang day is wearin' on
 To e'en—the e'en that brings a' hame—
 The thoughts that mak' the gloamin' sweet
 Are thoughts o' kindness—grains o' wheat
 'Mid chaff—we've shown for Love's own name.

An' sweet at gloamin' 'tis to know
 That mornin's sky, o'ercast and grey,
 Was presage that before the night
 The glorious heavens would bless our sight
 Wi' promise for the comin' day.

An' sweet at gloamin' 'tis to feel
 That honest minds improve, like wine,
 With age—grow kindlier to ilk ither,
 Mair justly judge an' errin' brither.
 An' pride an' selfishness they tine.

An' sweet at gloamin' 'tis to know
 We've much forgiven, for much we loved ;
 An' blessed thrice it is to feel
 That God our sorrow's wounds will heal
 Because our hearts wi' pity moved.

An' sweet at gloamin' 'tis to feel
 The heart hath ever softer grown ;
 As rarest flowers of Orient
 At e'ning yield their sweetest scent,
 So yields the spirit of its own.

An' sweet at gloamin' 'tis to know
 The dross is gone, the gold is free—
 That God has so ennobled age
 In souls refined, it forms a stage
 From earth to immortality.

THE LASSIE WI' THE GOWDEN HAIR.

The lassie wi' the gowden hair,
 I met her on the muir yestreen ;
 Oh ! sweetly modest is her air,
 An' yet the love-licht's in her e'en.

I met her where the heather grows,
 Wi' mony a bonnie broom between ;
 I met her where a burnie rows,
 But bonnier were her love-lit een.

I met her where the sweet-briar rose
 Blushes wi' love though all unseen,
 But fairer than ilk flower that grows,
 Are now to me her love-lit een.

I met her where the laverock sings,
 An' lapwings nod their crests sae green ;
 I met her 'mang the fairy rings,
 But rarer were her love-lit een.

I met her as the sun gaed doon
 In a' its summer gowden sheen,
 But brighter than the eve o' June
 Is love-licht in her bonnie een.

We'll meet again, by muir or glen,
 Where birks an' hazels twine a screen ;
 I'll spier her then—for weel I ken
 For me the love-licht's in her een.

THE LIGHT HEART.

'Tis a licht heart mak's the summer,
 An' a sad ane winter drear ;
 But my love has made the summer
 Bide wi' me through a' the year—
 For there's sunshine in her presence,
 An' the blue lift's in her e'e,
 An' her voice is like the streamlet's
 When it's singin' to the sea.

Oh, how dowie was the summer
 When we feared she micht be ta'en ;
 Oh, how cheerless was the sunshine,
 An' how could the summer rain !
 But it's blythesome noo an' cheery,
 Tho' the winter snell is here—
 For a licht heart mak's the summer,
 An' a sad ane winter drear.

"THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY."

(*Hamlet—Act III., Scene 1.*)

A mist inwraps the sea,
 Veiling the sacred strand—
 Ah ! who can tell our longing souls
 About that mystic land ?

Alas ! our sight is dim,
 We see not what's before ;
 And sign or token never comes
 From that far, silent shore.

But this at least we know—
 Our souls proclaim it true—
 One Mind Supreme pervading here
 Pervades that country too.

And when at last we reach
 The undiscovered land
 That Mind Supreme will comprehend,
 Its marvels understand.

WILLIAM LESLIE LOW.

THE Rev. Canon Low, Largs, Ayrshire, was born in 1840, and was brought up in the picturesque and beautifully-wooded valley of the Don, about two miles west of Inverurie, Aberdeenshire. He was educated chiefly at Inverurie Episcopal School and afterwards at the Aberdeen Grammar School, but never fails to proclaim his indebtedness to the Rev. Dr Walker of Monymusk, in whose house he studied during the college vacations. When a youth, he was very fond of rhyming, in which he was encouraged by Mr Evans, rector of the Grammar School, with the result that a good deal of his mental exertion took that form during his first session at Aberdeen University. Consequently, though he did not fall behind in his classes and took the Latin Verse Prize, he did not, it is said, distinguish himself so much as some of his friends thought he had the power to do. While walking with Dr Walker on one occasion, and talking of his poetical tendencies, the latter said to him, "You should not let these Delilahs shear you of your strength." Mr Low was so filled with horror at the idea of "becoming a poetical Samson---the enfeebled sport of his enemies," that he resolved not to write another verse till he had got his M.A. degree, which he obtained in 1862, with double honours—1st class in Mathematics and 2nd class in Classics. In the following year he was ordained to the charge of the Mission at Kincardine O'Neil, one of the loveliest spots on Deeside. He afterwards became first incumbent of the same charge on its being raised to the status of an incumbency in 1866. Four years later he moved to the incumbency of St James's, Cruden, the church of which is a mile from the shore of Cruden Bay, and three from the

Bullers of Buchan. In this sea-side parish, with its magnificent rock scenery, he spent ten active years, working among a large congregation of farmers and fishermen. Here he also acquired the knowledge of the life and character of the fishing class which he afterwards utilised in his novel, "By the North Sea Shore." In 1880 he removed to the incumbency of St Columba's, Largs, where he still remains. He was made Synod Clerk of the Diocese of Glasgow and Galloway in 1889, and Canon of Cumbræ in the following year.

Canon Low has always been much engaged in his pastoral work, and sometimes in teaching, and has not written much verse of late years. He has had a large share of the current controversies in the organ of the Episcopal Church, and is the author of various articles in magazines and reviews, and of a volume of sermons published by request. In 1891, he published (under the pseudonym of "Rothael Kirk") the very interesting novel already referred to, "By the North Sea Shore: a tale of Fisher Life." (London: the S. P. C. K., Northumberland Avenue, Charing Cross). His "Vignettes from a Parson's Album," short tales, poetical sketches, and articles in the "Scottish Standard Bearer" afford ample evidence of his fervour of feeling and keen imagination, as well as his scholarly refinement. They contain many pleasing touches of natural pathos, often sparkling with kindly humour, while his delineations of Scottish life and character are frequently set in the richest and most expressive Doric.

THE DEAD FISHERMAN.

(Suggested by a Scene at a Fisherman's Funeral.)

Right strong was his arm an' right blythesome his smile,
An', true as the light, he could never beguile;

When I faund his arm roun' me, an' looked in his e'e,
The warld a' grew bright an' delightsome to me.

I've watched his brown sail as it danced o'er the faem,
And sprang like a livin' thing eager for hame,
An' I kent 'twas his hand, an' his love-lichtit e'e,
That steered her sae straight to our hame an' to me.

Oh, hapna his face yet ! Oh, leave me him there !
O, Willie, look up, an' smile on me ance mair !
My love, O my love ! Oh, foo dinna I dee ?
For the light has gane out o' this warld for me.

THE LIVING WATER.

Well-spring of the living water,
Smitten Rock ! to Thee we cry ;
Jesu, look on us, Thy pilgrims,
Toiling toward the rest on high,
Thirsting for the sweet refreshing
That with Thee is drawing nigh.

Weak and wayward, oft we stumble,
Snared by Satan, oft we fall ;
And the filth of sin is clinging
Like a plague-spot to us all,
And we cannot, dare not, enter
Thus The Holy's judgment hall.

Fount of purity, eternal !
Cleansing grace upon us pour ;
Our Bethesda, never-failing,
Strength unto our souls restore ;
Heal our palsied hearts, and bring us
Safe to Jordan's further shore.

Sweeten every earthly Marah,
Wash the blindness from our eye ;
When we faint with ghostly labour,
And would yield the strife and die,
Fount of heavenly refreshing,
Jesu ! evermore be nigh.

And where neither thirst nor weakness,
Weariness, nor guilt, can be,
Where our love no more shall languish,
Where Thy glory we shall see—
Jesu, fount of all refreshing !
Take us evermore to Thee.

THE AULD MAN.

O the Auld Man ! the Auld Man !
 Lang gane although he be,
 How bright upon the memory
 He aft comes back to me !
 He comes, and I'm a boy again,
 Wi' neither dread nor care ;
 Secure, whate'er the moments bring,
 Because the Auld Man's there.

While calm around the auld hearthstane
 The gloamin' gathers slow,
 How aft I see him in his chair
 In the ingle's ruddy glow !
 I see the broad, benignant brow,
 The lines o' thought and care,
 The fire-light glancin' on his locks—
 A halo round his hair.

How strong and staunch and true he looks !
 As if, while earth he trod,
 Unblenched for truth and right he stood,
 Firm as the hills of God.
 But there's a look within his een,
 As on the fire they gaze—
 I ken the picture in his heart
 Is nae the flichterin' blaze.

He sees the little company
 That's marshalled round his knee ;
 He sees the battle sair o' life
 That nane o' them can flee ;
 He plans to shield ilk callow head,
 To train ilk heart and e'e,
 That stainless victors they may stand,
 Upon the day they dee.

The onset keen o' wild Desire ;
 Fierce Passion's swift surprise ;
 The ill companion's treacherous lure
 To where the ambush lies ;
 He paints them a', and bids his band
 Stand steadfast, ane and a',
 And heed their faithfu' Captain's word,
 Whatever them befa'.

And when her wakenin' breath the morn
 Draws o'er the fragrant land,

She sees him stand to bide the brunt
Before his artless band.
And nought for self, and a' for them,
Toil on the parent pair ;
If but the bonnie heads be safe,
Content, they seek nae mair.

O Auld Man ! O Auld Man !
What joy it was to thee,
When still and calm the Day o' Rest,
Rose bright o'er hill and lea !
Thy heart gaed wi' the lark's first sang
To fill the lift wi' praise,
Wi' thousand woodland voices joined,
And the river's rushing lays.

Wi' neighbours met, thou ledd'st thy bairns,
While sweet the laverock sang,
And to the House of God we trudged,
Nor thought the miles were lang.
And oh ! the Auld Man's heart was full,
When upward to the skies
He heard, in the Great Father's House,
His bairn's praises rise.

On hameward road, while some would speak
O' hapless souls passed by,
He reasoned still the loving Christ
For every man did die.
O' sic debate our elders might
Unheeded kick the ba' ;
Nae father we kent e'er could rest,
Unless he had us a'.

Wi' him our sacred lore we learnt,
Around the evening fire,
And sweet the Saviour's praises sang—
A bright and happy choir.
And sweetly tuned ilk heart awoke
At Monday labour's ca',
To step wi' God into the week,
Secure, whate'er befa'.

O brave Auld Man ? the world he faced,
Nor thought it hard to dare,
If he might gird wi' triple guard
Our mither's gentler care.
And now our front rank man is fa'en,
It's we the burnt maun bear ;

May we the hero never shame,
When laid beside him there !

O Auld Man ! O dear Auld Man !
Thy rest, sweet may it be !
Green be the soil above thy breast,
And green thy memory !
When I forget thy tender heart,
And a' it was to me—
When I forget the Auld Man,
May I forgotten be !



ROBERT CONWAY MILNE

WAS born at Kirkintilloch, Dumbartonshire, in 1859. His stay in the west of Scotland was very brief, and his earliest recollections are centered in Arbroath—"round about the Round O"—where he still resides, acting as a sewing-machine dealer and as assistant registrar there. The circumstances of his birth and early life were extremely humble, and he says he has a most distinct remembrance of the value and comfort of a good big patch in his nether garments. His first visit to the house of God was made barefooted and alone. He is now a teacher and deacon in the same church. Mr Milne has no memory of his father, and, being the oldest of a family of three, his mother and he had to do their utmost to make "ends meet," sometimes with remarkable success. In these circumstances it is no wonder that his scholastic advantages were but small and his grasp of the rudiments of education of the scantiest description. He was only permitted to spend two years at the Abbey Charity School, and as he entered that institution at the age

of nine, and had then to begin at the alphabet, one can readily see that he had not even the proverbial "opportunity." When eleven years old he began to earn his bread as a "bobbin laddie" in a spinning-mill in Arbroath, where his mother was also employed. The proprietors of the works took great interest in Robert's social and spiritual welfare, and to them and their family he gratefully gives credit for having implanted within him principles, thoughts, and aspirations, which, he says, have always helped and never left him. Their many kindnesses are much valued by him, but their influence for good on his young life is treasured above all. They first helped him, and then taught him to help himself. It was while engaged in this mill that he began to string together a few simple verses, and by-and-bye, when his mind became more matured, and he had added considerably to his meagre store of knowledge, he experienced the pleasure of seeing his pieces in print in the columns of the *Evening Telegraph*, Dundee. Since that time he has been pulling gently ahead, and from time to time numbers of his poems are published in the *Arbroath Guide* and *Arbroath Herald*. In the former newspaper, he, as "Captain Tom," conducts a very interesting weekly column for children—"The Kind Hearts Brigade"—which is popular amongst the younger population of that town. Mr Milne's poems show simplicity and directness of purpose. He evidently possesses both the narrative and lyrical gift, which he uses with much ease and sweetness, and a realism and unobtrusive air of piety breathe throughout all his productions, both in prose and verse.

CHIT-CHAT BY A LITTLE KIT-CAT.

I'm a little pussie cat, and, like ma, I'm sleek and fat,
And the colour of my coat is tortoise shell,

Which is just the very same as my mother, worthy dame,
And it suits our fair complexion very well.

My grey eyes, so very clear, have about them something queer,
Which enables me to see though in the dark ;
And this strange ability still remains a mystery,
But it was not so with Noah in the ark.

He had so much to do, with the cargo and his crew,
Especially with the smaller fry at night,
Till he found my special use, when he soon appointed puss
Night watchman of the Ark without a light.

So, while he soundly slept, through the ark I nightly crept,
With my softest tread, producing not a sound,
To see that all was right, with no artificial light,
And report to him delinquencies if found.

This power called forth by chance, we've found useful ever since,
Indeed, we need it now even more than then ;
For 'tis only in the dark that we pussies make our mark,
And our supper, and the gratitude of men.

My temper's debonair—only when I'm treated fair—
And I keep some latent powers you'd never think ;
When should any trample on my smallest tender corn,
I would scratch and bite before they'd time to wink.

I am scrupulously clean, and am often to be seen
Performing all the duties of the bath ;
But should the foolish dare to disarrange my hair,
They would not so soon forget a pussy's wrath.

I'm endowed with special skill, and am indispensable,
In the ridding of the house of clever mice,
Which I catch with greatest ease, feeding on our Derby cheese—
But they never get their supper from it twice.

I so hate big ugly dogs, and have wished for showers of frogs
To torment them for their cruel deeds to me ;
And those horrid wicked men who too oft encouraged them
I'd have banished to some prison o'er the sea.

I prefer to sing at night, when the moon is full and bright,
And the garden wall's my favourite trysting place ;
Yet I cannot understand why our evening minstrel band
Is objected to by all the human race.

When in from evening ramble, I do so like a gamble,
 And to please the little children never fail ;
 While in their glee they shout, I run round and round about
 With a string of paper bows upon my tail.

While I love the children well, I'm really forced to tell
 Those naughty boys, who throw their caps at me,
 That I won't forget their name, nor to treat them to the same,
 When I get my first good opportunity.

But I have a great regard and an honourable word
 To declare of aged couples in their right ;
 They're so very kind to me, even nurse me on their knee,
 And they trot me out and in both morn and night.

The maid in yonder garret, who so loved her talking parrot,
 Just divides her sweet affections 'twixt us two ;
 While polly gets her best addresses, I receive her fond caresses—
 How can we but remember her so true ?

When my work is nearly done, and my short race almost run,
 May I find a cosy place on such a hearth ;
 Where, with varied kind assistance, I may peaceful end existence,
 And in comfort close my weary eyes in death.

WILLIE AND FRANCES.

The laddie was auldest, sae plump an' sae fair,
 Wi' fine rosy cheeks an' rich gowden hair ;
 Bright was the light in his bonnie blue e'e,
 Guid natured wi' a', an' frae tantrums free,
 Wis oor little Willie.

The lassie was youngest, an' no' near sae fair ;
 A spunky wee thing, wi' bonny broon hair ;
 Dark e'ed, an' chubby, as sharp as a preen,
 Ower a' in the hoose she ruled like a queen
 Did oor little Frances.

The laddie was aye fond o' horses an' kye,
 An' redcoated sodgers sae aft passing bye,
 To hear the band playing awa he wid rin
 Wi' a tray an' a spoon to add to the din,
 Wid oor little Willie.

The lassie was fondest o' lassicies ploys,
 Tho' aft she wid play wi' her wee brither's toys ;
 Her smile it was sweetest an' loodest her craw,
 When nursing a dallie or stottin' a ba',
 Was oor little Frances,

The laddie was clever, his twa grannies said,
 An' muckle was made o' the queer things he did ;
 His auld-fashioned stories, sae funny an' droll,
 They'd rehearse ower an' ower, an' the smartness extol
 O' their little Willie.

The lassie was supple an' smart for her age,
 An' ne'er oot o' something her hands to engage,
 To play wi' the poker contented was she,
 Or in the coal-scuttle black diamonds wid see,
 Wid oor little Frances.

The laddie the lassie wid cuddle an' kiss,
 Her fou' share o' a' thing he'd ne'er let her miss,
 When oot for an airing richt muckle his pride
 As in her bit coachie awa' she would ride
 Wi' oor little Willie.

The lassie, sae loving, wid haud up her mou'
 Sae fresh an' sae sweet, as clear morning dew,
 To pay back in kisses the laddie's kind care,
 'Twas a' she could gie him, wi' promise o' mair,
 Frae oor little Frances.

The laddie is growing up fast, I can see,
 A guid muckle man I'm thinking he'll be ;
 If true-hearted goodness aye ging wi' the heicht,
 Then safe is the future, for a'll be richt
 Wi' oor little Willie.

The lassie will soon to a big woman grow,
 Life's cares soon may gather about her wee pow ;
 Lat's hope she'll aye keep aye to the right road,
 O' life an' religion, aye clinging to God,
 May Willie an' Frances.



ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

HOUSEHOLDS and churches have been knit together
 by the cord of sacred melody, and it has been said
 that the desert of life has proved less arid through
 "the minstrelsy of praise." In "psalms, and hymns,
 and spiritual songs" have young and old, and rich and

poor united in blessing a common Father. We have had under notice not a few Scotch men and women whose poetical thoughts have pointed to "the harmonies of heaven," and the list would not be complete without the name of the saintly author of the "The Songs of Zion."

Robert Murray M'Cheyne was born at Edinburgh in 1813. From a very early age he gave evidence of that nobility of mind and character which foreshadowed his brilliant but brief earthly future. Dr Andrew Bonar, his biographer, says that at the age of four, and while recovering from illness, he amused himself by writing in a rude way upon a slate the letters of the Greek alphabet; and, when only five years of age, he had already taken a conspicuous place at school for his powers of recitation and melodious voice. After studying for six years in the Edinburgh High School he, in 1827, went to the University. Linguistic studies and poetry occupied much of his attention while at College, and in all his classes he gained prizes. In 1831 he entered the Divinity Hall of his native city, where he soon proved himself to be a diligent and conscientious student in preparation for his sacred calling. He, during his spare hours, sought out the careless and needy in the courts and alleys, pointing out to them where they might find "the pearl of great price." Along with Horatius and Andrew Bonar and other students, he was in the habit of meeting during the vacations, and on Saturdays during the sessions, for the discussion of theological questions. When in his twenty-second year, M'Cheyne was licensed by the Presbytery of Annan to preach the Gospel. His first sermon was preached in Ruthwell Church, near Dumfries, on "The Pool of Bethesda," and in the evening he discoursed in the same place on "The Strait Gate." For ten months afterwards he laboured with great power, comfort, and joy as assistant

to the Rev. John Bonar, minister of the united parishes of Larbert and Dunipace. On 24th November, 1836, he was ordained minister of St Peter's, Dundee. The story of his "sweet flashes of communion with God," and the various ways by which he "took heed to *all* the flock" is well-known. Multitudes crowded from all parts to hear him, and hung upon his lips, as with clear voice and attractive delivery he eloquently set forth his Master's message. His constant theme was Christ—a personal, living Saviour, ever present with His faithful people, and ever ready to receive sinners. He spoke with great power on the burning questions which in 1843 resulted in the Disruption, and the formation of the Free Church. He also formed one of a deputation to Palestine to forward missionary operations among the Jews. Soon after his return a noted revival of religion began throughout Scotland. He threw himself with ardour into this work of ingathering, which was always so dear to his heart. People gave up their labour at mid-day so that they might listen to his earnest pleadings, and the consciences of many were touched. His sermons displayed a deep knowledge of human nature, with keen analysis of human motives, and were rich in pointed application to the heart. In March, 1843, he returned home from a preaching tour much exhausted in body. A few days after, he was seized with typhoid fever, and on the 25th of the same month his soul passed within the veil, his last movement having been to raise his hands, as if in benediction.

Mr M'Cheyne's pen was a busy one. He wrote numerous tracts and booklets, and as a "sweet singer of Zion" his spiritual songs to this day cheer the heaven-bound pilgrim. They are full of the true spirit of piety, as well as the spirit of poetry.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep-blue wave,
O Sea of Galilee !
For the glorious One, who came to save,
Hath often stood by thee,

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
Where!pine and heather grow ;
But thou hast loveliness far above
What nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
Comes down to drink thy tide ;
But He that was pierced to save from hell
Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig tree grows,
And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
Thou calm reposing sea ;
But, ah ! far more—the beautiful feet
Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past. Bethsaida, where ?
Chorazin, where art thou ?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell
Was the Saviour's city here ?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
With none to shed a tear ?

Ah ! would my flock from thee might learn
How days of grace will flee ;
How all an offered Christ who spurn
Shall mourn at last like thee.

And was it beside this very sea
The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, " Lovest thou me ?"
My lambs and sheep then feed ?"

O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still,

Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant hill.

O ! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
Threefold Thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
Thy flock—both Thine and mine.

JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

I once was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load ;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page ;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over his soul ;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die ;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see,—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet Name ;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu ! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu ! I ne'er can be lost ;
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field !
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield !

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This " watchword " shall rally my faltering breath ;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu, my death-song shall be.

LIKE MIST ON THE MOUNTAIN.

Like mist on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee ;
In the grave of our fathers
How soon we shall lie !
Dear children, to-day
To a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flowerets
In April and May !
But often the frost makes
Them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade—
Are you ready to die ?
While " yet there is room "
To a Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord,
He slept in His smile
And rejoiced in His word.
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh—
Oh, seek Him in youth,
To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure ?
Then lean on His breast,
For there the sin laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry—
" If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die !"

" I A M D E B T O R ."

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne
Dressed in beauty not my own,

When I see Thee as Thou art,
 Love Thee with unsinuing heart,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.


When the praise of heaven I hear
 Loud as thunders to the ear,
 Loud as many waters' noise,
 Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
 Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass
 Darkly, let Thy glory pass,
 Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
 Make Thy Spirit's help so meet.
 Even on earth, Lord, make me know
 Something of how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;
 But, when fear is at the height,
 Jesus comes, and all is light ;
 Blessed Jesus ! bid me show
 Doubting saints how much I owe.



JANE BOOTH,

 ONLY child of Alexander Booth and his wife, Margaret Hepburn, was born at Auchmaleddie, New Deer, Aberdeenshire. Her father was an eminent agriculturist, and in 1838 received the Highland Society's medal for the improvement of a large tract of waste hill land. He was one of the near heirs, through his mother, of Miss Innes of Stow, who died intestate about fifty years ago, leaving some two millions of money. There was great excitement over

the spoil for many years—would-be claimants rising up in plenty ; but Mr Booth did not care to risk the uncertainty of law by becoming one of them, and quietly accepted the few hundreds sent him from the estate. Miss Booth's mother was the elder daughter of Alexander Hepburn of Parkhill, Monquhitter, a small estate which has belonged to the Hepburn family for well-nigh a century and a half, and which the subject of our sketch, as their only descendant, now inherits. She had the misfortune to lose her mother when barely eleven months old, and also her father when in her thirteenth year. Never, however, was orphan left better cared for. In each of her three remaining maternal uncles she found again a loving father, and in the youngest of them (Mr Alexander Hepburn of Parkhill) she had a guardian who not only bestowed on her the most tender affection, but who was also to her a genial companion and wise counsellor till his lamented death in 1889. At the age of five years Miss Booth was boarded in the family of the Rev. John Hunter, U.P. Manse of Savoch. Then for another year she had a resident governess at home ; and for the next three years she attended the Female School in the village of New Deer, riding backwards and forwards from Auchmaleddie. At the age of eleven years she went to Aberdeen, and attended the West End Academy (Dr Ferguson's) until "The Aberdeen Young Ladies' Institution" was opened by the Rev. Robert Demaus, M.A. There she was boarded, and there she completed her education, with the exception of lessons from masters in Dublin while on visits to her uncle, Mr George Hepburn, who resided there. On subsequent lengthened visits she enjoyed mixing in the society—always in cultured and refined circles—of that city. At the end of her last term at school, besides standing high in English, Miss Booth carried off the first prize in French, in

music, and in drawing, as well as the prize offered by Mrs Demaus for "orderly habits." Unless one little hymn, composed while at school, Miss Booth never wrote poetry till the spring of 1891, little over a year ago from the time we write. This was done while sitting under grief's shadow, in the hope of cheering the gloom. She has of late occasionally written articles for various periodicals, and a short poem appeared recently in "Onward and Upward," as also a sonnet. Our poet has just issued a volume of poems entitled "Beyond the Shadows" (Aberdeen: John Rae Smith). Miss Booth evidently possesses much versatility, a buoyant spirit, and a poetical, well cultured, and deeply reflective mind. She has a true relish for nature, much ease and perspicuity of expression, and a command of happy thought and imagery.

MAIDENHOOD.

Maiden, let thy ways proclaim thee
 All that's lovely, good, and true;
 Birds in spring sing sweetest carol,
 And how spotless every hue!

Robed with modesty so winning,
 Type of spirit pure and sweet—
 Royal diadem were needless
 To complete thine aspect meet.

Ornaments of greater value
 Suit right well thy garment's sheen,
 Throwing quite a wondrous radiance
 Over gentle, kindly mien.

Grace bestows this fair adornment,
 Bright and lasting—ah! how rare—
 On the spirit humbly bending
 At the Golden Gate of Prayer.

MOTHERHOOD.

Mother, in the busy noontide,
 Serving out the children's bread,

Think of how ye mould their spirits,
For both worlds they have to tread.

Ah ! let every deed be golden,
Let thy words like diamonds fall ;
Living on, they'll shine and sparkle
When thy name is lost to call.

Childish arms around thee twining,
Cheeks to thine so fondly prest,
Happy laughter in the gloaming—
Could there be much sweeter rest ?

Mother, early teaching spreadeth
Weal or woe where man hath trod ;
O ! lead hearts to thee entrusted
Onward, upward unto God.

A VISION OF VICTORY.

O, stricken sore and deeply wounded, Lord,
I laid me down to weep,
And oft I prayed, between each pang of sword
That wouldst me ever keep.

All day an Angel had been hovering round,
On soft and gentle wing,
And in her hand she bore sweet blossoms, bound
With bright and golden ring.

Faint were my visions of her in the dim,
Grey dawn of early morn,
But as light clearer grew I knew within
Why these white flowers were borne.

With spirit calmer grown, I dared to gaze
Into the depths of light,
Enfolded in her robe of lustrous grace—
A robe of beauty bright.

Slowly mine eyes beheld the flowers fair
Unfold in shape of crown,
And o'er me came assurance—wondrous, rare—
Unknown ere I lay down.

Methought an accent tender o'er me stole
To bid the conflict cease ;
Then crownéd was my heart and tiréd soul
With peace—the sweetest peace.

Ah ! then, and only then, it dawned on me
 This white-robed visitant
 Must be an Angel come with Victory
 To sting of death supplant.

But ever and anon sleep closed mine eyes ;
 I could not always watch,
 Or even pray, for just as daylight dies
 At time we fail to catch,

So sleep and waking ended unperceived,
 Till, in the sunset glow,
 This Angel floated downward, and relieved
 With kiss she did bestow.

Refreshed, renewed, e'en with the evening's breath
 No painful throbbing now ;
 Fled—fled like gentle dew—the sleep of death,
 All crownèd was my brow !

I felt encompassed all about with strength,
 And willingness within,
 To die or live, if so I might at length
 Go Home to be with Him.

O, come ye visions bright of Faith and Light,
 Come in angelic form,
 And chase away the gloom and fear of Night
 From human hearts forlorn.

SONNET—"UNTO THE PERFECT DAY."

There is no royal road to joy on earth ;
 His hand invisible doth interpose
 To stop our cherished plans. He only knows
 The training needful from our birth to death—
 For schooling lasts through life till latest breath—
 And few escape a heartache 'midst its throes.
 It onward, onward flows, like running stream,
 O'er all unconsciously till, as a dream,
 It dawns on weary hearts at evening's close.
 Indelibly within in wondrous wealth
 Are lessons of life's various stages fixed ;
 And as these treasure-stores can ne'er be lost,
 Let us take heed of what we love the most,
 That loveliness of soul be ours unmixed.

THE SWALLOW.

O swallow, skimming, curving
Across the sullen sky,
Ye slant and dart in mounting,
And then swoop down just nigh.

The rain came rushing downward
All through the day and night,
With stormy gusts unnumbered,
Ere time for swallows' flight.

In window, grey nests hollow,
All snugly lined and trim,
Were dashed to ground : O swallow,
Thy glory now how dim.

Thy black and white wee fledglings
Lay scattered on the ground,
The bonnie little pledglings,
Not half of them were found.

The little creatures, helpless,
Were cold, or drenched, or dead ;
Some few were all but lifeless,
The rest we warmed and fed.

The birdies' chirp on morrow
Well thanked us for our care ;
Forgetful of past sorrow,
Away they flew in air.

Good mothers, building neatly
Anew the fallen nests,
Rejoiced while working fleetly
To find sweet little guests.

O bright and hopeful swallow !
We well may watch thy flight,
Thy prompt, kind ways to follow
In turning wrong to right.

O swallow, skimming swallow !
Across the azure sky,
Ye dart o'er hill and hollow,
And gladly mount up high.

THE SNOWDROP.

What purer or more lovely thing is found
 Than fragile snowdrop peeping through the ground ?
 It tells us of decay but not of death,
 For here it blooms again with Spring's first breath.

And so, although we had no surer hold
 Of life beyond the grave than flowers unfold,
 They yet would give us hope, 'mid winter's rime,
 Of never-ending bliss in fairer clime.

Then make my garden gay with Christmas rose—
 'Twill bloom and bloom again through freezing snows ;
 But oh, the snowdrop ! plant the snowdrop bright
 All o'er my grave to cheer the lone dark night.

Perchance some grief-worn pilgrim passing by
 May spy the drooping flower of shy sweet eye,
 And o'er its vernal bloom will muse apart,
 Till blessed hope illumine his weary heart.

Ah, then, what lovelier thing can e'er be found
 Than this frail blossom springing from the ground ?
 It points us upward—far away from earth—
 An emblem fair of resurrection birth.



PETER ANDERSON,

A BROTHER of the late gifted writer, Mr Basil R. Anderson, noticed in our Sixth Series, was born in 1864. Details of the early life of the family are given in the sketch of Basil's career. Having attended school in Shetland and in Edinburgh, Peter was apprenticed to a firm of drapers in the latter city, and, after filling several situations there, he was, when about twenty years of age, placed in charge of a co-operative drapery shop in Montrose, in which

town he still resides. Our poet has always been fond of verse-making. He informs us that he "first tried writing verse shortly after leaving school, for we were quite a rhyming circle at home Basil and Andrew, who are gone, and my oldest brother, William, all tried their hands at it—Basil alone succeeded." The following, however, will show that Peter's poetry is neat and musical, as well as thoughtful and reflective.

CLOUD AND CALM.

The gathering clouds, like curtains drawn
Athwart the heavenly blue,
Are thick and black, and grim as death,
That bears the objects of our faith
For ever from our view.

The clouds that gather round the soul,
And dim its vision keen,
Are lowering as the clouds above,
Obscuring all the sky of love,
And nothing is serene.

From where titanic darkness broods
A flash of light has sped ;
The thunderbolt has rent the air,
The clouds are writhing in despair,
And floods of tears are shed.

A little rift between the clouds—
A little rift of blue—
And then a wide expanse of sky,
And storm and cloud are quickly by,
And placid is the view.

MOTHER.

O for a touch of thy soft hand,
O for a look of love,
O for the gentle, quiet command,
When I did wayward rove.

The pleading tones, the melting voice
Are now no longer heard,
No longer does my soul rejoice
At thy approving word.

When wearied or when sick at heart,
 No solace now I find,
 Ah ! nothing but an aching smart,
 No loving kindred mind.

Oh ! give me back the days of youth,
 The days when at thy knee
 In full sincerity and truth
 I worshipped God and thee.

THE ENGAGEMENT RING.

Around the tendrils of my heart
 Thou art entwined—
 More than the majesty of art
 Thou art enshrined ;
 Through coming years we cannot part—
 One hope—one mind.

Far from the strife of busy men,
 Mutually blest,
 By murmuring stream or silent glen
 There let us rest—
 Beneath the stars and angels' ken,
 Lip to lip prest.

This token of a mutual vow
 Wear for my sake,
 The golden loop of love I trow
 Can never break ;
 The pearly tear, the ruby glow,
 Speak of love awake !



ANDREW STEWART.

OUR readers will hail with sincere pleasure the appearance of the gifted and genial editor of the *People's Friend* "among the poets." He is the "literary father" of many of the best known of the recent and present-day writers of poetry. It has been asserted that more MSS pass through his hands for

consideration than those of any other Scotch editor, and that he, with much reluctance, is compelled to reject every week more matter than would fill half-a-dozen issues of his universally popular miscellany of entertaining and instructive literature, and it has been computed that the poetical contributions he officially deals with in the course of a year would, if published in volume form, weigh close on a hundred-weight. Who, then, can know better the strength—numerical and otherwise—of the great army of Scottish poets?

Before speaking of Mr Stewart as a poet and prose-writer, let us give a few biographical details, for which we are to a great extent indebted to a sketch in a recent issue of the *British Workman*, as well as to the *Scottish Pulpit*. From these articles we learn that he was born in the Gallowgate, Glasgow, in 1842. The most distinctly formative influence in his early years—for he is almost entirely self-taught in all he knows, and has been a most omnivorous reader—was attendance at the Spoutmouth Bible Institute. This Institute was started in a very humble way as a Sunday class, and developed into a power for good over the youth of the East End of Glasgow, with its week-night classes, where the young men could improve themselves on all subjects, from arithmetic to the classics. The instruction which Stewart here received on Sabbath evenings deepened and elevated his spiritual nature, while the Mutual Improvement Class helped him on in his literary studies—all his essays showing that he had literary taste and talent. The botany and chemistry classes mixed instruction with recreation. This place, indeed, was a school to him, and its members his schoolmates. His first employment was in feeding a paper-ruling machine with Messrs Lumsden. He next served a regular apprenticeship to paper-ruling in M'Corquodale's

warehouse. It is said that during this period, like Livingstone at Blantyre, he had his book attached to the paper-ruling machine under his charge, so that he could glance at it during his work. His evenings he made the most of in the way of self culture. He was next appointed foreman paper-ruler to Messrs W. Collins & Sons, and while in their employment he took a leading part in conducting a manuscript magazine.

While Mr Stewart kept himself up in all that was going, he had misgivings that he might be wasting and frittering away his time ; but after his appointment as sub-editor of the *Friend*, at the close of 1869, he found that he had received the very training which fitted him for the post. Mr Stewart had been a frequent contributor to the *People's Journal*, of which the *Friend* is an offshoot, writing verses, humorous sketches, and being several times successful in the Christmas story competition. Mr Leng, the proprietor, ever ready to discover and encourage real merit, invited Mr Stewart to Dundee as sub-editor to the *Friend*. On Mr Pae's death in 1884 he succeeded to the editorial chair, and has contributed to the *Friend* serial tales, music, a series of papers on hypnotism, holiday papers on his trips to Norway and Orkney, on parlour magic, and a host of other subjects. His career has been a very prosperous one as editor and compiler. He has written many interesting serial tales, and his published works include "The Sport of Fortune," "Wandering Willie," "the Heir of Gryffe," &c. His attractively written and universally popular hand-books include "The Scottish Cookery Book," and "The Thrifty Housewife"—the former now in its 40th thousand ; a most unique and valuable collection of ancient and modern nursery rhymes, entitled "Sangs for the Bairns," for many of which he has written tunes ; also, four volumes of "Scottish Readings," a

delightful selection of humorous and pathetic pieces, prized not only around "the ingle neuk," but also in public assemblies. Most people would think that this alone was sufficient literary work for a mind that has the heavy and responsible duty of editing and writing for one of the most widely read magazines of the present day. But these are only, in a sense, a portion of the results of his "leisure thoughts." Mr Stewart is also an active worker amongst the young. He knows well the power of the light, the warmth, and life which the children love, and this is proved by the fact that for thirteen years he was chairman of a Children's Church in Dundee. His occasional Wildflower Competitions and Exhibitions in aid of Sick Children's Hospitals have been the means of gladdening many a stricken heart. Indeed, it has been said "that hundreds of helpless children in the great hospitals of Scotland know the broad humanitarianism of the Editor of the *Friend*, and from many a little cot in these institutions lisping prayers of gratitude ascend beyond the stars for Andrew Stewart." For three years he conducted his minister's Bible class, but had to give up this congenial labour on account of the strain it involved. Our versatile poet also occasionally appears as a lecturer, public reader, magical and ventriloquial entertainer, and has for a number of years been often in demand by the officials of Sunday Schools, mutual improvement societies, young men's Christian association meetings, and others.

It is thus quite apparent that Mr Stewart's life is a many-sided and industrious one, and all know that he wields his editorial power with a due knowledge of the fact that he is doing so for the wellbeing, instruction, and entertainment of his almost countless readers.

"There is no man," says the *Scottish Pulpit*, "within the British Isles who has a higher and nobler conception of his duties than Mr Stewart, and the most fasti-

dious moralist has never been able to say that a single line has appeared in the *Friend* that could not be read by the mother to daughter or son." He feels his editorial duties to be a great trust, and says that, "with God's help, I try to make the paper, as far as I can, a beneficial influence with the people." And so popular and widely-influential has it become that it is acknowledged as the outlet for much that is brightest and freshest in the modern Scottish mind in every department of literature.

Mr Stewart's gifts of head and heart are manifested in his poetry, even though it is now a quarter of a century since he gave up "verse-making." The gift he holds in light esteem—so far as he is personally concerned—for he has always been anxious to be worthy of being known as a *good* editor rather than a *bad* poet. All the pieces he has written were, we are told, "jerked off," as Artemus Ward would say, "in the bright Lexington of youth." The selections we give are from a manuscript collection which Mr Stewart still preserves, and which at wide intervals, he tells us, he takes "a glance at to remind me of youthful follies in the way of rhyme, and to keep me humble, by showing me what I have been guilty of perpetrating." The reader, however, will readily allow that the following have the ring of the pure metal, and are full of reflective earnestness, true sympathy, and heart-reaching geniality. They happily combine picture with melody; the thought contained in them is graceful, and is expressed with neatness and suggestiveness.

SEE THE PROUD SHIP.

See the proud ship for the broad ocean bounding,
See how she parts the wave, cleaving her way,
Hark to the cheers from each gallant tar sounding,
Leaving their native land, happy and gay.
Swift through the surging foam,
Far from each happy home,

Wild waves may swell and roar, loud winds may blow,
 What care old Neptune's sons
 While taut the good ship runs ?
 Tempests may plough the deep, onward they go,
 Cheerily, merrily, cheerily, merrily,
 Cheerily, merrily, onward they go.

Abroad on the ocean the hurricane's howling,
 Adrift on the ocean, forsaken, alone,
 Seething waves sweep the deck, drenching each manly breast,
 See how she plunges—her main-mast is gone !
 Far through the surging wreath
 Looms the dark sea of death.
 Well may each strong heart beat hopeless and cold ;
 Strive while one breath remains—
 Life's sweet when won with pains.
 See how the water fast gains in her hold !
 Wearily, wearily, sadly and wearily,
 Sinks every heart as it thinks of the hold.

Grouped in despair at their dark doom impending,
 Hope fills each breast and illumines their sad day—
 'Tis a sail ! Oh, what joy, as from heaven descending,
 Bearing—oh, welcome sight !—right in their way.
 Seen through the misty storm,
 Hailed is that welcome form—
 Once on her deck all their dangers are o'er ;
 Happy they tell the tale
 Of each fierce storm and gale
 To the loved ones in the old house on shore,
 Cheerily, merrily, cheerily, merrily,
 Tell they the tale to the loved ones on shore.

LINES ON THE SPARROW.

Thou art welcome, little sparrow, to the crumbs upon the sill,
 And to peck the little dainties with thy horny little bill ;
 There is plenty here thy hunger to satisfy and fill,
 Then welcome, little sparrow, to the crumbs upon the sill.

The morning sun is shining on the dewy fields so green,
 I hear his noisy chatter, though himself remains unseen ;
 Now he's hopping at my window ere the shepherd's on the hill,
 Thrice welcome, little sparrow, to the crumbs upon the sill.

See the perky cunning twinkle of his roguish little eye,
 See him watch the rapid motions of the heedless buzzing fly,
 See him bathing in the sunshine, 'mong the waters of the rill,
 Come, welcome, little sparrow, to the crumbs upon the sill,

Thy chirping cannot equal the grand music of the thrush
 As he chants his mellow love-lays in green and shady bush,
 Yet it sounds in thy mate's ears with a sweet, delicious trill,
 Then welcome, little sparrow, to the crumbs upon the sill.

Little arab of the city, hunted native of the air,
 In the works of thy Creator thou performest still thy share,
 With the brightest bird of plumage, for they all display His skill,
 Then welcome, little sparrow, to the crumbs upon the sill.

THE BOTANIST'S SONG.

I'll to the fields away,
 Each flower hath charms for me,
 Fair Nature in her own array,
 How beautiful to see !
 We'll search the glen's deep gloom,
 And climb each rock so gray,
 We know where flowerets love to bloom—
 Come to the fields away.
 Haste away, haste away,
 Come to the fields away.

The lark is soaring high,
 How sweet to hear him sing,
 Up like a speck in the blue sky,
 Yet clear his wild notes ring.
 The bee goes humming by,
 The lambkins are at play,
 We hear the cuckoo's lonely cry—
 Come to the fields away.
 Haste away, haste away,
 Come to the fields away.

The pure and balmy air
 Inspires both heart and mind,
 The sweet scent of the new-mown hay
 Is borne upon the wind ;
 We seek the leafy glade,
 And through its shadows stray,
 See beauty in each flower and blade—
 Come to the fields away.
 Haste away, haste away,
 Come to the fields away.

Then leave the city's throng,
 Its false delights are vain,
 While Nature's joys are pure and strong,
 And bring not grief or pain.

Health glows upon each cheek
As thus we pass the day,
What nobler pleasure could we seek?—
Come to the fields away.
Haste away, haste away,
Come to the fields away.

MY HEART GOES OUT TO THEE.

Oh, for one hopeful whisper,
One reassuring tone,
From yonder land of sunshine,
Where Willie, dear, has gone.
As swallows leave the winter
For summer o'er the sea,
So fondly still, my own love,
My heart goes out to thee.

Can time so short in days, dear,
So long from love and thee,
Have severed ties so tender?—
Oh, that can never be;
For life were nought to me, dear,
When faith in thee departs,
And broken vows can only
To me mean broken hearts.

But hope shall ne'er desert me,
And faith will ne'er betray,
True love shall still sustain me
While thou art far away.
As laden with sweet nectar
Home hies the laden bee,
So with true tender thoughts, love,
My heart goes out to thee.



RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE,

AUTHOR of a volume of poems entitled "Granite Dust" (London : Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.) was born in 1867. He was educated at private schools in Aberdeen and at "The Nest," Jedburgh. In 1887 he graduated M.A. at Aberdeen, and at present (1892) he is studying medicine in that city. Mr Macfie, who has fine literary tastes, was one of the editors of the College Magazine ("Alma Mater"), was President of the University Literary Society, and has been twice "M.R.C.S." (Member of the Students Representative Council). He is an occasional contributor of verse in the columns of *The Academy*, *Harper's Monthly*, &c. Referring to Mr Macfie's volume, the *Aberdeen Free Press* said—"This makes the third volume of verse published by Aberdeen University students within a few years. First came the clever 'Tatters from a Student's Gown,' by Mr Anthony Mitchell, M.A.; then within the past few weeks 'Protomantis,' a goodly volume, by Mr Lewis Grant, issued by Mr Gardner, Paisley; and now Mr Macfie's book." Mr Macfie's poetry—which is mostly of a serious and reflective nature—is characterised by graceful fancy and smooth and flowing versification. His lyrics are deeply tender in spirit, he always writes with warmth and enthusiasm, and his muse, altogether, shows natural talent and chaste and careful execution.

GOD'S HIGHER EDUCATION.

As sunshine in the morning hours,
 Or pelting of an April rain,
 Developeth the folded flowers
 And ripeneth the tender grain,

So He developeth thy mind
 So openeth thy folded heart ;

By patient sun and rain and wind
Persuading leaf and leaf apart.

.

The thought of other souls will fall
With pregnant influence on thine ;
And on thy leaves and petals all
The light of holy lives will shine.

And Love will fan thee evermore
With scented breezes from the South ;
And Death will thrill thee to the core,
Kissing thee with an icy mouth.

.

Like lily-flower, like golden grain
May thy soul thrive nor know the strife,
The feverish effort and the pain
'This strange disease of modern life.'

Why vex thy soul with discontent ?
Wait passively as flowers do,
With every morning will be sent
The silver sunbeams and the dew.

Turn thy soul-chalice to the light,
To the infinite blue above ;
And God will make it fair and white
And overbrim it with His love.

And they who watch thy soul increase,
Its leaves grow white and strong and broad,
Will vaguely feel a holy peace,
An effluence from the heart of God.

.

Not knowledge only, and book lore
Will make thy spirit wise and good ;
God's changeful summer more and more
Must realise thy womanhood.

And in the autumn-time of death,
When God doth make thine ignorance wise,
And takes from thee thy futile breath
And gives thee spiritual eyes ;

Then thou shalt find thyself alone
 A naked soul of knowledge bare ;
 For of it all canst only own
 What *in thyself* is good and fair.

WE WAIL.

We wail that the sky is grey
 And the silence wearily long,
 The angels answer and say—
 "The God of your souls is strong.
 Darkness hideth a day :
 Silence husheth a song."

We wail that our works may die
 And our sowing labour be vain.
 The angels answering cry—
 "God, who rules the rain
 And hangs the sun on high,
 Will surely tend the grain."

We wail we are weak of wing :
 That God is hard to find.
 The angels answering sing—
 "Ah ! you are deaf and blind.
 God is in everything !
 In and thro' and behind."

F A T E.

Spinning, spinning, spinning,
 She plieth her ancient loom ;
 Here, a silver beginning ;
 There, a sable doom.
 The woof is shadow and sun ;
 The warp, glory and gloom.
 Spinning, spinning, spinning—
 Look how the shuttles run.

Spinning, spinning, spinning,
 She fingers the coloured thread :
 And here a soul is winning ;
 There a soul is dead.
 She mingles peace and strife :
 She ravel's white and red.
 Spinning, spinning, spinning,
 Webs of human life,

Spinning, spinning, spinning,
 Discord mixed with song,
 Suffering and sinning,
 Wills that are weak and strong.
 We think she worketh wrong.
 She seemeth old and blind?
 Yet the web she is spinning
 God Himself designed.

IN THE WHITE FUTURE.

In the white future, in the coming years,
 We will forget our sorrow and our woe :
 We will forget these death-extorted tears.
 Above yon open grave the turf will grow,
 And flowers hide the failures and the fears
 Of long ago.

In the white future, in the unborn days,
 Warm winds will steal the clouds that hide the sun.
 Over the ruins roughening our ways,
 Lichen in green luxuriance will run,
 And memory will only sing the praise
 Of battles won.

In the dim future, when the spray is blown
 From the near Jordan in our hair and eyes,
 Shadows will show the stars that have been strewn
 Over blue heaven, till we realize
 How there are things invisible, unknown,
 Beyond the skies.



GEORGE GILFILLAN.

“**M**AY Gilfillan’s grave,” wrote Buchanan on one occasion, “be somewhere on the slopes of Parnassus, if only for the sake of those poets whom his praise made happy, and whom his hand was ever ready to help on !” Gilfillan was ever prompt in his appreciation, and cheered and helped forward many

who, as David Macrae says in his "Anecdotes and Reminiscences" (Glasgow: Morison Brothers), "though they never rose to fame, yet found through him the courage and the opportunity to give the world their best." His strong and generous hand first cleared the way for youthful and struggling genius, and for not a few of our most earnest and aspiring souls when they were in danger of being lost through discouragement and neglect. In many a home of modest worth Gilfillan will long be held in tender and grateful memory as one who spoke the first words of encouragement and opened the windows of hope. And it was he who suggested to us the extension of our present work beyond the limits of the first volume of "One Hundred Modern Scottish Poets." For these reasons, therefore, and on account of the beauties of the blank verse in his poem "Night," and the poetic feeling in his "Bards of the Bible," "British Poets," "Literary Portraits," "Remoter Stars," and other works, "Modern Scottish Poets" ought not to be brought to an end without this grateful remembrance. His lectures and sermons were indeed prose poems—imagery poured from his lips in torrents, and his imagination was almost without limit. As Mr Macrae says—"Like David of old, who pressed into the service of the Most High not only the harp of Zion but the trumpet of war, Gilfillan brought tribute from every realm of thought—from poetry, philosophy, history, and science. 'He anointed Literature and Art with consecrated oil, and sent them forth as the accredited messengers of Christianity.' His passion was poetry. He revelled in the Psalms; he gloried in the imagery of the Prophets. He delighted to lecture on the great poets, and often enriched his sermons with choice quotations."

A poet's heart beat in his breast, and his pen moved with a spirit native to itself; even where a blot was

left something iridescent gleaned from it. "These papers," says Deas Cromarty in a recent article on Gilfillan's "Christian Heroes," "did more than any writings to secure the espousals of religion and letters. We have seen the bridal; the results are multiplying in rich variety. Let us keep in mind those by whom the union was effected. Without Gilfillan we had not enjoyed some of the most striking and beautiful literature of our own day."

"I always considered it an honour to be recognised by him as a friend," said Sheriff Campbell Smith in one of his lectures, "a piece of good fortune to listen to the outpourings of his vast knowledge of men and books. Often and often have I talked with him and heard him talk, his discourse shooting up sometimes to heights of eloquence never reached by any other talker in my hearing." His imperfections, such as they were, due to his constitutional impulsiveness, to the irrepressible temperament of an orator and a poet, lay on the surface of his manhood, and entirely on the surface. Nature had endowed him with the mental equipment of an orator, a critic, and a poet—high talents rare in themselves, still rarer in combination—and it had gifted him with that invaluable but terrible fountain of energy—the impulsive poetic temperament attaching to that rare gift.

It is much to be regretted that as yet no biography of George Gilfillan has been given to the world, at least nothing worthy of the high place he filled as a *litterateur*, of his genial character and many gifts, of his pulpit and platform appearances, of his home-life—nothing so instructive and vivid as might well have been expected. Drawing farther on the volume by Mr Macrae—in whose hands an extended biography would have received justice and been written with attractive vigour and grace—we learn from a most concise chronological outline of our bard's life and

literary work that he was born at Comrie, Perthshire, in 1813, his father being Secession minister there. George was the eleventh of twelve children. His mother, Rachel Barlas, was a daughter of the Secession minister at Crieff, and, on account of her great beauty, was often spoken of as "The Star of the North." The subject of our sketch began his college career at Glasgow in his thirteenth year—his fellow-students being Archbishop Tait, Dr Eadie, and Dr Hanna. When his father died, in 1826, Gilfillan said—"I have lost in one day my father and my childhood." In 1830 he started his theological course in Glasgow, and continued it in Edinburgh, where he attended the lectures of Professor Wilson, and engaged in private teaching for his own support, and had charge for a time of a City Mission in Cross Causeway. In 1835 he was licensed by the Edinburgh Presbytery, and soon after received a call to Comrie, which he declined. In the following year, and when he had reached the age of twenty-three, he was ordained in Dundee as pastor of George Chapel (School Wynd). It has been well said that, as a preacher and citizen, "of all the dead no man lives so vividly in the memories of the people of Dundee as their own beloved—GEORGE." In the course of an exhaustive notice of the "Reminiscences" by his gifted successor, the *Dundee Advertiser* said—"The young of this generation cannot remember him, but to their fathers and mothers he is still a strong personality, the impression of whose varied powers and characteristics will endure with them till they also pass away. Grand, rugged, solitary, standing aloof from, yet in tenderest sympathy with, the multitude, he was not unlike the hills that surround his birthplace, which awe the spectator at a distance, yet welcome those who approach them closely, and lift them up to altitudes often gilded with glorious sunshine, and presenting

views of poetic loveliness. Built of larger mould, strung with keener sensibilities, at once more massive and more intense, he walked head and shoulders above the great majority around him."

Mr Gilfillan's first publication—"Five Discourses"—saw the light in 1839; and the first "gallery" of his "Literary Portraits" (which had begun in the *Dumfries Herald* in 1843) was published in 1845. This work at once established his reputation in literature. The second and third parts of these "portraits" were published respectively in 1849 and 1854. No book of its time did more to quicken, especially in young Scotchmen, the love of literature, and open their eyes to the glory of Shelley, Wordsworth, Byron, and even their own Burns. "Bards of the Bible"—which proved very popular, and went through six editions—appeared in 1850, Professor Blackie describing the concluding chapters as "one of the most splendid pieces of writing he had ever read." This was followed (1852) by "Martyrs, Heroes, and Bards of the Scottish Covenant"; and in the following year "Nicholl's Edition of the British Poets" (which was edited by Gilfillan) was begun, the whole series—extending to forty-eight volumes—being completed in 1860. His "History of a Man" was published in 1856; and "Christianity and our Era" (1857), in which he attacked Carlyle and other leaders of thought, cost him "Sartor's" friendship. With the exception of two volumes of sermons, nothing further appeared until 1867, when Jackson, Walford & Hodder issued "Night: a Poem in Nine Books," from which we give several extracts. Emerson regarded this book as Gilfillan's greatest achievement. In the same year, in "Remoter Stars, a Gallery of Uncelebrated Divines," he embalmed his recollections of his own father. "Modern Christian Heroes," to which was appended a lecture on liberty of conscience, urging creed reform,

appeared in 1869, and caused a great flutter in certain circles, with the result that, in the following year, at the instigation of the Edinburgh Presbytery, Gilfillan was dealt with by the Dundee Presbytery on the ground of alleged heresy. His "Life of Sir Walter Scott," in 1870, was followed, in 1873, by that of Dr William Anderson. In 1876 his "National Burns" was commenced in parts, and although the work was all written and revised, he did not witness the consummation of his labours, as the publication was not completed till after his death. Almost at the end of his busy life—in the year before his demise—Gilfillan was presented with a testimonial of £1000 by his many friends and admirers.

Mr Macrae thus sums up the details of his last days and sudden call:—"The year 1878 found Gilfillan in the full tide of his work, preaching, lecturing, writing. His interest in theological reform had never been so keen; his resolution to face all peril in the way of its accomplishment had never been so strong. But the end was near, though no one dreamt of it. Sunday the 11th of August was the last Sunday of his life. No cloud was visible in the blue sky. Though Mrs Gilfillan had observed some symptoms that gave her uneasiness, he seemed, to others, in his usual health. He preached that Sunday with his wonted vigour. But it seemed afterwards as if some vague premonition of approaching death had led to the choice of his subject "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not." In the course of his sermon he spoke of sudden death, specifying as one cause of it disease of the heart—the very malady that was, within forty hours of the moment when he was speaking, to number himself with the dead. He closed with an earnest admonition to all so to live that when death came whether slowly or swiftly they might adjust their mantle ere they fell

and say, as Christ said, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." After the benediction, the organist played the Dead March, and with the strains of it in his ears, Gilfillan left the pulpit that had been his throne for forty years, and from which the thunders of his eloquence had so often pealed, to enter it again no more. The people dispersed quietly, impressed by the solemn discourse to which they had listened, but little dreaming that Gilfillan had been preaching his own funeral sermon, and they were never to hear his voice again. On the following day he went to Brechin with Mrs Gilfillan to the house of a nephew, intending on the Tuesday to go to the marriage of a niece at Arnhall, near Edzell, where his own marriage had taken place forty-two years before. After a happy evening, closing with family worship, he retired to rest. During the early morning he awoke suffering severe pain. Mrs Gilfillan saw a great change coming over him ; aroused the household and got a doctor with all speed. But his end was evidently near, and he himself felt it. "Doctor," he said, "am I dying?" The doctor gave him to understand that it was so. Gilfillan said, "God's will be done," and soon after breathed his last. "The sun," adds Mr Macrae, "rose over the hills on that Tuesday morning the 13th of August, 1878, and shone on Brechin and the pleasant valley of the Esk, and glanced on the fair river, and looked upon the windows of that house, but the blinds were drawn, and George Gilfillan lay dead within."

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

How sweet to see our long-forgotten thoughts,
Pure dreams—bright visions—aspirations high—
Revived and registered in living light ;
To see our past spread out like a great map,
And mark the plan of God guiding it all,

So that though a way-faring man and fool,
 We have not erred but reached our Father's house,
 To meet our enemies as well as friends,
 And take their hands for the first time in heaven ;
 And wish for tears all long since wiped away,
 To empty out our feelings when we think
 We injured them so much in judgment once,
 Nor did them justice till they need it not ;
 To meet with famous men once great on earth,
 Now greater humbler on the plains of heaven ;
 To meet old Socrates and Plato sage,
 Who from their towering but snow-covered peaks,
 Saw Christ's day from afar off, and were glad,
 To see the galaxy of ancient seers :
 Elijah and Elisha met again ;
 Moses and Aaron sat on deathless hills ;
 David and Jonathan once more like twins,
 Exchanging hearts, recalling memories ;
 And lo ! in threefold cord infrangible,
 Elihu, Job, and Eliphaz entwined ;
 Isaiah his dire death and sufferings
 Forgot, with his old foe Manasseh walks,
 With tearless Jeremiah too beside ;
 And meet with Malachi—last of his race—
 Who came to curse, but who remains to bless ;
 And see in wond'rous paradox of love,
 Peter and Paul, like children hand in hand,
 Pass ; and without one pang of envy see
 John leaning still upon his Saviour's breast,
 Like Mercury on bosom of the Sun !

ELIJAH'S CAR.

Now let us mount Elijah's car of flame
 And see the universe as he it saw—
 Between him and Elisha bursts the blaze,
 He leaps into his seat—his mantle falls,
 He takes the reins with hands that burn as bright,
 And if they tremble 'tis with conscious power.
 Like king who grasps his sceptre—chief his sword !
 The wilderness is left, the Jordan shrinks
 Into a rill—its foam seen—voice unheard,
 Elisha's face, lightened with glory, looks
 One moment upwards, dwindles, and is gone.
 Southward o'er Sinai sweeps the meteor strange,
 Gilding its heights—as with some relict fire
 Of that great morning when God's feet, like brass,
 Shone through the thunder darkness—pillars stern,
 Like those which prop the steadfast cope of hell !

The moon appears above the waste--is neared—
 Broadens into a strange and haggard world,
 Like wrinkled brow of the most aged damned,
 While low beneath it shines a mottled earth ;
 Till both are past, and the great sun draws near
 Like God's own fiery chariot in the sky.
 And he who erst on Carmel stood alone,
 Had once old Horeb for his pedestal,
 For momentary footstool has the sun !
 Nay, spurning it, resumes his rapid way.
 Stars flit and fall as he pursues his path ;
 Rushing to meet him, see vast streams of suns
 Come so—so vanish—like sheet-lightning glares
 Flashing through night around the traveller ;
 Then a wide ocean of essential light,
 Then a great darkness, horrid and forlorn,
 Appears, through which his chariot and his eye
 Plough on, like kindred fires, their fearless path ;
 Till now, like mountains in the morning beam,
 Appear the gateways of God's city high ;
 Millions of angels, sailing round like clouds,
 And 'mid them mingling, this celestial car
 Carries Elijah up and in—when lo !
 From the deep shrine of the Unspeakable,
 The very heart of heaven, comes a smile,
 And with the smile a voice, and these the words
 Which drop in music on the prophet's ear—
 " Welcome, thou faithful servant of thy God,
 Here are thy kindred—here thy heritage,
 Here, eagle of the earth, on glory prey,
 And share the joy for ever of thy Lord."

THOUGHTS IN LINCUDEN ABBEY.

Again, our evening's meditation turns
 Nor upon God, but on God-gifted man :
 Thus to Lincuden's Abbey once we walked,
 In the mild twilight of a burning day,
 With one, a poet of the truest grain,
 Who erst on Acksbeck's Mount stood by the Fiend,
 And probed the sultry secrets of his heart.
 Autumn had barely touch'd the summer's brow
 With one cool finger of her matron hand ;
 The sky was clear and burnished in its depth,
 While here and there an early star peeped through,
 Perplexed and bashful in her solitude.
 All in the vale was silent, save the Nith,
 Singing, we thought, some "owreturn" from her bard,
 Her long-since dead but unforgotten Burns ;
 Her voice now "crooning," in a lowly tone,

The old lament upon "Drunmossie Moor."
 Now blithely breaking into "Auld Lang Syne ;"
 Now, as it met some bold and battling rock,
 Rasping out "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled ;"
 And now, as the lone Abbey drew anear,
 Moaning some unintelligible dirge,
 Like the "Bard's Elgy" by river sung ;
 And then, the river left, the ruin rose,
 The same as when the form of Liberty
 Appeared, and dauntless met his kindling eye ;
 The while the fox was howling on the hill,
 And the dim distant echo gave reply.
 We entered with hushed hearts the ruined fane—
 When, lo ! as if with sudden hand, a torch
 Some spirit of the night had lifted up,
 To show us all the secrets of the pile,
 The full large yellow moon of harvest rose,
 And filled the oriel window with her form,
 And poured a soft and softening smile around
 Often we thought the poet's troubled soul
 Has held a tryste here with that lovely moon,
 And oft his sad eye has been soothed by her's ;
 Till, as he turned his ling'ring footsteps home,
 Came rushing back the joys of early youth,
 And he his poverty and woe forgot,
 And was again the happy boy of Doon,
 In hand the sickle, on his lips the song,
 And in his heart the first pure gush of love.

THE ELOQUENCE OF EVENING.

Eve, everlasting autumn of the year !
 Eve, everlasting Sabbath of the day !
 Eve, she is conscious of the hour and scene,
 So slowly, sweetly, solemnly she comes,
 Stealing all noiseless and on tiptoe in,
 To do her soft and mellow ministry ;
 She hushes harsh and inharmonious sounds,
 The wail of curlew, hum of angry bee ;
 She tones the river to a flute-like note,
 She hangs above yon mountain in the south,
 So dark with pines, the rising crescent moon,
 And letteth out the glad stars in their turn,
 Like children, one by one from school dismissed,
 To feed their eyes upon the closing scene ;
 That throng how silent, and how spell-bound now,
 Each face a spirit, and each heart a heaven,
 Under the power of eloquence and eve,
 Nature and genius preaching at one time,
 And emulous in utt'ring "God is love,"

Till the Amen arrive, and the deep breast
 Of hundreds gives a sigh, and all is o'er.
 How the youth's heart through the long day has burned,
 Like those who to Emmaus once repaired,
 Burned in its silence like a buried fire ;
 But now at home, amid the deep'ning dusk,
 He walks through night, the pent volcano bursts,
 And his soul speaks as if the tongue were gone,
 And a live coal from th' altar blazed instead,
 Flashing what seems a new oracular light
 Upon all mysteries of time and space,
 Of God, of evil, of eternity,
 Of heaven and hell, of nature and of man ;
 We, listening the while, dumb as the woods
 Which cluster all around the lonely road.
 Alas ! his word, though glowing and sincere,
 Appears in morning's disenchanting view
 Only a flash of lightning in the gloom,
 Lancing abysses which it could not sound,
 Baring dim forests which it could not burn,
 Revealing darkness it can ne'er dispel !

LOVE, THE CANOPY OF EVE.

But soon these pleasures pass, and manhood's joy
 In converse deepens, till 'tis lost in love—
 Love ! child of ecstasy and bride of eve !
 Love, only frenzy that is beautiful,
 The only folly that is half divine,
 The only fault of which no one repents,
 (Yet folly, fault, or frenzy, it is none !)
 The only luxury that never palls,
 Th' electric flash which unifies all veins,
 And is an omnipresence in all eyes !
 Love, not the dreg of love, lust low and base,
 But love, the pure attraction of the soul,
 The gravitation of the moral world,
 Which draws together, 'cross the gulf of sex,
 The spirits long predestined to be one—
 Like kindred clouds in skies, or waves with waves,
 Which meet and wonder how they e'er were twain !
 Sure the true canopy of love is eve :
 Behold yon lovers 'neath the moon of May,
 Like children as they are, with hand in hand
 Involved, and full of young and fervent love ;
 Now murmur'ing words of dove-like tenderness ;
 And now, as though from different worlds they came,
 No language have they save their looks and sighs,
 Nature's untaught, divine interpreters !
 Above them, like a nuptial torch, the moon

Sparkles ; below, the landscape smiles serene,
 Mingling fresh tints of green with glows of gold.
 Beside them, like a cherub dropt from heaven,
 A sister sweet, dear bud of joy and hope—
 Just three years come from God her Father's breast,
 Bound in six summers for her God again—
 Moves like a breeze of evening, swift and light,
 Now first, now last, now 'midst, now here, now there,
 Wand'ring at will and speaking to herself ;
 Her eyes two fountains of ethereal blue,
 Her brow a plate of placid marble white,
 Her flowing hair a brown autumnal cloud,
 Her voice a sweet and prattling infant stream,
 Her motion music and her shadow grace,
 Herself a soft and second link of love
 Between that simple and impassioned pair !



ANNIE WINSOR HAYWOOD,

AUTHOR of a number of very thoughtful and pleasing serial tales and short stories, was born at Folkestone, Kent, about the year 1866. She, has, however, lived in Scotland from early girlhood, and all her literary work has been done in this country, and has mostly appeared in Scotch magazines and newspapers. She studied for the teaching profession in the Edinburgh Church of Scotland Training College during sessions 1886-7, and she has for some years been a Public School teacher in Leslie, Fifeshire. Miss Haywood, in the scanty leisure afforded by her arduous professional duties, has found time to do not a little good literary work. In addition to her prose writings, she has at intervals contributed verse to the *Evening Telegraph* and *People's Journal*. Her poems possess a melodious cadence as well as a quiet grace, and they are evidently the expression of real poetic feeling, vivid imagination and warm emotion.

THE HARBOUR BAR.

The tender lights are softly, sweetly falling,
From heaven's lamps afar,
Upon my bark that lieth calm and tranquil,
Within the harbour bar.

Without, ten thousand sails are wafting onward,
Steered by each angel guide,
But mine, all trim and ready for the voyage,
Must yet awhile abide.

The sun shines passing bright beyond the haven,
Within the shadows lie,
The captain's voice comes clear across the water,
"Reef sails and lay them by."

And so a little while we ride at anchor,
Beneath His guiding star,
Willing to tarry till His message cometh,
To cross the "Harbour Bar."

NIGHT.

How sweet and tender are the moon's soft beams,
Falling in shimmering streams athwart the sky,
That evening's shade hath kissed with rosy lips.
Luna hath light that is not of the earth,
The purity of her celestial beams
Doth shame the sorrows of this sinful world.
We walk beneath the panoply of splendour,
The halo of the moonbeams round our heads,
And hearts all beating to the mystic rhyme,
Of nature's sweet, mysterious harmony.
"The trivial round" is well-nigh all forgot,
"The common task" is sweet oblivion.
The music of the night doth speak to us,
The midnight sky is full of trembling chords,
That heave and swell and break in silent tones
Of deep, heart thrilling melody.

Oh night, thou art a queen of gentle sway,
To hush the clanging bells of life's hard day,
To give for anger, peace, for labour, rest,
And balm to heal the restless soul that sighs.
In trembling aspirations after things,
That shall bring truth and hope, and joy and peace.
Then may'st thou fold around thy sable form.
Thy sympathetic garments, clinging soft,

And leave the world to never-ending light
When manhood hath no need of sympathy.

FLOWER MEMORIES.

A bunch of faded daffodils she clasped
Within her slender hands, so thin and fair ;
Breathings of home, and tender memories
Of childish days, alas, were mirrored there.

She saw the stream beside the cottage door,
Where their bright golden heads were wont to blow ;
When innocence sat throned on her face,
And naught of wrong did her child nature know.

And so she lay until the evening came,
And all the room lay bathed in golden gleams,
And still the faded daffodils she clasped,
That gave such golden light unto her dreams.

But lo ! the morning dawned, the girl was dead,
Yet the dead flowers lay still upon her breast,
A smile of joy and beauty lingered too
Upon the lips that spoke of peace and rest.

The city of the Saviour of the lost
Hath pearly gates and streets of shining gold.
Oh, sister mine, who art disconsolate,
Wilt thou not enter too within His fold ?

He doth not stand aside with looks of scorn,
Nor draw with haughty hand His robe aside,
Nay, thou may'st stoop to touch His garments' hem,
For 'twas for such as thee the Saviour died.

Doth none of His sweet messengers of peace,
That beautify the earth and make it fair,
No flower that grew around the old home door,
Speak to thine heart and wake sweet memories there ?

Oh let "this Rose of Sharon," this sweet flower,
Who bears no thorns upon His velvet stem,
Let this pure "lily of the valley" come,
And crown thee with His pardon's diadem.

And He shall make thee to lie down within
The pastures green that His own daughters tread,
Peace shall dwell in thy heart, and purity
Renewed shall crown thy weary bended head.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

I sit alone, at the evening fall,
When the shadows steal o'er the western hills,
And over the uplands, sweet and low,
Comes there a song in rapturous trills;
Thrilling and trilling and soaring up,
Till it seems that the air can scarce contain
The rapturous flow of the music sweet,
Or the joyous bliss of the sweet refrain.

Never a sound of earth is here,
Save for the buzzing of insects bright,
Winging their way at close of day
Home in the evening's fading light;
Save for the bleat of a little lamb,
Lost to its dam in the gathering gloom.
Humming and bleating mingle sweet,
Like a chorus bright to the songster's tune.

I sit and dream in the dying light,
Shall ever to me such notes be given?
A song to raise to the evening sky
That shall pierce the clouds and reach the heaven,
Comes it again, all sweet and low,
Plaintive as ever a maiden sings,
Dies it away with a little sigh,
And he foldeth his head beneath his wings.

'Tis gone like an infant's evening prayer,
Carried away by His angel sweet;
Never a note but shall find a place
Low at the Saviour's waiting feet—
Tiny pearls all treasured up,
Precious because of the love they bear;
Never a song that a Christian sings
But shall find a place in His records fair.

Heaven is nearer when daylight dies—
The cares of the world are hushed to rest,
Like a weary child that his mother takes
Close to her loving, tender breast;
So shall my soul be nearer His—
Nearer because the world is far
Up on the hills in the fading light,
All alone 'neath the evening star.

What if a note from heaven's choir,
Sweeter than ever a mortal heard,
Dropped from the sky like a tiny plume
Soft from the wing of a singing bird,

Fluttering downwards and earthwards still,
 Till it reached the ear of a waiting one,
 Sitting alone when the shadows fall,
 When the noise of the busy world is done.

Would it be heard in the noisy din
 Of the busy life in the city street,
 Where the road is rough and the way is drear,
 Trod by the many weary feet?
 Yes, He giveth to such as these
 Beautiful songs in the dewy night,
 Chords from the glorious angel choirs,
 Making the darkened places light.

Gathering the weary city birds,
 Under the care of His tender wing,
 Making the tired hearts rejoice,
 And the lips of the sorrowful ones to sing;
 Giving a glimpse of the golden gate,
 To those who toil on the other side,
 A tiny presage of coming joys,
 When the heavenly gates shall be opened wide.

And the weary and troubled and tired ones
 Who have found the earth but a dreary place,
 Shall gather the sweets of life anew,
 'Neath the tender smile of a father's face.
 Music and flowers, and home and love
 Lie at the end of the toilsome way,
 And the glimpse we have of the blissful shore
 Shall give us the needed strength to-day.



WILLIAM ANGUS

3S another of our soldier poets. He was born at Arbroath in 1870, and spent his early days in the neighbourhood of the ancient "Round O," of which many poets have sung so sweetly. At a very tender age he was apprenticed to a tinsmith, but, being of a roving disposition, and having a great love

for military life, he entered the ranks of the Black Watch when only fifteen years of age. His first experience of soldiering was in the Belfast riots in 1886. He was subsequently drafted to Malta, and from thence removed with his regiment to Gibraltar (where he is at present stationed) in 1889. It is only within the last two years that he has turned to the muse as a pleasant occupation during his spare moments. His study has usually been a shady nook on the lower heights of the great "rock fortress," where, amid Nature's grand but rugged scenes, on duty or off, in hard or pleasant times, he could

Rhyme till't, and time till't,
And sing himsel' a sang.

With boyhood, however, his desire for roving seems to have gone, for we learn that it is with "exceeding joy" that he hails his return to Scotland during this year (1892), when he hopes to settle within the shades of the old Abbey, having, at the age of 22, completed his seven years' service with the Black Watch. Our poet's literary efforts include very attractively written monthly "Notes from Gibraltar," in the columns of the *Arbroath Guide*, as well as short sketches of military life. His poems and songs, which have appeared in the *Guide*, the *Weekly News*, and other papers, are possessed of much warm feeling, chivalrous sentiments, and manly fervour. Lyrical vigour and tender memories of home show that his heart clings to his native land.

O LASS, ARE YOU WEARY?

O lass, are you weary? O lass, are you eerie,
O lass, are you weary o' waitin' your lane?
When ithers are cheery, O lass, are you weary
In nights lang and dreary when waitin' your lane?

But bide a wee, lassie, oh, wait a wee, lassie,
 Oh, bide a wee, lassie, till Willie comes hame ;
 Nae mair you'll be weary, nae langer be eerie,
 Nae mair you'll be weary, when Willie comes hame.
 But bide a wee, lassie, &c.

Adoon the lone loanin' there comes a sad moanin',
 A moanin' o' memory and days that are gane ;
 The wood doos are cooin', and fond hearts are wootin'—
 O lass, are you weary o' wanderin' your lane ?
 But wait a wee, lassie, oh, bide a wee, lassie,
 Oh, wait a wee, lassie, till Willie comes hame :
 Nae mair you'll be weary, your heart will be cheery,
 Nor lonely you'll wander when Willie comes hame.
 But wait a wee, lassie, &c.

What tho' we be rovin'—true hearts are aye lovin',
 An' dear to the heart is the loved ane at hame ;
 Fond memory's persistence, that kens nae resistance,
 Will draw to the lassie that's waitin' her lane.
 So wait ye yet, lassie ; oh, wait a bit, lassie,
 Oh, bide a wee, lassie, till Willie comes hame !
 Tho' the waitin' be weary the end will be cheery,
 And you'll be his dearie when Willie comes hame.
 So wait ye yet, lassie, &c.

MY BONNIE JEAN.

The mist is risin' ower the hill,
 The mune is on the sea,
 And ilka rippling rill, my Jean,
 Rows fancy hame to thee ;
 Upon the wings o' west-bound winds
 Fond fancy roves at e'en,
 And aye its fondest, sweetest theme
 Is thee, my bonnie Jean.

I hear your voice at break o' day,
 When liltin' larks upspring ;
 I hear it in the sunny noon,
 When blackbirds sweetly sing ;
 I hear it in the dewy eve,
 When shadows darken doon—
 And ilka echo in the glen
 The happy notes resoun'.

I see your beauty unadorned
 In Nature's forms so fair—
 In ilka bluid-red rose that blooms
 I see you blushin' there,

I see the glistenin' o' your e'en
 In ilka drap o' dew,
 Reflectin' back the mornin' sun
 Wi' rainbow's varied hue.

Roll on, ye creamy crested waves,
 Ye broad white sails shake free ;
 And spread them oot, ye West-bound winds,
 To bear me ower the sea ;
 On wings that ken the swallow's flight,
 The petrel's fearless mien,
 Sure as a dove that homeward roves
 I'll speed to thee, my Jean.

THE SUN WILL SHINE AGAIN.

I.

The world, in winter's mantle clad,
 Is wrapped in wreaths of snow—
 Hill and dale, field and wood,
 High and low.

Fairy snowflakes softly falling,
 Weave the earth a shroud,
 And the wintry sky is darksome,
 With a cloud.

Gone the lovely flowers and hedgerow
 That in summer blossomed fair ;
 Nought but skeleton trees are left now,
 Gaunt and bare.

Hushed the song that cheered the woodland,
 Chill the wintry blast ;
 But the sun will shine again
 When winter's past.

II.

Winter flies, and spring-time cometh,
 Ice and snow will melt,
 And we'll forget in balmy spring
 The winter chills we felt.

The swallow will return again
 On never-tiring wing,
 When warm Southern breezes blow
 In the spring,

The flowers will raise their drooping heads,
 For joy the birds will sing,
 And every tree and bush will bud
 In the spring ;
 Nature fills the earth with gladness
 In the spring ;
 From our hearts we'll chase all sadness
 In the spring.

Linger not with vain regretting,
 In pure love the toil forgetting,
 Vanquish sorrow, conquer pain,
 And the sun will shine again.



ARCHIBALD INGLIS WATSON,

ONE of the original contributors to "Whistle Binkie," was born at Portsoy in 1818, and died at Aberdeen in 1889. A man of genuine poetic taste, Archie, as we have said, was a "Whistle Binkie" writer, "The Flower of Donside" having, we understand, first appeared in that work. Although we learn that both prose and poetry from his pen appeared in the *Aberdeen Shaver*, *Lloyd's Penny Times*, *Bradshaw's Journal*, and other newspapers and periodicals, we have not, even after many efforts, been able to give farther specimens, with the exception of "The Song of the Flowers," which has a place in "The Aberdeenshire Lintie," a collection of poems and songs by various authors connected with Aberdeenshire (Aberdeen : printed by John Avery, Union Street, for Thomas C. Watson, 1854). Passionately fond of literature, he was widely read, and did a great deal of work as a collator. In

fact, up till within a few weeks of his death he was industriously engaged in collating scattered fragments from the Aberdeen newspapers. In his "Bards of Bon-Accord," Mr Walker informs us that he received his earliest instruction from a grandmother, to whose care he had been consigned. His mother married a second time, came to Aberdeen, and young Archie was sent to learn the tailor trade. The bankruptcy of his master relieved him from a calling which he abhorred, so, remaining at home, he assisted his step-father, who had a second-hand goods shop. In 1837 he started a book and periodical business on his own account, and continued in that line (with a break of some years, when he wrought as collator to Mr Edmond, bookbinder) till his death. Archie's knowledge of books and men often induced him to deliver some sharp criticism when he saw a prospective buyer turning over his volumes without due regard to their value.

THE FLOWER O' DONSIDE.

Oh ! ken ye sweet Christy, the flower o' Donside,
 She's fair as the morning, and modest beside,
 Sae sweet and sae sylphlike—the delicate flower
 Is like her soft beauty in summer's fair hour.
 When the dim mists o' eve curtain Don's pleasant vale,
 I'll pour in her chaste ear my love-burthened tale ;
 As we stray by the river's soft, silvery tide
 I'll fondly caress the sweet flower o' Donside.
 Oh ! ken ye sweet Christie, &c.

There are moments of bliss when we feel the pure joy
 And transport of loving without grief's alloy,
 Such moments as brighten life's sad weary way,
 When o'er the brown heath-flower at gloaming I stray,
 And the light arm that links in my own makes me feel
 A thrill of delight which I cannot reveal—
 May heaven grant me this, whate'er else may betide,
 To twine with my fate the sweet flower o' Donside.
 Oh ! ken ye sweet Christy, &c.

THE SONG OF THE FLOWERS.

We come, we come, with odorous breath,
 And delicate tints of rainbow hue ;
 We spring from the teeming lap of earth,
 Nursed by the globules of morning's dew.
 When the first faint breath of genial spring
 Disperses the snows of the frozen north,
 And birds sail out on "downy wing,"
 'Tis then we timidly peep forth.

Though blasted oft our tender buds
 By the rough and bracing vernal breeze—
 And torrents pour from angry clouds,
 We lightly bear such ills as these—
 We hang our heads in such evil hour,
 And *bend* with the gale that *breaks* the tree ;
 And when refreshed by the summer shower,
 We yield our sweets to the humming bee.

'Neath glowing skies in orient climes
 We tales of love and truth convey ;
 A wreath oft fluently combines
 Thoughts that the lips would blush to say.
 We even possess medicinal powers,
 To heal the diseases of man's frail frame,
 And minister to him in weary hours,
 And soothe the mind 'mid grief or pain.

Oh, pass us not by ye proud ones of earth,
 Nor tread us down with imperious foot ;
 From the same source even ye had birth—
 Ye sprang from the same Almighty root.
 Oh ! drink of our nectar ye lowly ones,
 We would cheer you on your toilsome way,
 And glad your hearts in dreary scenes,
 And "whisper hope" in the darkest day.

Oh ! learn the lessons that we would teach
 In the brief span we flourish here,
 And list to the words which now we preach,
 While we bud and bloom in your lower sphere.
 "E'en as a flower," so saith the Word,
 "Cometh forth proud man to bloom and die ;
 A few short years his voice is heard,
 And he *withers* into eternity."



WILLIAM HAY.

FROM an interesting review in the *Aberdeen Free Press* of a new edition of "The Lintie o' Moray,"* we select the following:—More than thirty years ago "The Lintie o' Moray" won for itself a warm corner in the hearts of all true Morayshire men, and its name and fame, far from waning, have been positively growing with the lapse of years. Indeed, so much had the demand for the little volume of 1851 grown that a reprint of it was almost certain to occur, and we are glad to meet it now in its new dress, and evincing such careful editorial supervision as Sheriff Rampini has evidently bestowed upon it. Besides numerous additional notes, illustrative of persons and things incidentally mentioned in the songs, the original appendix has been wisely broken up, and with carefully distinguishing marks has been given as foot-notes to the various songs its matter referred to. This is an undoubted improvement, and now, with a full body of explanatory prose notes, these songs afford many interesting glimpses into bye-gone social life and character, which, apart from its mere local value, will make the book be highly relished by a wide circle of readers. The contents of the volume consist of the songs read, sung, or said at the annual meetings of the Edinburgh Morayshire Society from 1829 to 1841—twenty-four pieces by five different writers. Fully one half of these came from the pen of one of Elgin's most gifted sons—William Hay. Born in Elgin in 1791, he is said to have been the son of Harry Hay, a sheriff-

* THE LINTIE O' MORAY.—A collection of songs, written for and sung at the anniversary meetings of the Edinburgh Morayshire Society, from 1829 to 1841. New edition. Edited by Charles Rampini, advocate, F.S.A., Scot. Elgin: James Watson, High Street, 1887.

officer, and of "Meggie" Falconer, a well-known vendor of apples and gooseberries, who kept a stall on the High Street. The records of his early life are scanty, but he seems to have been employed by Dr Robert Paterson, of the H.E.I.C.S., as stable-boy, and by him introduced to Mr John Anderson, rector of the Academy, who, recognising his abilities, undertook the charge of his education. In 1811, on the recommendation of Mr Anderson, he was employed by the mother of the Rev. Dr Gordon, of Birnie, to assist him and his brother with their lessons, and in the following year he obtained the situation of tutor in the family of Mrs Cumming of Logie. In 1819 he proceeded to Edinburgh to complete his studies for the Church, supporting himself meanwhile by private teaching. But he soon tired of his theological studies, and the remainder of his life was devoted to literature and teaching. He was a large contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, and enjoyed the friendship of its editor, "Christopher North," and of the distinguished literary coterie which it was Wilson's pride to gather round him. In 1836 he spent a winter on the Continent; in 1838 he paid his last visit to Morayshire, and died 22nd July, 1854, after a long illness, aggravated by the painful affliction of total blindness.

HERE'S TO THEE, MORAYLAND.

Tune—"There's nae Luck."

Here's to thee, Morayland, the land we lo'e sae weel—
 The land o' mony a bonnie lass, an' mony a buirdly chiel—
 O' fruits an' flowers, an' fussy stills, black nout, an' wavin' woods,
 O' heather bells an' bloomin' haughs, an' rather mony floods !
 Thy rivers swarm wi' salmon, an' o' finnocks thousan' scores ;
 An' every fish that cleaves the deep comes boundin' to thy shores ;
 There's sic a fouth o' eatin' gear, that ilkabody thrives—
 There's dulse an' badderlocks for bairns, an' skate to please the
 wives !

Here's to thee, Morayland, the land o' monks an' priests—
The cosy nook whose girnels changed their fastin's int' feasts—
Whose beeves an' barrels coft their prayers, an' made them "like
their meat"—

The lads that didna eat to live, but lived to drink an' eat.
Kinloss, Kinneddar, Pluscarden, an' Spynie's blacken'd wa's,
The Chan'ry, haffin' out its wings, an' still sae proudly craws—
Declare how mony gabs ye fed o' chiels that wudna work!—
Then keep your bannocks to yoursel', an' stick ye by the Kirk.

Here's to thee, Morayland, the land o' schools for lear,
O' hospitals for age an' want, whose hearts are sick an' sair;
Where maids who put nae faith in man find comfort as they may,
An' young an' auld together bless Dick, Anderson, an' Gray.
The salmon seeks the mountain stream, from which at first he
sprang,
Though through the ocean's distant waves he may have wander'd
lang—
So these good loons could ne'er forget, though they were far away,
The gentle Lossie's gowan'd banks, the Findhorn, an' the Spey.

Here's to thee, Morayland, where eident is the plough,
Where skill can mak' an Eden smile where dockens wudna grow;
The glory be the Farmer Club's, which first Forsyth began,
Coke o' the North, the man o' worth, most patriotic man!
The farmers' friend, the princely Duke—the pride o' cot an' ha',
Has dreed his weird, an' Moray wept when he was ta'en awa';
Yet maun she own that still she has ane worthy o' his fame,
An' Richmond is a Gordon true, in everything but name!

Here's to thee, Morayland, here's Covesea an' its "cairds"—
The Witches'-stane, an' Ministers, Hell's-hole, an' a' the Laids;
The Doctors, an' the Order Pot, the Hangman's Ford, an' a';
The Lawyers—plentiful as slaes, or as the hoodie-craw.
Thy auld Tolbooths are tumblin' o'er, but say, ilk Elgiu loon,
Can ye forget the Guard-house fechts, the glorious fourth o' June,
When blue as blavers were oor een, an' croons wi' cloors did ring,
An' bonfires blazed wi' loyalty, an' George the Third was King?

Here's to thee, Morayland, there's something in thy clime
That breathes the spirit o' the past—the hoary olden time;
It flows from out the foggy wa's o' ruined ha' or keep,
An' aften gies a body thochts amaisht will gar him weep.
But cheer ye up, my Moray loons, or here, or far awa',
I've seen a sicht will mak' ye blithe, an' gar ye croosely craw—
The Loch o' Spynie's comin' back, an' spite o' sinfu' men,
Bullsegs will wave their nigger pows, an' geds will bite again!

THE WHITE HORSE.

In days o' yore when good Sir James, a knight o' meikle fame,
 Was chief o' Elgin—an' the poor did bless that pious name—
 There lived a jolly, jovial wife—a blythesome, buxom dame;
 And living still—lang may she live, unchanged by years the same,
 The same right-hearted, good guidwife, the pride o' Elgin toon.

Her name is Mrs Innes, and the "White Horse" is her sign,
 And happy is the man or beast that chanches there to dine,
 For all her provender is good, her whisky, ale, and wine;
 An' each an' a' hae aften turned this weak, weak head o' mine;
 O! she's a jewel o' a good gudewife, the pride o' Elgin toon.

Ay! she's a sonsie, good gudewife—there's witchcraft in the blink
 O' baith her een—that ilka heart in love to her's doth link:
 And then her tongue, mair musical than is the siller's clink,
 Will charm a man till he suspects he's sure the waur o' drink,
 So witchin' is this good gudewife, the pride o' Elgin toon.

Her house sae clean, is glancin' bricht, wi' bottle, jug, and cap,
 Which sends through many a weary heart a life-blood and a sap;
 While her domestic chaplain is the worthy "Mr Tap,"
 Whose power of eloquence stirs up full many an Elgin chap
 To bless this pious, good gudewife, the pride o' Elgin toon.

Here wrinkled care forgets to gloom whene'er he sees her jugs;
 Here mirth beholds his laughing e'en reflected frae her mugs;
 An' ae look o' her bonny face—I'll wager baith my lugs—
 Will comfort mair the droopin' heart than a' the doctor's drugs,
 So skilful is this good gudewife, the pride o' Elgin toon.

Here many an Elgin worthy has aften ta'en his stoup;
 Here stately "Phoenix" frae his fires renewed did uproar loup;
 And here John "Batchie" hath forgot to bargain and to roup;
 While laughter, "holding both his sides," bang o'er the chair did
 coup;
 So mirthful is this good gudewife, the pride o' Elgin toon.

The lawyers canna beat her—she cheats them o' their fee—
 For when the clients come to her, she soon decides the plea,
 Discerning that the cheapest way is—tak' a pint an' gree;
 An' Shirra! surely this is sense, tho' law it mayna be—
 O! she's a jewel o' a good gudewife, the pride o' Elgin toon.

Then here's to our gudewife, whose like we ne'er shall see again,
 Here's to her health, whose fun an' drink hae aften turn'd the brain,
 Here's to the lass wha kens the way the hearts o' men to chain;
 Lang has she been auld Elgin's pride, an' lang may she remain
 A sample o' the wives o' yore, the pride o' Elgin toon.

EWEN M'LEOD,

WHEN a young man, wrote a number of vigorous Gaelic songs, but who in recent years has confined himself to English composition, was born in 1809 at Colbost, in the parish of Durinish, Island of Skye. His father was a small farmer, and apprenticed his son, at the age of fifteen, to a shoemaker. This employment, however, proved distasteful to our poet, and after three years' experience on a cobbler's stool, he obtained a situation of a more congenial nature in the publishing house of Virtue & Co., London. After serving a number of years with this firm, Mr M'Leod was appointed one of their principal agents, and in this position he travelled over the greater part of England and Scotland. The bent of his mind having thus been early turned into a literary groove, he was enabled to gain a considerable knowledge of books, and an insight into the character of men and manners. His taste for composition—both prose and poetry—was thus developed, and the cultivation of this gift, the poet tells us, has been one of the chief enjoyments of his life. He is an enthusiastic upholder of the beauty of his native tongue, holding the Celtic language to be the most poetical in existence. Though Mr M'Leod has never published anything in book form, he has contributed numerous Highland love stories and racy sketches to magazines and newspapers. For the past five years Mr M'Leod has been living at Newcastle, having retired from all active employment. He is yet, however, a hale old man, feeling fresh and buoyant both physically and mentally. His poetry is mostly of a patriotic nature, and in praise of the country of his birth. It is free of morbidness, and full of the voice of courage and hope.

LINES TO THOUGHT.

O Thought, creative power,
 What small control the will has o'er thee !
 Nature and art alike devour—
 Naught on earth can speed before thee.

Here my body sits at ease,
 My neighbours think me dull and cheerless ;
 If they but knew the boundless seas
 O'er which my thoughts are sailing fearless !

Unbidden oft thou tak'st thy flight,
 And searchest corners long forgotten,
 Bringing hidden things to light,
 And things the mind had never thought on.

But grateful though you often roam
 In search of friendship's warm affection—
 Bringing photographs of home
 In living tints of recollection,

How true you paint the sunny smile,
 And modest blush of cheeks of beauty,
 That e'en in thought the heart beguile,
 And makes it oft forget its duty.

MY HIGHLAND LAD.

You may meet wi' fairer forms,
 But no' a heart that's mair your ain ;
 Faithfu' love and willing arms
 Always wish ye back again.

Chorus—"Will ye no' come back again,
 Will ye no' come back again,
 Better lo'ed ye canna be,
 Will ye no' come back again ?"

When o'er the lea the gloaming fall,
 I often wander a' my lane,
 And listen to the cushet call
 Her cooing lover back again.

I'm lonely in the busy throng,
 And wearied thro' the flow'ry glen,
 Dull to me's the mavis' sang,
 Till my lad is back again.

How dull yon bird sits on the tree—
 A lonely, cowering wee bit hen ;
 Perhaps she's lost her mate, like me,
 And fears he'll no' come back again.

MOLADH AIR OIGH GHEALAICH AIR FONN.

Duncan MacIntyre's "A Mhairi Bhan Og."

Se bhi glensadh mo chiuil air clin na Maise
 Tha ur o thulabh na'm beann
 A bheoach mo thund sa dhoraich m'aignadh
 Mar dhrìuchd air lusan na'n gleann
 A ghais'g dhomh oig as prois as mirre
 Cur orain mhilis am bheul
 A dusgadh le solas ceol mo chumthe
 Don Oigh as maisiche beas.

Do bheathe gha n' tir a righann bhanail
 Tha t ! intin tairis as neth
 Do nador cho ciuin s' do ghnais cho maisoil
 Do s'thuil mar ghercag an' s' tleabh
 Do bhrollach geal miu sida fallach
 Sa li mar eal air a chuan
 Do ghruaidh mar a Rose is boiche sealladh
 As oigh sa mhadinn ga bhuain.

An comhradh na seinn bu ghrinn do bhrian
 Cho binn ni inneal nan' teud
 Bool meachair finealt s' misle bileabh
 Man dhisnan snaithre do ghenl
 An am a bhi n' cav'imhnas maoiden chriail
 Be n' toibhnas faighain ad choir
 Bi dearsa gach boig mai choillan laiste
 Se doiman laissach od mheoir.

Gur forstonach dhasan thar na fearabh
 Dha a' dan a meangan a bhuain
 Nuair bhareadh na Prusan s' Diuchdan fearinn
 An cruin na m' faigheadh iad buaigh
 Gun tidhen air Baird as airde barail
 Air ailleachd pears agus snuadh
 Bidh eachdri do chliu an cuntas maireann
 A muirn aig deas agus tuath.

THE YOUNG WIFE TO HER DRUNKEN HUSBAND.

My curse upon th' infernal thief,
 That turned my joy to gall and grief,

Wi' drunken brawls an' sic mischief
 Made hell on earth at hame, O.
 Weary on the gill stoup,
 The gill stoup, the gill stoup;
 Weary on the gill stoup,
 Mak's muckle grief at hame, O.

I mind when first ye came to woo,
 To squeeze my waist, and taste my mou';
 And aye ye praised my een sae blue,
 And swore you'd tak' me hame, O.

Ye vow'd you ne'er would be my pest.
 By drunken brawls ne'er spoil my rest—
 The lonely maid is doubly blest,
 Compared to me at hame, O.

Here I sit the lee lang nicht,
 Without a fire, without a licht,
 Deprived o' a' my chief delight—
 My husband's love at hame, O.

If a' yer hopes and boasted brags
 Are thus to end in debts and rags,
 I'd better ta'en the mealy bags
 Than starve with thee at hame, O.



MRS W. T. McGRIGOR

WAS born in Edinburgh. Her father, who was author of several interesting books of travel, was the representative of an ancient Scottish family. Her husband is now a Major-General in the Army, but retired from active service. Mrs McGrigor spent a number of years with her husband in India, and it was not until her return to her native land that her poetical faculty developed. Her first poem, "Home

from India," was written under the impression of desolation a new generation passing along once familiar thoroughfares made upon her. "Auld Liz" was suggested by the enthusiasm of an old lady at the sight of soldiers—a not uncommon feeling. Since then she has written on many themes, several of her songs having been wedded to appropriate music of her own composing. Some of her short poems have been printed in the *Weekly Scotsman* and other papers. Mrs McGregor's mind is naturally reflective, and her tastes studious and refined. Her feelings are quickly stirred at the instigation of passing fancies, and the results are that she has composed many touching and tender lyrics and poems.

ROBIN.

Bravely thou comest by thyself,
Contentment in thy simple breast,
Not seeking either fame or pelf
To decorate thy rustic nest,
Frugal little Robin.

Blythely squandering upon me
Thy time as if invited guest,
Dear bird thou art a sight to see,
So winsome in thy crimson vest,
Pretty sprightly Robin.

A crumb sufficeth for thy wants,
The seasons never daunt thee,
Thy trustfulness my bosom haunts.
To see and hear thee gladdens me,
Happy, kindly Robin.

Thy presence unobtrusive charms,
'Tis sweet to watch thy dainty head,
Thy glittering glance my chilled heart warms,
Then come again, by kindness led,
And cheer me dear Robin.

AULD LIZ.

Whaur are ye gann, auld Liz, the day?
"I'm awa to a sicht sae gay,

An' I wadna miss't for a' ye hae—
I'm awa to see the sojers !"

" There's nae ane o' ye a' sae braw,
An' they are sae often far awa,
An' mak' folk's he'rts gye sair—for a'
Hae some trocken wi' the sojers.

Langsyne I had a lad mysel',
In a crack regiment I can tell,
But ah, wae's me ! in the wars he fell,
Sae I lost my gallant sojer."

An' mithers hae their bonnie sons,
Awa to fecht wi' swords an' guns ;
Wives and sweethearts needna be nuns
When they love an honest sojer."

I'M AN AULD MINSTREL BODY.

I'm an auld minstrel body,
Wi' but ae suit to my name,
And that's but gye and duddie,
For I've naebody at hame.

I have neither wife nor weans,
Then O kind freends tak pity,
For I'm fou o' aches and pains,
Tho' singin' a blythe ditty.

Ye wha in fine hooses dwell,
'Tak' tent o' your sma' tether,
For fu' weel ye ken versel',
There's nane lang here thegither.

Sae guid folk, dinna be sweerd,
But gie the auld man his due
For his sang : ye needna be fear'd
The bit price o' it ye'll rue.

I ha'e lang roads to travel,
An' aft haith wet and weary,
Life's threads are ill t' unravel,
An' mine's been tapsalteerie.

Then gie the auld man yer dole,
For sune we maun a' gang hame,
To where the immortal soul
An' a' interests are the same,

THE BRITTLE THREAD.

Quick youth thinks time will never go,
 But ah ! it flies the old well know,
 For they, grown slow at life's late day,
 Find time speeds fast with them away.
 Then what is life to folks grown old ?
 'Tis but a dream—a tale oft told,
 Of hope and joy,—of grief and fears,
 And all the years bedewed with tears.

When stormy winds blow from the shore,
 And whistle through the landsman's door,
 The sailor lad on watch at sea
 Expects a prayer from you and me.
 The soldier in the battle far,
 Will honours win when past the war,
 But well he knows all points to death,
 For life at best is but a breath.



DUNCAN KIPPEN,

ACCOUNTANT, was born at North Bridgend, Crieff, where his father was a shoemaker. He got what was then considered a good education. On leaving school he had for a time to assist his father ; but, taking the first opportunity of leaving, he entered the service of the Commercial Bank of Scotland, where he remained for a few years. He afterwards was engaged for many years in Messrs Wright & Sons' tanwork. Some twelve years ago he was appointed Collector of Poor Rates and Inspector of Poor. From his earliest days music was a ruling passion, and musical grammars and works on harmony were his daily companions. He soon became familiar with noting music from hearing it sung or played, and

he studied and practised all sorts of wind and stringed instruments. The late Sir William Keith Murray, Bart. of Ochtertyre (who was a superior musician) took Mr Kippen in charge, and developed his musical proclivities amazingly. At that time a few young men well up in instrumentation formed themselves into a band, and under the conduct and leadership of the subject of our sketch took part in the frequent most enjoyable high-class concerts at Ochtertyre House and other local entertainments. His previous musical studies were now of service. Suitable arrangements were scarce, and he arranged and composed the most of the music performed. In occasional rambles through the Highlands of Perthshire he never missed an opportunity of noting the old melodies he heard played or sung by the denizens of the glens. Many of the tunes have from time to time appeared in the *People's Friend* along with other of his musical and lyrical contributions. A local publication says:—“What native of Strathearn will ever forget the sweet melody of “Bonnie Ochtertyre,” written and composed by Mr Kippen shortly after the demise of Sir William Keith Murray, Bart. This beautiful song may well be classed among the lyric gems of Scotland, and will no doubt be, as it deserves, handed down to posterity. Then other pieces, such as “The Pibroch o’ Bonnie Strathearn,” “I Long for May Again,” &c., are well worthy of mention. Besides being a composer, our celebrity is an instrumentalist of no mean note, and is a welcome figure at any entertainment.”

Mr Kippen joined the Volunteers in 1859, and still holds rank as one of the officers. He has for long acted as local correspondent of the *Dundee Advertiser* and *People's Journal*, and for some time conducted the *Crieff Journal*, now under the able charge of one of his sons—Mr A. D. Kippen. He is the author of many of the quaint stories and legends

enumerated in "Crieff: its Traditions and Characters" (Edinburgh: D. Macara) two editions of which were soon disposed of. This work is full of curious and interesting matter, and has been greatly prized by collectors of Scottish local literature. It contains reminiscences of memorable occurrences, descriptions of manners and customs towards the end of the eighteenth century, many rich and well-told stories, numerous biographical and character sketches, &c. He is the editor of the "Sacred Chorister" (Edinburgh: Wm. P. Nimmo), a collection of church music, now out of print, to which he contributed many psalm tunes, chants, and anthems. He has also written music to his songs.

All who read the selections we give from Mr Kippen's songs will, we feel sure, relish and treasure them. He possesses in a marked measure the true poetic inspiration. His songs are rich in the melody which ever wins to the heart. They also show his quick and reverend perception of the charms of nature, and in many a pleasantly-flowing line he depicts the beauties of scenes rich in song and story.

BONNIE OCHTERTYRE.

How sweet to roam the woods among,
And wander on the hill,
Where heather bells bloom bonnillie
Beside the mountain rill.
When from the west the golden hues
The woods and vales attire,
How charming are the lovely braes
Of bonnie Ochtertyre.

Among the knowes the lambkins play,
In bow'rs the wild birds sing,
The scented flowers among the groves
Around their fragrance fling;
But ah! I miss the kindest friend
A leal heart could desire,
He lov'd and was belov'd by all—
The chief of Ochtertyre.

I miss him when the evening star
 Is beaming in the sky,
 I miss him when my soul is tun'd
 For sweetest minstrelsy ;
 But come what will, go where I may,
 I'll strike the trembling lyre,
 One song at least shall cheer my breast—
 I'll sing of Ochtertyre,
 I'll sing of bonnie Ochtertyre.

TWO BONNIE BIRDS.

Two bonnie birds came from the north to our town,
 Singing tra la la, tra la la la la la,
 Their notes blended sweetly when singing in tune,
 Tra la la la la la la la,
 They hopp'd and they sang 'mid the sunshine and showers,
 Their plumage gleam'd brightly among the green bowers,
 And many braw birds chirp'd "I wish they were ours,"
 With their fal la la la la la la la.

Their eyes blinked on this side, and slyly on that,
 Singing tra la la la la la la la la,
 And all the long day a kind hearing they gat,
 With their tra la la la la la la la.
 One birdie that listened grew fain to be near,
 Its notes, low at first, soon got lively and clear,
 And hy and bye joined in the music we hear
 Of tra la la la la la la la.

Soon others chimed in, and the chorus grew strong,
 Singing tra la la la la la la la la,
 The valley and woodlands the echoes prolong
 Of tra la la la la la la la.
 The birdies agreed with two south birds to bide,
 And chant Love's sweet strains over Life's roffled tide,
 And aye peck together, and roost side by side,
 And sing tra la la la la la la la.

MY HIGHLAND BRIDE.

We'll meet, we'll meet again, my love,
 Beneath the trysting tree,
 When Sol sends forth his golden beams
 From o'er the western sea.
 O ! well I mind when first we met
 By Earn's lovely side,
 Where oft since then I met again
 My dark-haired Highland bride,
 Where oft since then I met again,
 My dark-haired Highland bride.

Together o'er the sunny brae
 We've sought the thorny brake,
 Together culled the sweet wild flowers,
 And rowed upon the lake.
 I oft with thee have sought the bower
 By yonder mountain side,
 And clasped thee, dearest, to my heart,
 My dark-haired Highland bride.

We've pulled the blue-bells by the well,
 Where the old cottage stood,
 We've gathered nuts and slaes around
 The outskirts of the wood.
 Loved happy times are aye in store
 Where truthful hearts abide ;
 My fond affections round thee cling,
 My dark-haired Highland bride.

I'M NOW UPON MY JOURNEY BACK.

I'm now upon my journey back
 To where life's march began,
 I'm sitting on the bank where aft
 In childhood I have ran ;
 I see the hazel-shaded brook
 Still wimpling through the plain,
 The heath and blue-bells seem to wave
 A welcome back again.

The mountain towering to the west
 Still rears its rocky head ;
 I see the path young roving boys
 Around its summit led.
 'Mid all the changes I have seen
 Since youth's free, careless reign,
 Oft cherished mem'ries made me wish
 A welcome back again.

O ! how I longed to see again
 The home I love so dear—
 Though far from what I now behold,
 My heart was ever near.
 Will all the friends of long ago
 Be toiling in the glen ?
 Will friends, the kindest, still be there
 To welcome me again ?

O! THIS IS THE SPOT.

O! this is the spot, the green, shady bower,
 How lovely the blossoms appear!
 How sweet scents the briar along the cool glade!
 At twilight I'll meet my love here.
 The birds' hymn of eve steals thro' the wild woods,
 And pleasantly falls on the ear;
 The sun gilds the fringe of the clouds in the west,
 The hour of our meeting is near.
 The sun gilds the fringe of the clouds in the west,
 The hour of our meeting is near.

The soft summer breeze comes over the banks
 Where flowers of the valley are found,
 And Earn's loved stream in the distance is heard—
 All, all is enchantment around.
 My heart's beating high, my fond bosom heaves,
 The fall of her footsteps I hear;
 How lightly she trips o'er the green velvet lawn—
 The moment of meeting is near.

ADOWN THE GLEN THE PIBROCH SOUNDS.

Adown the glen the pibroch sounds,
 It tells of peace, no danger near,
 Its gladd'ning tones the hamlets know,
 And up the heights the shepherds hear;
 Among the hills where heather blooms
 Sweet liberty's lov'd champions roam,
 Who tune their hearts to rural lays,
 Or arm to guard our island home.

When danger looms, the minstrel pours
 The gathering's doubling notes along;
 By strath and glen the clansmen arm,
 And haste to join the martial throng.
 In mortal strife, as foe meets foe,
 The pibroch peals the onset loud;
 The plaided hosts move cheering on,
 Like sunbeams bursting through a cloud.

When conflict yields to victory,
 And passions fierce melt into love,
 The coronach wails for honoured dust
 Laid lowly in the shady grove.
 When Freedom's voice, in tones distress'd,
 Cries—"Help! ye warriors tried and true!"
 The war-pipe sounds—the tartans wave
 On men prepared to dare and do.

ANDREW SMITH ROBERTSON,

A POET of real strength, deep originality, and warm feeling, was born at Dunfermline in 1846. His father was a damask designer there—a man of true artistic tastes and broad liberal sympathies. At the age of thirteen the subject of our sketch was apprenticed as a pupil teacher in St Leonard's School, Dunfermline. After the completion of his term he acted as assistant in Mid Calder, Fordeil (Fife), Musselburgh Grammar School, and Partick Academy, and was for one year tutor in the South of Scotland. At this time his aim was the Presbyterian ministry (Free Church), and we are informed that one of the most melancholy periods of his life is that which relates to his unsuccessful efforts to get to college. His education whilst a pupil teacher had been confined to the subjects required for the inspector, and his strenuous endeavours to improve his education resulted in a complete break-down of his health. This was in Glasgow, where he attended Greek and other classes.

Mr Robertson inherited from his father strong artistic tastes, and during all this time continued to work with his pencil as well as with his pen. In 1868 he returned to Dunfermline, and became, like his father, a damask designer. About sixteen years ago he went to live in the neighbourhood of Armagh, and, after three years, settled in Belfast, where he is now chiefly employed on large and elaborate designs for hand-loom damask.

Mr Robertson began to write poetry at the age of fourteen, and his first published piece appeared in the *Dunfermline Press* in 1864. Since then his leisure hours must have been well employed, for he has accomplished much good and useful literary work, including "The History of Mechanics' Library, Dun-

fermline," a series of papers on "The Irish Question" in the *Bradford Observer*, "Linen Damask," "To Stornoway and Back," "Tom Buxton's Aim"—a novel of deep interest and well-sustained thought—as well as many poetical contributions to the columns of the *Weekly Scotsman*, the *People's Friend*, and other newspapers and periodicals, under the signature "Smith Robertson."

He thus never finds time hang heavily on his hands, although we learn that he leads a quiet and lonely life. In the summer he spends much time in sketching from nature, also writing poetry, reading, and working. All his verse is the result of sudden inspiration. It may be of interest to state that those who know him tell us that when an idea strikes him—sometimes in the middle of the night—he frequently keeps a note-book lying conveniently near, so that he may at once jot it down. The first four lines, which usually shape themselves with the generation of the idea, he afterwards works out; and he generally keeps a poem lying beside him for several weeks, in order to test its value.

Mr Robertson's poems, with felicity of utterance and in a most marked and heart-reaching manner, treat of the loves, the sorrows, and the joys common to humanity. It is evident that any little incident which came under his observation, or which struck him in the course of his reading, and which another mind might not have perceived at all, would, as we have observed, revolve awhile in his fertile fancy, and presently issue enshrined in a clear-cut, suggestive, "solemn-thoughted idyll." His lyric verses possess a rich, varied, and melodious cadence. They are instinct with true poetic thought and feeling, and everything he writes shows the cultured intellect and expansive sympathies. We have found selection a difficult task—every piece submitted for our con-

sideration being worth preserving. We hope to hear of his consenting to give his poetical thoughts to the world in book-form.

MY JOHN.

He's a buirdly chiel, an' stands five feet ten without his shin,
Has a thick, black moustache, an' a bonny clean-shaved chin,
Wi' twa bricht sparklin' een, an' a cheery soul within—
My John.

He has big horny hands, an' has knuckles hard as sticks,
An' his feet, baith broad an' lang, bear his wecht frae six to six ;
He's a weary trauchled man, but a bonny lad to fix—
My John.

When he tak's me in his airms it is like a giant's grip,
But I ken if danger come that he winna let me slip ;
An' a nasty, ilt-faur'd word never fouls his bonny lip—
My John.

Sae I cuddle in his bosom, an' look in his faithfu' een—
For he's a Christ-like man, though his hands be seldom clean,
Wi' a soul sae sweet an' winsome, loving, gentle, an' serene—
My John.

Sae we're toddlin' on thegither, lovin', workin', day by day,
Wi' oor een upon that country that is never far away,
Whaur he'll rest frae waefu' toilin', an' I'll hear the Master say—
“ My John.”

THE PROBATIONER.

I am a prol ationer, handsome,
Of honours I had a guid share ;
There's no ane ere enters a poopit
Will beat me for length o' a prayer ;
My sermons are rigidly orthodox,
An' soothin', my aith I will gie,
My fists can gie lond Holy-Book knocks—
Sae, what ails the kirk folk at me ?

I've poetry, too, in my nature,
Can talk o' the whisperin' wind,
An' throw in a neat little passage
'Bout mills that do constantly grind ;

Can talk o' the sun at his settin',
 Quote Tennyson on't to a T,
 A verse o' my ain no' forgettin'—
 Sae, what ails the kirk folk at me?

I'm wearied wi' trampin' the country,
 For a guinea, whiles twa, in a day,
 My boots, I confess, are near soleless,
 My black coat is fast turnin' grey.
 My spirits are low—I'm dejected,
 The licht is gaun oot o' my e'e,
 I've been mony times noo rejected—
 O! what ails the kirk folk at me?

My class-mates are a' in guid manses,
 Have wives an' have families, too,
 While lanely I sit in my lodgings,
 And press my cauld hand on my broo,
 An' wish I could yet be a tradesman—
 I'm auld, an' that never can be;
 I'm nought but a wanderin' bedeman
 To a kirk that will never hae me.

I'll throw off my black coat an' choker,
 The kirks can a' gang to the deuce,
 I'll hame to my faither's pair dwellin',
 An' help him to manage the coos;
 Then, up wi' the lark in the mornin',
 Contented an' happy I'll be,
 Nae mair to be vexed wi' the scornin'
 O' a kirk that wadna hae me.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

O! dinna lock the door, my lad,
 Ye mauna yet begin,
 On this, his first nicht i' the mools,
 To fill yer faither's shoon.
 O! wae was I to see him dee,
 An' in the coffin laid,
 An' wae to think in yon kirkyard
 His cauld, cauld bed was made.
 But, O! it nips my heart far mair
 Than a' that's gane before
 On sic a waefu' nicht as this
 To hear ye lock the door.

For thirty years I've seen him sit
 Ilk nicht in that auld chair,

An' listened to his cheery voice—
 A voice I'll hear nae mair ;
 An' after he had ta'en his smoke,
 He'd fa' asleep an' snore,
 Then wauken up an' gie a gant,
 An' rise an' lock the door.
 But, nevermair--O dear ! O dear !
 I can do nocht but weep,
 Ye needna lock the door, my lad,
 For I'll ne'er gang to sleep.

O no, no, no ! nae sleep for me,
 I'll sit doon here an' stare,
 The lee lang nicht, wi' wat'ry een,
 Upon his vacant chair ;
 An' think upon oor coortin' days,
 When happy, blythe, an' free,
 He naething thocht o' skelpin' miles
 To spend an hour wi' me.
 But he was young an' supple then—
 A braw an' buirdly chieft,
 An' better never held a plou'
 Across a fallow field.

Aye, mony a lass did smirk an' smile
 Upon my bonny jo,
 But to them a' he'd only say
 The day was guid or no'.
 An' O ! sae brisk an' braw he look'd
 Upon oor weddin' day,
 When twenty couples walk'd in pairs
 Up to the manse sae gay ;
 An' at the dancin' i' the barn
 Oor maister's pawky e'e
 Gaed squintin' 'mong the lasses a',
 An' lichted aye on me,

An' nocht wad serve the daft auld fule
 But I wad step the flure
 Wi' him, an' aye he whispered me—
 " Ye dinna spoil a pair."
 An' ten braw bairns I've borne to him—
 There's three beneath the sod ;
 An' noo he's gane an' left me here
 To bear my weary load.
 Ah, no ! my laddie, dinna dae
 What ye ne'er did before—
 Yer faither's oot, an' that's eneuch,
 Ye manna lock the door.

A COBBLER'S SONG.

A cobbler he sat on his cobbler's stool,
 And the rafters above him rang
 With the cheery sound of his mellow voice,
 As he merrily worked and sang—

Chorus—

Ha, ha, ha, ha, and a thud, thud, thud,
 They may laugh and call me a fool ;
 While the world goes round in its folly and sin
 I'll stick to my last and stool.

Old Timothy Noodles, the tailor, has said
 That the workmen are oppressed,
 I find that the happiest way to live
 Is to work and do my best.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

And little Tom Norrie is going to marry,
 And the neighbours all say to me—
 “ Now here is a girl, or there, for a wife,”
 But I merrily sing with glee—

Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

For I'll have no wife to breed me strife,
 All the hours of night and day,
 Ever anxious to know what her neighbours think,
 And to hear what her neighbours say.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

Till the day shall come when my eyes grow dim,
 And my arms drop by my side,
 And the long, long rest of the grave is near,
 This song shall be my guide—

Ha, ha, ha, ha, &c.

THE WINDS O' MARCH.

The winds o' March blow keenly,
 But my luv's hap is braw,
 An' O, she trips it queenly,
 The bonniest o' them a'.
 She kens nae fule nor folly,
 I' that guid an' godly place ;
 An' Sautan's melancholy
 Ne'er saddens her sweet face.

The winds o' March are dreary,
 An' my luve's hoose is sina' ;
 An' O' their songh is eerie
 As ow'r her heid they blaw.
 But she is bricht an' sangfu',
 Wi' sweet an' holy life ;
 Whaur Satan's speeches wrangfu'
 Can ne'er mak din or strife.

Sae blaw, ye winds sae surly,
 Ow'r lane, kirkyaird, an' lea !
 'Neath sky that's black and gurlly,
 I'll clander forth to see
 Her hoose, wi' door weel steekit,
 An' safe frae peepin' een ;
 Weel biggit, and weel theekit
 Wi' bonnie soils o' green.

AULD SCOTLAND.

Auld Scotland I am proud of thee,
 Thy rivers and thy bens,
 Thy waterfalls and bonny lochs,
 Thy dreamy woodland glens.
 Thy prowess in the tented field
 With claymore, sword, and gun,
 Till mountain, moor, and dell rejoic'd
 In freedom nobly won.

Auld Scotland I am proud of thee,
 Ah ! very dear thy sod,
 Where heroes fought and martyrs died
 For Covenant and God.
 Wide o'er thy purple hills and moors
 Streams Heav'n's kindly sun,
 And genial nature gilds the charms
 Of Freedom nobly won.

Auld Scotland I am proud of thee,
 Dear rugged, noble land,
 Thought quivers thro' thee, bursts in speech,
 The wondering nations stand
 And look to'ards thy mist-clad hills
 Where mind hath steel outrun,
 And list thy sages speak the words
 Of Freedom nobly won.

Auld Scotland I am proud of thee,
 God grant my latest breath

May be a waft from thy free hills,
A heather-scented death.
And may thy sons be valiant men,
While light streams from the sun,
And ne'er forget their fathers died
For Freedom nobly won.



HOPE A. THOMSON

3S a brother of the late gifted and very promising young poet, William Thomson (author of "Leddy May," "The Maister an' the Bairns," &c.), whose brief career was sketched in the Fifth Series of this work. Hope was born at Bellshill, Lanarkshire, in 1863, and, with his brother, spent most of his early life in the parish of Bothwell. They received a portion of their elementary education at the village school, and we are informed that our poet at a very early age acquired a great taste for reading. When fifteen years old he had become acquainted with the works of all the great English poets. After the collapse of the City of Glasgow Bank, referred to in our sketch of William Thomson, the family removed to Glasgow. There Hope was placed under the care of an uncle, who carried on business as a clothier, and with whom he learned the tailoring trade. Since then he has resided in Motherwell, Inverness, and Paisley. In 1891 he went to Portree (Skye), where, as he says, if he has not exactly been sowing and reaping, he has at least been sewing and rhyming, endeavouring with his needle to clothe the naked and with his pen to pierce the vapours of the "Misty Isle" with a few gleams of sunshine.

Mr Thomson's first poem appeared in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald* in 1882, the year of his brother's death. Since that time he has been a frequent contributor of verse to that as well as other newspapers. Although during the last year or two, amid the worries of business and the cares of life, he has been content to dream away without writing much, "yet," he says, "one who is poetically inclined cannot live long in Skye without occasionally bursting forth into song." His poetry, like that of his brother's, is characterised by naturalness, graceful and musical flow, and felicity of language, earnestness, and a warm and intelligent appreciation of Nature in all her moods.

THE GLOAMING.

Remember, love, the days,
 When all our months were Mays,
 And everything on earth seemed clothed with beauty to our gaze ;
 When yet life's sun was high,
 And smiling in the sky—
 Ah ! now 'tis sinking fast in the gloaming.

Your hair like golden sheaves
 On sunny harvest eves,
 Eyes kindly, sweetly tender, and brown as autumn leaves ;
 But now that hair is grey
 As the morning mist in May,
 Or the evening's dreamy haze at the gloaming.

But thou art still my dear,
 And though, like blossoms sear,
 We still may droop together from weary year to year,
 The time must come at last
 When, tears and sorrows past,
 Together we shall sleep in the gloaming.

THE SHORES OF THE MINCH.

Thou darksome water, girding Scotia's shore,
 What stirring memories do thy billows bring?
 Again we see, as in the days of yore,
 Upon thy bosom Lorne the exiled King.

When through this pass, so calmly peaceful now,
 Was heard the invading tramp of Southern men ;
 The crowding clansmen crowned the mountain's brow,
 And lowled the bounding boulders down the ben.

Like phantom shadows through the mists of yore,
 In fancy we again can almost see
 The awful flashing of the broad claymore,
 Amid the deadly rain of musketry.

But now an awful stillness reigns o'er all ;
 No sounds are heard but the dread tempest's roar,
 The bleat of gentle lamb, the cuckoo's call,
 And billows dashing round the rocky shore.

Oh ! Skye, thou land of everlasting hills,
 Thy purple heather by dead heroes trod—
 Thy frowning rocks, thy lakes, and mountain rills
 Declare the glory and the power of God.

AMID THE HIGHLAND GLENS.

Amid the Highland glens, where the clans were wont to gather,
 And oft the fiery cross in the warrior's hand was seen,
 Where brightly smiles the sunlight upon the purple heather,
 And darkly frown the crags, while the torrent foams between,
 No pil-roch now resounds, the wild mountain echoes waking,
 No claymores brightly flash, 'mid the muskets' deadly rain ;
 But still the tempest greets the wild wintry morning's breaking,
 And still the storm-cloud gathers o'er dark Craig Dunain.

Oh ! glorious is the sight when the heather wild is waving,
 While the green mountain pine bends its head to the blast,
 And enchanting the sound when the wintry wind is raving,
 And shrill the birds are screaming, when the sky is overcast ;
 In yonder fair city is many a princely dwelling,
 And many a costly treasure, brought from far o'er the main,
 Be mine the simple cot, and the mountain torrent's swelling,
 Beneath the sombre shadow of dark Craig Dunain.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

He sat upon the steps at eventide
 Before a mansion, from whose windows shone
 The glare of feast and revelry, alone
 And homeless as the weary world was wide.

He sat upon the steps, nor marked the throng,

Nor saw the eager crowd nor lighted street—
For, lo ! within, subdued and softly sweet,
He heard a voice that sang his sweetest song.

But when, freed from the clay his spirit soared,
And rested near the gate of Paradise,
Again, lo ! from within there came a voice
That said—"Come in, thou blessed of the Lord."

And anthems higher rolled than Heaven's dome
To welcome him who sang of "Home, Sweet Home."

SUMMER IN SKYE.

Around the "Misty Isle" the storms have ceased their roaring,
Round the bare mountain peaks the snow has ceased to curl,
Heaven's messengers of love, the birds, on high are soaring,
While o'er the sparkling water the screaming sea-gulls whirl.

The awful "Rock of Storr," o'erlooking age's going,
Protecting from the blast the gaunt column by its side,
O'erwhelms the soul with wonder, and sets the pulses glowing
With the ecstatic rapture of patriotic pride.

O, Skye ! thou land of tempests, when storms are o'er thee
sweeping,
From every mountain top the misty vapours rise ;
But when the vanquished winds are for a season sleeping,
A home thou art for angels—an earthly paradise.



AGNES M'DONALD,

A NATIVE of Glasgow, is the author of a volume,
"Features of our River and other Poems"
(Glasgow : Maurice Ogle & Co., 1870). She is the
daughter of a working blacksmith, who dying while
she was yet young, left her, with comparatively little
education, to fight the battle of life alone. Consider-
ing her disadvantages, the poems she has contributed

to the *Glasgow Mail* and other newspapers, several of which have a place in her volume, are very creditable, and evince her deeply reflective mind, keen sensibilities, and warm love of nature. In her introductory note to "Features of our River," she says that "if the different views of the Clyde be considered occasionally too highly coloured," she "hopes that circumstances and love of country will be accepted as an excuse ; or, if the costume in which these thoughts are dressed is not at all times of a texture fitted to appear before the more fastidious or select, forbearance is requested on the plea of 'few advantages.'" Her verses invariably address themselves to lofty purposes, and are often such as are calculated not only to awaken patriotism and sympathetic feeling, but also elevated thought and pure religion.

T W I L I G H T.

Clouds of mist are slowly spreading
Round the brow of yonder hill,
Day and night in twilight wedding :
Solemn hour—the world seems still.

Little birds are softly singing
Pleasing notes to bid good-night ;
Murmuring rills, sweet echoes ringing,
Bind the spell and bless the rite.

Murky shadows, grimly creeping,
Now have paled the blooming flowers,
Flora's beauties softly sleeping,
Peaceful as in Eden's bowers.

Spread night's curtain, thought is roaming,
Can that vision fail to please,
Which, in sweetest hour of gloaming,
Wandering Fancy ever sees ?

Gazing on through her wide region,
Godlike gift to mortal clay,
Thought soars high to heaven's portal,
Blending with eternal day.

INFANT DREAMS.

Sweet little babe, asleep within thy cot,
In quiet repose—each tiny grief forgot ;
Peaceful thy slumber as that peaceful morn
Which saw Creation's fairest offspring born ;
Serene as Nature ere defaced by sin,
Telling the gazer all is peace within ;
Primeval innocence breathed not more grace,
Nor claimed more beauty than thy infant face.
What means that smile which dimples thy soft cheek,
Flits o'er thy brow, makes every feature speak ?
Do spirits pass thee by in visions bright,
Or are earth's objects only in thy sight ?
Thou yesterday didst chase the butterfly—
Doth it now dance before thy childish eye ?
Hast caught it ?—yes, it surely must be this
Which makes thy little face look perfect bliss.
Sweet innocence, how can we know thy mind ?
We know corroding care did never wind
Its rankling chains around thy fresh young heart,
Nor sorrow pierce thee with its poisonous dart ;
True sorrow's weeds hung round thy infant couch,
But sorrow fled beneath thy magic touch—
A lovely sunbeam sent to cheer the gloom
That gathered round thy gentle mother's tomb.

A passing glimpse is all thou yet dost know
Of this vast world, its share of weal or woe ;
A wistful glance, a smile, anon a tear,
To charm thine eye, or please thy listening ear.
Rest, little child—rest in unconscious bliss,
Thou'lt wake to find the world is more than this.
May heavenly wisdom guide thy infant years,
And guard thy pathway through this vale of tears ;
And as thine eye enlarges, and thy mind
Expands in beauty, may no ruthless wind
Blight the fair blossoms on the narrow road
Of Wisdom's ways which leadeth on to God.
Pursue thy way, shun every crooked wile,
Then, little child, thou'lt ever wear that smile.

THE WITHERED SPRAY.

A lifeless spray, but beautiful in death,
Lies here amid the leaves of Poesy—
Befitting drapery—an honoured tomb
Enveloping the delicate remains.
Some gentle hand, moved by a loving heart,
Hath found for it those funeral obsequies,

The graceful souvenir, perchance the link
 Of the once happy past in memory's chain.
 Sigourney's pen, the chisel which hath hewn
 The fit mausoleum by shady trees
 And flowery groves which deck the borders of
 Connecticut ; its dashing waves dirges
 Have sung to shades of chiefs and patriots—
 The savage rude who knows no other law
 Save the quick instincts of a fine-strung soul,
 Oft sadly out of tune ; or the great heart
 Which drowned its sweetest music in the wail
 Of human woe that rose on every breeze,
 Till all was softened down harmonious
 With its own. Silence now seals their rest.
 Inanimate as lies this withered spray,
 Save lighted by poetic glow—a gleam
 Here shed above their graves.

And, what is Life ?
 Comes back with force upon the startled soul.
 This withered spray—a leaf from Nature's book—
 Reveals all of Earth's hopes, the sculpture and
 The obsequies, all the device—How dust
 Remembers dust.

Hail, Immortality !
 Wear'st thou the laurel—it is called deathless.
 To gain this prize, what deeds have mortals done
 It may be Fame ; but the unfading crown
 Must boast a heavenly donor, not the
 Ephemeral wreath entwined by human
 Fancy—other than the fleeting flowers of
 Moral culture, ere the aspiring brow
 Be decked with amaranthine leaves,
 Which blooms for aye in Immortality.

Come, Pleasure, come, Epicurean bliss,
 Come, weigh your merits in the shifting
 Scales upheld by trembling fingers ; let Love
 Have precedence—it boasts ethereal
 Birth. But now the lifeless spray started
 And shook visibly ; 'twas but the idle breeze
 Came through the open lattice stealthily
 And shook the leaves ; so, heeding not the
 Warning 'gainst the claims of love which hover'd
 Even like some dark presentiment the
 Spirit haunting, as some semblance fair, which
 Wore the covert smile to hide the hollow
 Heart, hath, spectre-like, pursued us, till by

Some careless glance it hath unmasked itself.
 And so the restless breeze played through the leaves
 Till the poor spray mocked life and gaiety
 Now the grotesque figures mimicked o'er
 The dance of pleasure when the charm has fled ;
 And now the fickle wind sighed through its frame.
 Anon the picture that it drew was this—
 Love's blossoms blighted, like its wasted form.,
 'Twas a parting scene, and friendship here
 Seemed doomed to sudden death. Ah ! it had been
 Composed of too incongruous elements.
 The day of trial came, the crucible
 To test the gold ; clear shone the truster's share,
 That priceless jewel Truth, never more pure
 Than now ; the traitor's share, too dark to gleam ;
 But from the muddy depths a vapour rose
 Death-laden, with a blighting pestilence.

Does Truth ne'er meet with Truth ?—the Poet sings
 Of such congenial souls, who mock the world's
 Rude blast. But here the spray, shut in its tomb,
 Sadly discoursed of love, and hope, and truth
 Quenched in the grave.

Then, Mammon, bring thy gold,
 For thou canst poise the scales and fix the beam.
 Away, the earth-born dream, 'tis too sordid.
 To this glittering shrine comes many
 A worshipper, weary and worn by the
 Too rugged path which led them thither,
 To find the altar too unsafe for dreams—
 Too hard for a last resting place. Gold—gold,
 All potent as thou art, it is not thee.
 Power—thou art the magician who would turn
 Frail dust into life-giving Deity,
 And make the pitiful possessor deem
 His look is godlike, till, like Judea's
 Flattered king, he wakes at length to find
 That, like his brother worm, he only forms
 A part competent of the parent Earth.

Pleasure, fair votary of all, quaff not
 The cup till you regard the mixture.
 Ambition, fold thy wings, and stoop not to
 The shrines of Love, or Gold, or Power, or Fame.
 Soar past them all, for they would drag thee down ;
 Eagle-like soar on, and thou shalt reach the goal ;
 At heaven's gates sing, Christ is the Fount of Life.

MAGGIE ROBERTSON

WAS born in 1853 at Pendreich, Bridge of Allan, being the fourth daughter of James Finlayson, farmer there, and niece of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Finlayson, for many years minister of Ros Street United Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh. Brought up in the historic neighbourhood of Sheriffmuir, and of other scenes closely associated with the most interesting periods of Scottish annals, and coming into contact from day to day with some of the fairest of mingled lowland and highland scenery, she early imbibed a deep love for the beauties of nature, and for the romantic past which her surroundings so vividly recalled. In her lonely walks by the Allan Water and in the Wharrie Glen she strung together verses expressive of her affection for and delight in these objects. She was educated chiefly at Hyndwood School, Bridge of Allan, and so soon as she could commit her thoughts to paper was wont to indulge in the luxury of constructing stories and writing poems which were not, however, suffered to be seen beyond the family circle. In 1882 she was married to Mr James Robertson, headmaster of Longcroft School, Denny. Towards the close of 1887 she gained a prize offered by the *People's Journal* for a patriotic song, and in the following year obtained a prize for a Christmas story sent to the same journal. Since that time she has contributed many poems and stories to *Chambers's Journal*, the *People's Friend*, *Scottish Nights*, &c. Her compositions are marked by quiet simplicity and sincere pathos, and whether she is describing the scenery of her native land or the manifold play of human emotions, she shows herself a true daughter of nature.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Air—"O for the Bloom."

Oh, sad has my heart been, dear land, since I left thee,
 My songs end in sighing, my laughter in tears,
 But not of one charm has long absence bereft thee—
 Thy beauties shine bright through a vista of years.
 To view in their grandeur thy lakes and thy fountains
 Whose soul has not stirred with a patriot's pride?
 Whose heart felt no awe as they gazed on thy mountains,
 And watched the wild torrents that dashed down their side?
 Ah! wildly our hearts throb with fond recollections
 Of heath-covered hills where in childhood we strayed;
 Though billows divide, yet they change not affections,
 For love from a Scottish heart never can fade.

The cuckoo's glad note through thy woodland resounding
 A cheering hope brings to the heart that's oppressed,
 While valleys, with scent of the primrose abounding,
 Soothe passion-tossed spirits from trouble to rest.
 Then, oh! for a sight of thy glens in their splendour,
 Where burnies dash wild over rocks to the sea,
 My heart like a mirror, with thoughts fond and tender,
 Brings back all thy beauties, dear country, to me.
 Ah! wildly our hearts throb, &c.

Bright be thy meadows still, long in their glory
 May thy sweet hawthorn and blue-bell appear,
 And far be thy praise heard, in song and in story,
 The weary and sad-hearted exile to cheer.
 Then, long may brave heroes, dear Scotland, defend thee,
 Thy love lend them valour, thy truth lend them might,
 Wise rulers and faithful may kind Heaven send thee,
 Through trouble and danger to guide thee aright.
 Ah! wildly our hearts throb, &c.

G O O D - B Y E .

Soft fall the moonlight's silvery rays,
 Glistening the crest of the wavelets dancing;
 Fair is the maid by the shore who strays,
 Gladness and hope from her blue eyes glancing—
 Now she is nearing the trysting tree,
 Soon her true lover she's fondly greeting,
 Little she thinks, as the moments flee,
 This is to be their farewell meeting.
 Sad would the heart be, oh! bitter the sigh,
 Could we know when we're bidding a last good-bye.

No longer the moonbeams gild the tide,
 Athwart the sky is the lightning gleaming,
 The youth has sailed from his promised bride,
 Safe in her home she is sweetly dreaming—
 No dread forebodings disturb her sleep,
 Peaceful she rests on her snowy pillow ;
 Her love the while, where the surges sweep,
 Lies cold and still 'neath the foaming billow.
 Sad would the heart be, oh ! bitter the sigh,
 Could we know when we're bidding a last good-bye.

All through our lives we are dropping friends,
 Bidding good-bye without thought of grieving,
 And dark the shadow each parting lends
 To the web of life we are deftly weaving.
 In that land of light where no shadows rest,
 Life's web complete, and our labours ended,
 We shall find our lives had not been blest
 Had the shadow ne'er with the sunshine blended.
 Ah, grieve not, dear friend, heave no bitter sigh—
 To the faithful and true there is no good-bye.

“THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.”

Ah ! who can count another's tears,
 Or weigh another's care,
 Or view within another's heart
 The pain that's gnawing there ?

That secret pain, whose stifling throb
 No power on earth can still,
 When bitter doubts and crushing care
 Their lives with shadows fill.

Ah ! wit may sparkle in their speech,
 And smiles their lips may wreath,
 While anguish such as few can feel
 Is throbbing underneath.

Not ours to judge our neighbours' lives,
 Not ours to scoff and scorn,
 Not ours to look with cold disdain
 On hearts by passion torn.

Our eyes may mark the frequent fall,
 And evils they have done,
 But not the battles, bravely fought,
 The many vict'ries won.

Be ours the heart whose every pulse
A kindly pity sways,
Our lips be slow to tell of wrong,
But quick to utter praise.

That through our lives may shine love's light,
That light which gloom expels—
For nearer heaven and heavenly bliss
The heart where mercy dwells.

O BLISSFUL SPOT!

I know a spot, a sylvan nook,
Above all places fair,
With emerald banks and singing brook,
And perfume-laden air.

There in profusion violets grow,
There primroses abound,
There soft the summer breezes blow,
And birds' sweet songs resound.

How oft I've sat, as in a trance,
Beside that bubbling stream,
And watched the little wavelets dance,
Or in the sunlight gleam ;

Have felt that hallowed, nameless peace
Upon my spirits pressed,
Till jarring thoughts their pain would cease,
And mine be perfect rest.

O blissful spot ! mine own thou art,
For memory holds thee still ;
Thy music echoes in my heart,
Thy scent my senses fill.

Though time and care, with gathering gloom,
Life's visions dim for me,
They cannot touch the charm, the bloom,
That fancy paints for thee.



WILLIAM KNOX,

AUTHOR of the following beautiful verses, who died about sixty years ago at the early age of thirty-six, was a native of Lilliesleaf, Roxburghshire. For a very short time he was a farmer in Dumfriesshire, but was not successful, and he removed to Edinburgh, where he devoted his attention to literature, contributing extensively to the public journals. From his youth he composed verses, and he published "The Lonely Hearth and Other Poems," "The Songs of Israel," and a volume of lyrics entitled "The Harp of Zion." He was also the author of several prose compositions, tales, &c. His poetical merits attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, who afforded him kindly countenance and occasional pecuniary assistance. He likewise enjoyed the friendly encouragement of Professor Wilson and other men of letters. Of amiable and benevolent disposition (the late Charles Rogers, LL.D., informs us), Knox fell a victim to the undue gratification of his social propensities; he was seized with paralysis, and died at Edinburgh. His poetry, always smooth and harmonious, is largely pervaded with pathetic and religious sentiment, and some of his Scriptural paraphrases are exquisite specimens of verse.

MORTALITY.

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
 Like a fast-fitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
 A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—
 He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
 Be scattered around, and together be laid;
 And the young and the old, and the low and the high,

Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection that proved,
The husband that mother and infant that blest,
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by ;
And the memory of those that loved her and praise
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsmen who climbed with their goats to the
steep,
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes like the flower and the weed,
That wither away to let others succeed ;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold—
To repeat the same tale that hath often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,
From the death we are shrinking, they, too, would
shrink ;
To the life we are clinging to they, too, would cling—
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold ;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold ;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may
come ;
They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died ! and we things that are now,
 Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
 Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
 Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,
 Are mingled together like sunshine and rain ;
 And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
 Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
 From the blossom of health to the paleness of death ;
 From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—
 O ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?



JOHN D. REID,

BBETTER known by his *nom-de-plume*, "Pate Pleugh," is a native of Stanley, Perthshire, and was born in 1849. At school he was so diligent and apt a scholar that, at the age of thirteen, he was selected to fill the post of pupil-teacher in the Free Church School of his native village. After spending five years in this capacity, he proceeded to Perth Academy, where for some time he studied French and German. He then went to London, where he spent several years in the capacity of clerk and book-keeper, and subsequently he "clerked it,"—as Mr Ford says in his *Weekly News* "Poets' Album,"—in Leeds, Glasgow and other places. For about ten years prior to 1887, Mr Reid was chiefly engaged in the coal and wood business, which his father carried on at Stanley. Since then he has followed agricultural pursuits, and is at present occupied with the management of the Manor Farm, Marlee, near Blairgowrie.

In the course of an appreciative sketch, Mr Ford goes on to say that our poet's contributions—extending over a period of twenty years—to the *Weekly News*

and other journals and periodicals are remarkable for their freshness of thought and incident. Most of Mr Reid's productions evince a lively sense of humour, and a keen appreciation of the "unco" and grotesque in human nature and character.

THE WOODS O' STOBHA'.

Stobha's green-mantled woods are enshrined in my heart,
To their shades I in fancy oft wander awa'—
For 'twas there first the glamour I felt o' love's dart,
When wi' Nellie I strolled 'neath the woods o' Stobha'.

When Sol wad be slippin' to his bed in the West,
And grin gloamin's grey mantle ower a' thing wad fa',
When the wee feathered songster had gane to her nest—
Then wi' Nell I wad hie to the woods o' Stobha'.

We wad list to the trill o' the Tay as she flowed
Ower the Campsie Linn rocks, and I yet can reca'
The bright blush, rosy red, that ower Nellie's face glowed
When I kissed her ripe lips 'neath the woods o' Stobha'.

Ah ! these were the days when blithe youth's jocund joys
Made a heaven o' a' thing at ilka day's daw,
And when dull, carkin' cares were sae mony slim toys
That we played wi' in sport 'neath the woods o' Stobha'.

Ootower the Tay's stream fair Taymount House towers,
A picture o'erlookin', nane fairer e'er saw ;
Embowered amang trees and embosomed in flowers
That reflect their gay hues on the woods o' Stobha'.

Oh ! aft, aft hae we gazed on this exquisite scene,
As enraptured we sat by the silver-hued haw ;
And I'd tell loesome Nell, were I king and she queen,
I wad build her a bower 'neath the woods o' Stobha'.

'Those days hae lang gane, and auld grey Father Time
Has to Nell and me baith gien fu' mony a thraw ;
But oor mind's een, noo blinded, saw visions sublime
When we coortit langsyne 'neath the woods o' Stobha'.

In a far distant land winsome Nellie resides—
We are parted, alas ! by Fate's stern, cruel law ;
But while in my heart keen remembrance abides,
I shall ne'er forget Nell or the woods o' Stobha'.

THE COONTIN' DID IT.

Maid Mysie thro' the winnock keeks,
 Her glance is eager;
 Delightsome dimples deck her cheek—
 She sees a figur'
 Advancin' towards the garden gate—
 It's Tam, her wooer,
 Wha looks dejectit, glum, and blate,
 And unco dour.

She's castin' darts frae roguish een,
 'Neath snaw-white broo,
 Her Grecian nose, set them atween,
 Points to her moo,
 Whaur temptin' lips invite a kiss,
 Sweet, sweet as honey—
 A chance to taste Tam wadna miss
 For loads o' money.

Maid Mysie sees him drawin' near,
 Lood soonds his whistle;
 Her dimples flee, smiles disappear,
 Then sic a bustle—
 The cups and plates a medley gay
 Mak' neath her fingers:
 A dooncast look her een display
 As 'Tammie lingers.

Then lookin' up, as he draws near,
 A glance she gies him—
 O' him pretends to be in fear
 (She likes to tease him).
 Tam's been stridin' ahent the ploo,
 Sin' early mornin',
 There's marks o' sweat aroun' his broo—
 He'll no' stand scornin'.

Maid Mysie sees the storm-signs gaither,
 Her lips are trem'lin';
 Wi' doubtin' fears she's in a swither,
 Nae mair dissem'lin';
 A lovin' smile owerspreads her face,
 Like sun arisin',
 And then Tam's anger quick gives place
 To joy surprisin'.

Quoth Tam—"Noo, Mysie, here I stand,
 Yer lover true;

Gif me ye'll hae, haud up yer hand
 'Fore I coont two,
 And gif ye dinna, fare-ye-weel
 For evermair ;
 My mind's made up—I winna yiel',
 Ye needna stare.

Maid Mysie's he'rt gangs pit-a-pat ;
 Tam opes his moo' ;
 He's coontit one, will Mysie lat
 Him get to two ?
 Her hand is up, and in his arms
 He hands her ticht ;
 He glowers doon fondly on her charms—
 Entrancin' sicht.

She's promised Tam his ain to be,
 Sune they'll be weddit ;
 Tam skips and louns, brimfu' o' glee—
 The coontin' did it.

THE WAIL OF A LONDON SCOT.

It's O ! for a hoose o' my ain,
 O' lodgings I'm heartily weary—
 My breist's fairly yerkit wi' pain,
 And my brain whirls roond like a peerie.

On a' haunds I'm robbed, I declare,
 For saxpence I'm chairged half-a-croon ;
 This life I will nae langer bear,
 O ! why did I come to this toon ?

Legs o' mutton vanish like smoke,
 Tea and sugar melt into air ;
 O' sarks I ance had a big stock,
 But noo I hae only ae pair.

I' this hoose there is a strange cat,
 No' at a' like oor ane at hame—
 She no' only sups jam oot th' pat,
 But licks up the pickles like crame.

In fac', I'm sick o' my life,
 And the only remede I can see
 Is to tak' a sonsy bit wife,
 Wha on a' thing 'll keep a stric' e'e,

J. C. LOGAN,

WHO seems to have had fully his share of life's vicissitudes, was born at the farm of Linross, parish of Airlie (Forfarshire), in 1839, his father being overseer on the farm. On leaving school, in 1854, he was employed for a short time in the railway station office at Eassie. When the Kirriemuir branch was opened for traffic in the autumn of that year, he was promoted to the post of booking-clerk at the Kirriemuir station, and was ultimately advanced to the position of chief goods clerk. In 1858 Mr Logan was appointed station-master at Craigo, which situation he held until 1867, when he left the service to engage in the coal trade on his own account. We regret to learn that in this business he has not been successful, and that for some years he has been in straitened circumstances. He, however, appears to be still hopeful, and he informs us that he "must do his best, trusting that the sun will yet once more shine upon him." Mr Logan cheers himself by occasional contributions of prose and verse to the local and other newspapers. He is very successful in the choice of the themes for his poems and songs. He possesses true poetical instinct, and his lyrical effusions—grave and gay, songs of domestic joys, love, or sorrow—are generally fluent and facile, and are marked by quiet humour, pleasing fancy, and a hearty and intelligent appreciation of what is quaint, "aul' warl," and droll in the Scottish character.

GRANNY'S PIRNWHEEL.

Lang syne, when I was twal' year auld,
 I ne'er jalous'd I wad get bald;
 An' though the day was hot or cauld,
 I danc'd roun' granny's pirnwheel.
 Whene'er the licht o' day cam' in,

My een were opened wi' its din—
 'Twas like the noise o' Reekie Linn,
 My dear auld granny's pirnwheel.

Whiles she whussled, an' whiles she sang—
 To her the day was never lang—
 An' seldom frae her stule she sprang,
 Sae weel she lo'ed her pirnwheel.
 But aye the wheel gaed birlin' round,
 An' granny's music fairly drowned,
 While roun' the bobbins thread was wound,
 By dear auld granny's pirnwheel.

She filled my wame whene'er I rose—
 I whiles got tea, an' whiles got brose—
 Till I got fat like pigs at shows,
 At dear auld granny's pirnwheel.
 Out frae her press there aften cam'
 Great dands o' bread weel lined wi' jam,
 An' now I swear, though auld's I am,
 I envy granny's pirnwheel.

She gied me maiks, she gied me boards,
 She whuttl'd sticks for sodger's swords,
 An' gied me thrums for peerie cords,
 I made wi' granny's pirnwheel.
 She bade me to her strongly vow,
 That to uprightness I wad bow,
 Then tapped me gently on the pow,
 Dear granny an' her pirnwheel.

Noo granny's lyin' in her lang hame,
 An' I've hard wark to fill my wame,
 Wi' her I'll be in course o' time,
 Whaur unkent is a pirnwheel.
 While Life's December licht may burn,
 An' till I've crossed the trav'lers' bourne,
 My mind will wander, though forlorn,
 To granny an' her pirnwheel.

WEARIN' DOON THE BRAE.

Air—"John Anderson, my Jo."

We're wearin' doon the brae, John—
 We're wearin' doon the brae ;
 The pows that ance were curly, John,
 Are thin an' ting'd wi' grey ;
 The een that were sae clear, John,
 The hearts that were sae gay,

Now lack their wonted cheer, John—
We're wearin' doon the brae.

When you and I were coortin', John,
Oor prospects a' sae fine,
Oor hearts as licht as feathers, John,
When youth's bright beams did shine ;
But noo wi' age we're bent, John,
An' weak as win'le-strae ;
Though health has aye been lent, John,
We're wearin' doon the brae.

The cheeks that aince were rosy, John,
The brows that aince were smooth,
Are furrow'd ower wi' wrinkles, John,
An' lost the tinge o' youth.
The legs that were sae nimble, John,
We bragg'd o' mony a day.
Drumsticks they now resemble, John,
We're wearin' doon the brae.

Bat though we're auld and frail, John,
We winna be downcast ;
We've dune oor duty weel, John,
We'll do it to the last.
An' when life's spark is fled, John,
We'll see a brighter day,
Wi' a croon on ilka head, John,
At the bottom o' the brae.

THE HOOSIE ON THE BRAE.

Within a hoosie on the brae,
Where runs a mountain burn,
Just fifty years ago to-day
The writer there was born.
It's wa's were clay, sae weel's I mind,
Weel theekit ower wi' strae,
An' purple heather grew behind
The hoosie on the brae.

In front a pretty garden lay,
Weel filled wi' fruit an' flowers,
Where aft in season I wad stray
Within the gloamin' hours ;
I used to climb a cherry-tree
When daddy was away,
An' aften roun' I danc'd wi' glee
The hoosie on the brae,

But Father Time rolled swiftly on,
 An' I was ta'en frae school,
 A suit o' moleskin I'd to don—
 For it was Nature's rule
 To work I must that I should live,
 An' O ! my heart was wae
 The mornin' that I had to leave
 The hoosie on the brae.

My father bade me aye fulfil
 The laws which God had gi'en ;
 My mother saw me ower the hill,
 An' tears were in her een ;
 She placed a Bible in my hand,
 Advisin' me to pray
 To Him whose love wad aye command
 The hoosie on the brae.



QUENTIN C. GOODLET.

THE following verses, selected from a volume of poems, "Flittings of Fancy" (Glasgow, 1878), are the productions of Quentin Goodlet, compositor, Glasgow. In the course of a prefatory note Mr Goodlet says:—"I have long looked upon myself in the light of a Rhymster; to the higher title of Poet I never dared aspire. For my own amusement I composed the 'Flittings of Fancy,' and for a long time I felt rather reticent in sending some of the pieces for publication in the 'Poet' Corner' of a provincial newspaper; but the craving to see in print the productions of the Muse is a temptation very few can withstand, and I yielded to that temptation. No one can tell better than I myself know the imperfections sprinkled through this collection of my scattered

thoughts ; still at the earnest wish of a few whom I claim as friends, I resolved to issue this small volume. In doing this, I 'hope humbly,' and 'with trembling fingers soar.' " Mr Goodlet's verse gives evidence of picturesque power, occasional graphic description and pleasing imagery. Much of it will delight the hearer of all who love the simple joys of the humble ingle-neuk.

WAE, WAE IS MY HEART.

Wae, wae is my heart this nicht !
 For my wee Willie, sae blythe an' bricht,
 Shall ne'er again, wi' glancin' e'e,
 Smile sae sweet on his faither an' me ;
 That sunny smile,
 Sae free o' guile,
 That aye cheered the heart o' his faither an' me.

Nae mair will we hear his innocent prattle ;
 Nae mair wi' auld " Carlo " in fun see him battle ;
 His child-voice will sound in our ears nevermair ;
 Ne'er again will he sit in his wee airm chair.
 By the ingle-side
 Oor joy an' pride
 Will ne'er again sit in his wee airm chair.

The thochts o' the sorrowing mither rin wild—
 Wha can comfort a mither for the loss o' a child ?
 It lies nae wi' man—'tis the mission o' God
 'To soothe and solace under grief's heavy load.
 Comfort frae Heaven
 Is lavishly given—
 He will comfort an' cheer under grief's heavy load.

The bonnie wee bairn—the angel o' love !
 He's noo ta'en awa to his Father above ;
 " He gives and He takes," we read in His Word—
 An' blessed for aye be the name o' the Lord ;
 Ne'er frown nor fret,
 Nor ever forget
 That blessed for aye is the name o' the Lord ?

GRAN'FAITHER'S NE'ER-DAY MILT.

Frien's, bairns, a'—we're glad to see
 Ye gathered ance again ;

Wi' pleasure on this hour we'll dwell
 When we are baith alane,
 Rejoicing in the kindred love
 That brings ye far an' near,
 To welcome in wi' social joys
 Anither openin' year.

Noo, sit ye doon, my ain gudewife,
 Come, sit ye doon awhile,
 An' glance ower past and joyfu' days
 When first oor love did smile ;
 We 'gan oor journey i' the Spring—
 Life's highway now is sere ;
 Anither milestane in oor path
 Is marked by this New Year.

Ah ! mony happy days we spent,
 An' trouble oft passed through,
 Ere Time, wi' heavy hand, had placed
 The crawfoot on oor broo ;
 Yet, for ilk sorrow we endure,
 A joy is sent to cheer ;
 Aye ! Providence looks ower us a'
 Through each succeeding year.

Ye frien's wha noo this hearth adorn
 Hae proved baith leal an' true ;
 Yer kindly voices cheer oor hearts,
 As flow'rets freshed wi' dew.
 Some wha in youth as bairns we kent
 Now their ain bairnies rear ;
 To see them rompin' roun' us a'
 Mak's glad this guid New Year.

Auld sangs again we'll blythely sing
 In oor auld mither tongue,
 An' crack auld jokes that first we heard
 In days when we were young ;
 We think o' auld frien's ta'en awa,
 An' hold their mem'ry dear,
 Yet pledge ilk ither ower again
 To mony a comin' year.

FAITHER IS GANE.

He is gane ! ah, he is gane to the " land o' the leal,"
 An' whaur's the tongue that richt can tell the sorrow we a' feel ?
 Yes, the centre o' oor ance happy circle noo is gane—
 There's a wide, wide gap, an' a dreary blank at oor hearthstane,

When gathered roun' the frugal board, 'twas he wha said the grace,
But oor mither noo looks roun' wi' a sorrow-stricken face ;
The sicht o' ae chair vacant fills her heart wi' anguish keen ;
He's gane—he'll never mair return—her dearest earthly frien'.

Nae mair we'll hear his kindly voice to counsel aye inclined,
To prent a' that was richt an' true upon the youthfu' mind ;
We'll hae to fen' noo for coorsels, oor coonsellor is gane ;
There's a dreary blank we canna fill by oor hearthstane.

A mither's grief we'll try to soothe, and cheer her wanin' years,
As she plods her weary journey thro' this vale o' tears ;
She has need o' help an' comfort—it will be freely gi'en,
Since faither noo is ta'en awa'—her dearest earthly frien'.

Oor mither's trust is nae in earth—'tis placed on Him abune ;
She trusts to join oor faither when her days on earth are dune,
Where "sorrow never enters," where "there's neither grief nor
pain."

Ah ! the blank will grow wide, wider yet, by oor hearthstane.

There's mony a vacant hearth, I trow, throughout this warl' wide,
There's mony a family circle lost their coonsellor an' guide ;
Yet, for the faither that is ta'en anither ane is given—
A Faither, Coonsellor, an' Guide looks doon on us frae heaven.



SIR WILLIAM GEDDES.

WILLIAM DUGUID GEDDES, LL.D. (Edinburgh and Aberdeen), the gifted and genial Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen, was born in Glass, near Huntly, Aberdeenshire, in 1828. From "Men of the Time" we learn that he was educated chiefly at Elgin Academy and the University and King's College of Aberdeen. Among other proofs of his natural talents and brilliant scholarship, it may be mentioned

that he obtained his first important appointment by competitive trial in 1853 as Rector of the Grammar School of Aberdeen in succession to Dr James Melvin. In 1855 he was elected Professor of Greek in his own University, and thereafter, in 1860, he became Professor of Greek in the United University, in which office he continued till the end of 1885, when he became Principal of the University. In 1876 he received the degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University. He is also Vice-President of the Society for Hellenic Studies, and a Vice-President of the Spalding Club.

Principal Geddes has published various works—educational and archæological—including, amongst others, “A Compendious Greek Grammar”; “Armorial Bearings of the University of Aberdeen”; “The Problem of the Homeric Poems,” a work that has been held in high reputation among scholars; “Handbook of Latin Clause Construction,” “Flosculi Græci”; and, with Mr Peter Duguid, the volume in the Heraldic Ceiling of the Cathedral Church of St Machar, Old Aberdeen. It is as a classical scholar, teacher, and a literary archæologist that he has attained marked distinction. As a teacher, Sir W. D. Geddes has always been considered by competent judges to be in the very front ranks, and it is said that all his successes and his advancements, from the Parish School of Gamrie till now, have been obtained by competition and sheer merit—never by mere patronage. Carefulness and thoroughness have been the guiding stars of his career as a teacher, just as they are the characteristics of all his editorial and literary work. The intelligence of his designation for the honour of knighthood on the 1st of January, 1892, was hailed with marked approbation by many at home and abroad. Soon after, he was asked by the Students’ Representative Council to write a Latin song for the

University of Aberdeen. This the Principal most kindly agreed to do, and we include it in our selection from his muse.

“J. M. B.,” writing in the *Free Press* on the subject of Principal Geddes’ song, says:—“‘The taint of musical severity’ is a phrase of Professor Blackie’s coining when, on a recent occasion, he found a unique chance of bewailing the songlessness of the Scottish Universities. In face of the academic tendency—most highly developed in Germany—to reproduce itself in lyrical form, and, in view of the remarkable song genius of the Scot, it is strange that the Scottish Universities have hitherto been almost without a song peculiar to themselves. The movement which is going on in the Scottish Universities—tending to realise the true University ideal—which is not content to confine itself to the most elementary intellectual operations—has brought in its train a strong desire for students’ songs strictly so-called. The most striking feature in the new movement has been the publication by the Students’ Representative Councils of the four Universities of the “Scottish Students’ Song-Book” (Glasgow: Bayley & Ferguson). The extraordinary success of this collection has surpassed the expectations of its most sanguine promoters. Yet, out of the 157 songs contained in the collection, only 13 can claim to be peculiar to the Scottish Universities; and in this paltry 13 Aberdeen is not represented *at all*. Aberdeen University had not a single song to offer; and, but for the timely suggestion of one who has the University ideal stronger, and the welfare of his *Alma Matér* more at heart, than the majority of his fellow *alumni*, the University might have long gone on its way absolutely songless. To Mr P. J. Anderson is due the credit of having made the practical suggestion that Aberdeen students should set about procuring a song for themselves—a

Gaudeamus for their own University. At a recent concert the University Choral Society had—in the absence of a song of its own—to avail itself of the St Andrews song, “*Carmen Sæculare*.” The position was not a proud one, and Mr Anderson suggested that Sir William Geddes should be asked to write a song for the University. This the Principal readily agreed to do, and his song was accepted with pleasure by the Council. It is full of very happy turns, and has the great advantage of being set in a musical metre. The words of a song are but one part of it. Much depends on its setting to music. But for its magnificent air, “*Gaudeamus*” would never have got the hold that it has all the world over, even although its subject matter is so peculiarly academic. Looking at it from the lay point of view, one would suppose that Sir William Geddes’ “*Canticum*” lends itself to the composer’s art—even more readily than “*Gaudeamus*.” It is musical while spoken, which is more than can be said of “*Gaudeamus*.”

Regarding Principal Geddes’ poetry, we need only add that much of his verse exhibits his high attainments at once in scholarship and in literature, marked felicity of language, and the true poets’ keen appreciation of beauty, both in nature and in art. His lighter and humorous pieces are most happy in treatment, and are quite equal to his success with those of a more serious and impassioned description.

B O N - A C C O R D .

Gae name ilk toun, the four seas roun’;
 There’s ane that bears the gree,
 For routh o’ mense an’ grip o’ sense—
 It lies ’tween Don an’ Dee:
 The Braif Toun, the Aul’ Croun,
 Time-batter’d though they be,

We'll cove the loon, wad pluck them down,
 An' lan' him on the lea, lads,
 We'll lan' him on the lea.

There granite stanes an' sturdy banes
 Baith thole a dunt fu' weel,
 An' stout young herts, wi' splendid pairs,
 Beat high wi' student zeal.
 The Braif Toun, etc.

Braif Aberdeen, lat's mak nae mene,
 Tho' Fortun' sen's "Cauld Kale";
 Langsyne she's gien, the saucy quean,
 But gey thin "cakes an' ale."
 The Braif Toun, etc.

But yet 'tis seen, Braif Aberdeen,
 There's, maybe, guid in a' that,
 An' mony a chiel shows gallant steel
 On siccan fare for a' that.
 The Braif Toun, etc.

An' min', our Muse first shed her dew
 Aroun' Balgownie's braes;
 An' Don's prond stream wi' gowden gleam
 Saw Bruce first hang his faes.
 The Braif Toun, etc.

An' syne the Dee—meet marrow she
 To Yarrow, Tweed, or Doon;
 She nurs'd sae wild ae wondrous child—
 Won Harold's huge renoon.
 The Braif Toun, etc.

E'en now, I ween, sae weel's our Queen
 Counts our shire foremost far!
 Leaves Windsor towers for birken bow'rs
 An' craigs o' Lochnagar!
 The Braif Toun, etc.

Now Dee an' Don baith run in one;
 They own ae civic sway,
 An' Toun an' Goun, an' Tower an' Croun
 Are a' in ae array.
 The Braif Toun, etc.

Blithe Ninety-Twa, now roll awa,
 First year o' proud record;
 An' luck befa' the Laddie braw,

Brought roun' Big Bon-Accord.
The Braif Toun etc.

Sie, wend we east or wend we west,
Or wend we o'er the faem,
We'll play a spring an' sangs we'll sing,
Proclaimin' wide his name.
The Braif Toun, etc.

Now crouse an keen, Braif Aberdeen,
Your Leopards waur them a';
Among the best you'll cock your crest,
Proud Toun on Rivers Twa,
The Braif Toun, etc.

THE LEOPARD CATS O' ABERDEEN.

The Leopard Cats o' Aberdeen—
I wat they've lang been glowrin',
By day an' nicht, 'neath sun an' meen,
'To watch gin storms are lourin':
Across the sea, ayont the hills,
They dairt their looks wide sconrin';
They aye look out for doubtfu' chieks,
Tak' tent—ye'll hear their growlin'.
Then, hurrah! for the Leopard Cats,
The Leopard Cats, the Leopard Cats;
Blithely lat them clim' an' claw;
Better nae gae near their paw,
Lest they gie your pow a claw,
Or your craig a wearie thraw,
Same's they did at auld Harlaw,
Braw Leopard Cats, hurrah!

Sin' Bannockburn till Waterloo,
They've keepit watch an' ward aye,
O'er Dee an' Don, wi' birsy brow,
Preservin' faithfu' guard aye;
An' tho' Time's played them gey rough reels,
Still heardit as the pard aye,
They canna thole nae feels nor deils—
Gude fait'h, they grip them hard aye.
Then, hurrah! etc.

Gin ony ill chiel comes alang,
Our reefs an' rafters tirlin',
They'll gae a grane, syne at him bang—
An' aff the thief gaes skirlin';

Sae lat our standard "Bon-Accord"
 Wave on the win' wide furlin',
 An' o'er the North the auld watchword
 Will aye set herts a-dirlin'.
 Then, hurrah ! etc.

CANTICUM IN ALMAM MATREM
 ABERDONENSEM.

MDCCCXCII.

Salve nobilis Corona,
 Artum Parens, Patrona,
 Fortis Abredoniæ :
 Tu, Campana, grande sona,
 Arx musarum duplex tona,
 "Dona Deva, Deva Dona,
 Amnes vos Castaliæ."

Salve prisca Toga Rubra,
 Rubra Toga, Rubra Toga,
 Aulæ vestis Regiæ ;
 Mox per scholas et delubra
 Scotiam vox sonet supra—
 Pereat vetus colubia
 Sordis ignorantiae.

Proinde nobilis Capella,
 Ædium nostrarum stella,
 Cælitus renideat :
 Sic exundent sacra cella
 Nectaris sapore mella,
 Nec Dis ater atra fella
 Immiscere audeat.

Vosque proles Mariscalli,
 Advocati, Medicelli,
 Protegant vos numina,
 Seu peritia scalpelli,
 Seu juridici duelli,
 Semper nescii refelli,
 Fulgeatis lumina.

Salve tota gens togata,
 Pervicax se l cauta cata,
 Matris Academiæ,
 Per Parnassi ludens prata
 Gloriose, neve fata
 Lædant unquam læta sata
 Alinæ Academiæ.

Quare sempiterno flore
 Stet perennis in honore
 Mater Academia ;
 Palladis pollens amore,
 Cynthiæ nitens sub rore,
 Cynthii splendens decore,
 Mater Academia.

For the sake of those who may be unable to follow the original, we give the following translation, said to be from the pen of Miss Craigmyle, who has a place in our Thirteenth Series :—

Hail, O Crown, our Patron bringing
 All the Arts within thee springing
 To the "braif toun" Bon-Accord.
 Thou, O Bell ! ner cease your swinging,
 In the College twain keep ringing
 "Dona Deva" ; in your singing
 Praise to Dee and Don accord.

Hail, the Gownsmen's ancient scarlet !
 Scarlet toga, toga scarlet—
 King's attire of motherhood.
 Yet through Scotland's schools afar, let
 All thy light, like blazing starlet,
 Pierce the gloom, and lead the varlet
 Into wisdom's brotherhood.

May our noble Chapel gleaming
 Orb of all our founder's scheming,
 Be of Heaven prophetic ;
 While the fane with honey teeming
 Sends its fragrant nectar streaming ;
 While no evil fate blaspheming
 Taints with creed heretical.

Sons of Marischal, congregating,
 Law and Medicine cultivating ;
 Gods give all security.
 Skill of scalpel emulating,
 Of forensical debating—
 Deadening failure ever hating—
 Light the world's obscurity.

Life to Students, oft audacious,
 Yet in wisdom's ways sagacious,
 Spite of all perversity.

In Parnassus' meads, vivacious,
 Children, may thy lot be gracious,
 Save from every fate rapacious,
 Guardian University.

May thy glory know no failing,
 Greater heights of honour scaling,
 Mater Academia.
 In Minerva's love prevailing,
 On Diana's dew regaling,
 Great Apollo's bays entailing,
 Mater Academia.

THE OLD CHURCH OF GAMERIE.

(From Pratt's "Buchan," 3rd ed., p. 229.)

"Hast seen the old lone churchyard,
 The churchyard by the sea,
 High on the edge of a wind-swept ledge,
 And it looks o'er Gamerie?"

"I've seen the old lone churchyard,
 The churchyard by the sea,
 And O for a voice and a tongue to tell
 The thoughts that it raises in me!
 No sweeter scene among all the sights
 That dwell in my memory.

Half up the ribs of a bold giant hill
 That washes his feet in the sea,
 And looks like a king o'er the watery world,
 Lo! a patch of greenery.
 Westward and northward the crags rise high
 To shield it from injury,
 And there, looking down on the beautiful bay,
 Is the churchyard of Gamerie;
 O well do I love the sweet, sweet slope,
 Where it sleepeth solemnly.

How it thrills me to stand by the moss'd tombstones,
 And gaze on the billow below,
 As its silvery ripple rolls on the sand,
 Or breaks o'er the rocks with its murmuring snow;
 And then to look up to the sea of air,
 Peopled with cloudlets floating fair—
 O who would not feel that a God is there!

So felt the men of the simple days,
 The grand old men of long ago,
 When they chose this place as a place of prayer,
 And bade their artless praises flow
 From the midst of God's glories here below,
 Up to the glory that excelleth,
 To where the dear Redeemer dwelleth.

But alas for the men of these selfish days !
 They are dead to the pride of the Past ;
 In the old churchyard is a sight of shame,
 That maketh me stand aghast.
 Alas that I should live to see
 Such a dire indignity."

"And what hast thou seen in the old churchyard,
 To move thy spirit so ?
 Sure something sad, by that clouded brow,
 Doth make thine anger glow."

"Sad, most sad—
 Yea, it maketh me mad,
 So sore a sight to see ;
 An old, old church, the pride of the place,
 The pride of the north countree ;
 So old—it fadeth from memory—
 And now it perisheth beggarly,
 Sinking, sinking, day by day,
 Inch by inch to hopeless decay.
 Left to the care of the rotting rain,
 The ruffian blast from the gusty main ;
 And the rude, rude hands of the plundering swain,
 Till crash—it sink to a heap of stones,
 Amid mourning Nature's moans !
 O, a mischievous malison cleave to their bones !

Rouse thee, village of Gameraie, rouse thee,
 Fishermen, husbandmen, villagers, all ;
 Swear to protect every slate, every stone—
 Sweeter ye'll sleep 'neath her sheltering wall.
 Let her sit like a queen by your rock-girdled bay,
 Prouder the place than a baron's hall.

It was old and grey with years
 When Elgin and Roslin were young ;
 It had numbered full many an age
 When Father Dante sung ;
 Ere Conrad of Hochstetten
 'Built his noble heart in stone' ;

Ere Bernard the Crusader
 Made the Moslem's empire groan ;
 Or the Norman Duke, with his battle-brand,
 Strode in blood on the Saxon strand,
 Your moss-mantled church in peacefulness rose,
 A light to our northern land.

Through your fairy dells and dingles,
 Where the breezes love to play,
 Tradition's echo tingles,
 Telling of a fearful fray,
 Telling of a dreadful day :
 A nation with a nation mingles,
 Hand to hand in fierce array.

Over brine, over faem,
 Thorough flood, thorough flame,
 The ravenous hordes of the Norsemen came
 To ravage our Fatherland ;
 Over rock, over rill,
 Over dale, over hill,
 On the wings of the wind flew our sires to fill
 Every perch on the bold headland ;
 Like a thunderstorm they fell on their foes,
 Hewing around them with death-dealing blows ;
 The war, I ween, had a speedy close,
 And the ' Bloody Pits ' to this day can tell
 How the ravens were glutted with gore,
 And the church was garnished with trophies fell,
 ' Jesu, Maria, shield us well.'
 Three grim skulls of three Norse Kings
 Grinning a grin of despair,
 Each looking out from his stony cell—
 They stared with a stony stare.
 Did their spirits hear how the old church fell,
 They'd grin a ghastlier smile in hell !
 O ! it would please them passing well.

Rouse thee, village of Gameraie, rouse thee,
 Husbandmen, fishermen, villagers, all ;
 Let her sit like a queen by your beautiful bay,
 Prouder the place than Holyrood-hall ;
 Sware to protect every slate, every stone ;
 Sweet be your sleep 'neath her sheltering wall.'



ALEXANDER THOMSON,

A YOUNG writer of prose and verse, of much promise, was born in Edinburgh in 1869. When he was about four years of age his parents removed to Brechin, at the High School of which city he was educated. Having served his apprenticeship in a bank, he entered the office of his father, who is a solicitor in the Ancient City of Brechin. Mr Thomson's career has thus far been uneventful. His prose writings, however, show the thoughtful and cultured mind, and afford promise of good work. His poetry is characterised by neatness of phrase and freshness of imagery. An ardent lover of nature, he expresses his feelings with apparent ease, and his poetical perception is visible in many pleasing and delicate touches.

"THE CANDIDATE."

Noo, sittin' in the evening cool,
 Wi' a' the day's excitement ower,
 An' lookin' on the braes sae green,
 Whaur glistens mony a bonnie flower,
 I thank the Lord wha made the braes,
 The flowers, an' a' that's braw to see,
 For the great gudeness He hath shown
 To my ain laddie, Jock, an' me.

That morn I gaed up to the kirk
 Wi' mony an unco thocht an' fear,
 For wha was preachin' on his trial
 But Jock Macree, my laddie dear ;
 As I gaed in by to my seat
 The folk a' turned to ane anither,
 And weel I ken they whispered laigh—
 "There's Jean, the candidate's auld mither."

Oh Jock ! he lookit grand and tall,
 The flowin' goon, it set him fine ;

Wi' ringin' voice he gied the psalm,
 And read the sentences divine.
 I tried to doncely read the psalm,
 But fient a word o't could I see—
 The tears were happin' doon my cheek,
 Like ailin' bairn on mither's knee.

When at the sermon Jock stood up,
 The far-aff look cam' in his een.
 An' yon strange glint cam' ower his face
 That aften, aften I hae seen :
 He spak' o' life, he spak' o' death,
 O' a' the wicked deeds o' man,
 Syne telt o' Christ's redeeming love
 As only His ain servant can.

The blessin' ower, we a' cam oot,
 And Elder Neish held oot his hand,
 Says he, "Your son's election's sure,
 For his discourse was really grand";
 And mony anither said the same—
 I kentna richtly fat to say,
 But weel I wished that my gudeman
 Had lived to see this bonnie day.

For aye we ettled an' aye we planned,
 And aye we laid the siller past ;
 Little I thocht that I my lane
 Wad see the blessing come at last.
 But maybe from the bricht blue sky
 My auld gudeman was looking doon,
 Wi' joyfu' een, as Jock and me
 Wi' happy hearts cam' up the toon.

Noo, sittin' in the evening cool,
 Wi' a' the day's excitement ower,
 And looking on the braes sae green,
 Whaur glistens mony a bonnie flower,
 I thank the Lord wha made the braes,
 The flowers, an' a' that's fair to see,
 For the great gudeness He hath shown
 To my ain laddie, Jock, an' me.

A RIVER'S ROMANCE.

A streamlet burst from the mountain's side,
 It sparkled and laughed to see the light,
 And it ran along with a low, sweet song
 To the morn so bright,

And a floweret woke on the mountain side,
 As its petals white to the sun unfold
 They disclose a gleam of that precious gift—
 A heart of gold.

Then the streamlet flowed by the lovely flower,
 It saw its beauty, and longed to stay ;
 But to linger, alas ! was beyond its power,
 So it sobbed away.

For youth must vanish, and age must come,
 The stream grow a river both wide and deep,
 Until in the mighty ocean's arms
 It fall asleep.

My spirit sailed with the mountain stream,
 In a heather-bell it sailed along ;
 I knew its love, and I knew its woe—
 So hence this song.

DESPONDENCY.

A glorious path shone o'er the sea,
 Where glittering moonbeams kissed,
 And in the midst a lovely form,
 Half mortal and half mist ;
 And from its lips there came a sound,
 The shadow of a song,
 That by the smooth and languid waves
 Was softly borne along.

"Come, mortal, cease thy anxious strife,"
 These were the words it said ;
 "Beneath the waves sweet Peace is found—
 Come, rest thy weary head ;
 And though the dreadful tempests blow,
 And furious rage the sea,
 Beneath the waves, in coral caves,
 No storm shall trouble thee."

I listened to the siren's song,
 And felt I must obey,
 But something touched me on the heart,
 And gently bade me stay ;
 It was the memory of my love,
 So dear and sweet to me,
 And I heard no more the siren's song
 Come stealing o'er the sea,

DANIEL KIRKLAND,

ANOTHER of the numerous band of sweet singers who began life at "the weary loom," was born at Brechin in 1833. In the evenings, after school hours, he had to "birl the wheel" to help his mother, who "filled pirns" for handloom weavers. Daniel had to accomplish his daily "stent" of this work—large pirns for the warp mill and small ones for the loom. He liked the former best, being more easily managed, and affording "a long drive." While yet of very tender age he was taken from school, and sent to learn the weaving trade, which he followed for a number of years, being employed ultimately by a local manufacturer who had a high reputation for the quality of his home-made goods. Handloom weaving becoming superseded, in a great measure, by the introduction of large steam-loom factories, he, after a brief experience of book-canvassing, entered one of these establishments, where he has worked for many years.

For over thirty years Mr Kirkland has been a precentor, and led the praise with much acceptance in one of the parish churches near his native city. It was only in recent years that his poetical effusions appeared in print—his verses having previously been confined to epistles sent in letters to friends. Of late his poems and songs have at intervals had a place in the columns of the local and district newspapers, and several of his lyrics have been inserted in "The National Choir," a work of much interest and merit, published by Messrs J. & R. Parlane, Paisley. In this connection it is interesting to note that these have been wedded to very appropriate and beautiful melodies by his son, Mr Alex. A. Kirkland, a successful teacher of music in New South Wales. The Editor

of "The National Choir," in the course of his valuable notes on each of the songs in that work, says of "Annie Fair" (quoted below)—"There is a bond of union between home and the colonies in this chaste and simple effusion, the author filling the useful position of precentor in Stracathro Parish Church, and the composer being honourably occupied as a musician in Dubbo, Australia." As might well be expected, Mr Kirkland's songs, which appear under the *nom-de-plume* "Thistle," are full of pure and tender melody. His sentiments are always elevating, and furnish abundant proof of his being endowed with genuine poetic sensibility. He has written a number of very tender domestic pieces of such a nature as appeal direct to the heart, as, for example, "The Wee Chairie," which concludes as follows :—

The wee chairie reca's the bricht days o' lang syne,
 An' yer dear lassie bairn noo far ower the brine,
 Has a house o' her ain, an' a dear bairnie too,
 Wi' e'en just like grannie's, the brichtest o' blue.

A RESPONSE FROM HOME.

Letters we hail, when comes the mail
 From a far distant land,
 Those splendid ships make rapid trips
 Under steam's powerful hand ;
 O'er oceans wide, 'gainst wind and tide,
 Speedeth the noble Line,
 With steady fight, both day and night,
 Over the foaming brine.

Ere six weeks done the race is run
 From the Australian coast
 To Britain's shore ; Colonial store
 Is the old countr'y's boast ;
 Those friendly words, like music's chords,
 That come across the main,
 Sweetly resound, and we respond
 As friends should do again.

Still onward go—Heav'n will bestow
 On us sufficient grace ;
 Don't wait on luck, have push and pluck,
 Then we may win success ;
 Keep conscience clear, the truth revere,
 And all our goings prove ;
 Then do not fear, our Saviour's near,
 He guards us with His love.

Where'er we roam we think of home
 And of the dear ones there,
 The gowan braes, and youthful days
 Of joy, then free from care ;
 The kindred tie still keeps us nigh,
 Though we be far apart ;
 Affection's flame is aye the same
 When we are one in heart.

BRECHIN'S BRAES.

Come, sing the praise o' Brechin's braes,
 Its groves an' leafy bowers,
 Where thro' the sunny summer days
 Bloom sweet the bonnie flowers ;
 The bloomin' knowes smile to the howes
 When gentle zephyrs blaw,
 Borne on the breeze, the laden bees
 Come hame at ev'ning's fa.'

The braes around wi' woods are crown'd,
 Fair clusters charm the eye ;
 The birds sae gay sing a' the day
 Upon the tree tops high.
 The South Esk stream wi' silvery gleam
 Flows down the bonnie dell ;
 Aft hae we wade its pearly bed,
 And found the gemmy shell.

In thy kirk-yaird stands, like a gaird
 O'er sleepin' frien's and faes,
 The roond tower strang that's stood sae lang
 The boast o' Brechin's braes.
 The castle ha', on rocky wa',
 Hame o' the brave Maule race !
 Stands bonnie aye upon the brae,
 The Ancient City's grace.

Aft ha'e we trod ilk brae-side road,
 An' love to wander still—

To breathe the air, sae healthfu' there,
 An' fragrant frae the hill.
 Fair nature's spell ! what tongue may tell
 The power it has to raise
 The heart anew, to prize the view
 O' Brechin's bonnie braes !

O ANNIE, FAIR.

O Annie, fair, wi' flaxen hair,
 Whase ringlets grace thy brow ;
 Thy lauchin' e'en wi' sunny sheen
 Are bonnie, bricht, an' blue ;
 Thy dimpled cheeks are castin' freaks
 That play round thy wee mou' ;
 Thy lips o' bliss gi'e sweetest kiss
 That's pure, an' fond, an' true.
 O Annie, fair.

Thy face sae fair, wi' lively air,
 Is sweet as rose new blawn ;
 Sae cheery aye, thou'rt a' the day,
 As lightsome as the dawn.
 Thy little feet aye rin' to meet
 Thy daddie comin' hame ;
 He lifts thee hie, then O sic glee
 Thrills thro' each heart the same.
 O Annie, fair.

May cares an' fears in after years
 Upon thee lichtly fa' ;
 May nocht thee harm, nor rude alarm
 Come near thy peacefu' ha' ;
 Thy parent's care, baith late an' ear',
 Is aye to train thee, dear,
 The way to go, the path to know
 That's sure, an' safe, an' clear.
 O Annie, fair.



GRÆME REID MERCER.

FROM an interesting sketch in the *Dundee Advertiser* of 27th December, 1886, entitled "The Poetical Remains of a Perthshire Laird," we learn that he frequently amused himself in his leisure moments with the composition of verse. Sprung from one of the oldest families in Perthshire—Aldie and Meiklecour—Mr Mercer was pardonably proud of his long and honourable descent. Nor was he the first poet of his race. William Dunbar has a "Lament for the Makars," which he composed "when he was sick" in 1507, and which was printed at Edinburgh in 1508. In the course of his solemn enumeration of the various famous bards of whom death had reft the North countrie, the land of song, Dunbar says:—

"He has left Mersar his indyte,
That did in love so lively write,
So short, so quick, of sentence hie,
Timor mortis conturbat me."

This Mersar, it is believed, was William Mersar of Westhill, a scion of the Innerpeffray line of the family, who was a Royal attendant at the Court of James IV. Three short pieces of his—"The A B C of Love," "The Peril of Paramours," and "Counsel to Lovers"—are preserved in the Bannatyne MS. Another poet, belonging to the Clevage branch, was Colonel William Mercer, one of the adventurous soldiers of fortune of the seventeenth century who fought under Gustavus Adolphus, and also in Oliver Cromwell's ranks, and who gave to the world, in 1646, *Angliæ Speculum; or, England's Looking-Glasse*; in 1682, *News from Parnassus*, and other poetical works at different dates.

Of the house to which Græme Reid Mercer belonged there were two branches—the Mercers of Aldie,

historically known as the Dhus or Black Mercers ; and the Mercers of Innerpeffray, distinguished as the Roys or Red Mercers. The Black Mercers form the senior branch of the stock, and are now represented by the Dowager-Marchioness of Lansdowne. Of the Roys or Red Mercers, our poet was the representative. The first Mercer of Gorthy was George, tenth son and thirteenth child of William Mercer of Pitteuchar, Sheriff-Substitute of Perthshire, who married Elizabeth, daughter of George Swan, a natural son of Charles II. Of this Swan it is told that, when the King was asked why he had not ennobled him in common with his other illegitimate children, His Majesty replied "I did not dare to mak' a Duke of him, but I made a nobler bird"—meaning, of course, a swan.

The subject of our sketch was born in 1812, and at the time of his death, in October, 1886, he had reached the ripe age of seventy-four. The son of George Mercer of Gorthy, and of Dryden and of Mavisbank, through his union with Frances Charlotte, daughter of John Reid, Mr Mercer was the oldest of a family of fourteen children—seven sons and seven daughters. His mother's father was employed in the Bengal medical service, and there was therefore a certain fitness of things in the choice by her son as a profession of the Civil Service of Ceylon. About thirty years ago he left that island and returned to this country, forming an intimate residential connection with the ancestral estate, to which he had succeeded on the death of his father in 1853. In 1854 he married Catherine Hay, daughter of James Hay of Collicpriest and the Lady Mary Hay, a relation of the Dalhousie family, and from that time until the day of his death he lived almost entirely at his own seat. He was a great antiquarian and especially in matters pertaining to the genealogy of Perthshire families—to almost all of whom he was well known, and with the majority of whom he was

connected by some ties of relationship—his knowledge was unsurpassed. But his interest in antiquarian matters was by no means confined to Perthshire—it embraced the whole field of Scottish history; and his collection of literature, chiefly of a historical and antiquarian character, was exceptionally ample. He was a diligent and original investigator, and a portion of his time being yearly spent in Edinburgh, he was a well-known searcher after data in the Register House.

About 1868 he began the compilation of a family history under the title of "Our Seven Centuries;" but his eyesight failing, and fresh materials continually coming to his hand, he abandoned the work after some 70 or 80 small quarto pages had been thrown off at press. Previous to this, however, in 1859, he wrote and printed a short metrical history entitled "The Mercer Chronicle," dealing with the imprisonment of old John Mercer at Scarborough in 1377. The facts of the episode are well known—how Mercer, on his return voyage from France, was wrecked on the English coast; how the stranded ships were plundered, and the aged Ambassador taken prisoner and immured in Scarborough Castle; and how, after he was released and sent home without ransom, his son, Sir Andrew, took revenge by attacking Scarborough with a fleet of Scottish, French, and Spanish ships, but was afterwards pursued and taken by an English squadron fitted out by the Lord Mayor of London.

Upon the occasion of contested elections Mr Mercer was wont to figure in a poetic capacity, giving expression to the views taken by staunch Conservatives anent the men and measures of the moment through the medium of epigrams and versicles. Several collections of these in an illustrated form were published from time to time. We have no desire, however, to rake up the ashes of exploded squibs, which served their day.

Our present purpose, says the writer of the sketch we have quoted from, is to deal with a number of "poems" which Mr Mercer wrote on general subjects. A short selection from these may prove interesting, as showing how a Perthshire gentleman of our own day wooed the Muses in the retirement of his country seat.

G L E N T U L C H A N ' S S W E E T F L O W E R .

As oft as I roam by the Almond's clear water,
 Whether at skreigh of dawn or the soft gloaming hour ;
 My thoughts are absorbed by the innkeeper's daughter,
 The charming young Jessie, Glentulchan's sweet flower.
 If she only deigns a bright smile to cast on me,
 Neither sunshine nor moonlight have o'er me such power ;
 Her grace and her beauty have wholly undone me—
 The lovely young Jessie, Glentulchan's sweet flower.

I have lived two score years in this world, and I well know
 Every wile and each art that o'er beauty hath power ;
 And though they ne'er fail with the prond city belle, no
 Such arts can I try with Glentulchan's sweet flower.
 Oh ! if she'd not scorn me I care for no neighbour—
 Confiding in Jessie as in a strong tower—
 I'd retire from this world and from life's eerie labour
 With my own darling Jessie, Glentulchan's sweet flower.

Yet 'tis humbling for one who has been such a rover,
 Who has killed his twelve elephants ere breakfast hour,
 To be checked in his roaming and thus tumbled over
 By a well-planted shot from Glentulchan's sweet flower.
 I never can think of the herds on their wooded hills
 Roving free and unscath'd, but grief does me devour ;
 But, pshaw ! I'm grown old and gray—love now my bosom fills,
 Ardent, strong, and most pure, for Glentulchan's sweet flower.

Oh ! would she but wed me, I'd sell Kattaboolé,
 Kooroowakké I'd settle upon her as dower :
 My evening of life I would rel'sh most truly
 With her who was once of Glentulchan the flower.
 Oh ! how happy I'd be with my dear Mrs Allway
 In the wilds of Glenbrain, in our heathery bower !
 I would fish, shoot, and stalk, and make love in no small way
 With her who was once of Glentulchan the flower.

Should the gled of adversity round us e'er hover,
 Like a poor wounded bird to my bosom she'd cower ;

There she'd nestle in safety till danger was over,
 And then be as gay as my Glentulchan flower.
 How our dear darling babes we with kindness would smother !
 How they'd shield us in age should misfortune then lower !
 How proud they would be of so faultless a mother
 As Jessie ! no longer Glentulchan's sweet flower.

And when grim old Death, of all terror divested,
 Should have lured us like dicky birds into his power,
 All calmly we'll sleep, as if we from life rested,
 Or had faded, mown down like a Glentulchan flower.
 No tablet we'd need, for our memory would cling fast
 To our dear children's hearts until their last hour ;
 And when they went hence we should be as a thing past,
 Nor cared for so much as a Glentulchan flower.

EPIGRAMS.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH
Traced to the Eve of Creation.

Napoleon's great ancestor, Eve, was made
 From Adam's ribs (that nearest to his heart) ;
 Eve therefore, was the first, it may be said,
 Who rightly bore the name of *Bony-part*.

THE PAN ANGLICANS.

Pan Anglicans they call themselves, indeed !
 To join the pseudo Greek Church they desire ;
 I warn the simpletons to take good heed
 Not from the *Pan* to fall into the Fire.

AN ARCHIEPISCOPAL BON-MOT.

"The Dubliners," cried Whatley, "are most fickle—
 To-Day they run for sermons, just to tickle—
 Their ears ; and then—I add with deepest sorrow—
 They thoughtlessly for novels rush To-Morrow."

(*Day* was a celebrated preacher ; *Morrow*, a circulating library proprietor.)

THE CHAPEL OF EASE.

Pert Miss Grace asked the Bishop of Oxford one day,
 "Why do girls go to church ?" "Why," he answered, "to pray."
 "No ; they go for the sake of the *hymns*, if you please."
 "Then," said he, "they should go to a Chapel of *He's*."

Quid Nunc? Quid Rides?

"Pray," asked Sir George, on gaining knowledge bent,

"How long may one a 'quid o' haccy use?"

In vain the question round the table went,

Till one replied, "just as long as you *chews*."

GLENALMOND.

Vides ut alta stet nive Candidum

GLENALMOND . . . *gelaque*

. . . *constiterunt acuto.*

Cold is the clime at the Arctic Pole

And the Antarctic; yet, upon the whole,

Glenalmond is the coldest place I know—

Winter and Summer they have Frost and Snow.

(The name of the Sub-Warden was Frost, and the Doctor
Snow.



AGNES MARSHALL,

BETTER known in the literary world by her maiden name, Agnes Marchbank, was born in Edinburgh in 1846. Her father and mother were both descended from ancient Dumfriesshire families. Shortly after the birth of his daughter, Mr Marchbank removed from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and became traveller to the Messrs Clapperton. On the eve of leaving their employment, in order to become a partner in some tweed mills, he was drowned in the ill-fated ship "Orion." Her mother then removed to Moffat, where the subject of our sketch was brought up, and where she learned to love the Southern Scottish Highlands, about which she has written so lovingly and gracefully in song and story.

The family having subsequently removed to Edinburgh, she was married to the Rev. George Alston Marshall of Bew Castle, Cumberland, who died at Croydon in 1881, while in charge of Mount Park Free Church, Greenock. She then again found a home at her mother's house in Edinburgh.

Much stricken by the sad death of her husband, Mrs Marshall's health suffered, and she had to rest for some time. To endeavour to amuse herself, she began to "scribble weak lines," as she termed them, and was surprised, yet encouraged, when she saw her first attempt in print, which she had sent to the editor of a popular weekly. In 1883 she was awarded a prize in the *People's Journal* Christmas (poetical) competition, and in the following year she was again successful—this time for a story illustrating Scottish life and character. Since then she has written many poems, as well as serials and short tales in *People's Friend*, *King's Own*, &c. She owns that she has had "hard work and many failures," but she feels that, on the whole, "the worst is past. Mr Stewart, editor of the *People's Friend*, and the late Mr Wylie, of the *Christian Leader*, said 'go on' when I would have laid down the pen. I have not done great things. Perhaps I began too late. But, as Carlyle says, 'it is better to build a dog hutch than dream of building a palace.'"

It is evident from her charming volume of character sketches, "Some Edinburgh Bohemians" (Auchterarder: Tovani & Co.), as well as from her other short tales, that Mrs Marshall is in the way of becoming a popular story-writer. Her range of sympathies is wide, and her literary style—though natural, easy, and heart-reaching—is finished. She evinces strong intellect, affluent fancy, fine moral strength, and a knowledge of human character, which she can depict with pathos and humour as occasion presents. Both

in her prose and poetry, raciness of idiom and a correct and extensive acquaintance with the Doric are manifest. From her little volume recently published by Messrs Tovani—"Songs of Labour, Home, and Country"—we give the following selection of her verse, of which a high authority has said that it is suffused with genuine poetic feeling, a genial humour, and a gentle pathos, with at times a rousing patriotic strain.

OOR BURNSIDE.

There's a bonnie wee bit burnie that rins close by oor toon,
An' trees grow thick on ilka side, wi' branches hanging doon ;
An' mony a tryst's been held, I wow, by hearts now parted wide—
Just about the darkening at oor burnside.

The summer wind sighs saftly in among each leafy tree,
An' the burnie murmurs low and sweet, and stars come oot to see
The bonnie lads and lassies, wha wad fain their coortin' hide,—
Just about the darkening at oor burnside.

And women folk forgather an' tell owre wi' muckle glee,
Sae mony clash-ma-clavers, an' it's a' *'tween you an' me* ;
O could some folk but hear the wives, I doot they'd hae less pride—
Just about the darkening at oor burnside.

The auld come leaning on their staff, think on the past and sigh,
And listen to the murmur o' the water passing by,
It seems the only freen they've left in' a' the wari' wide
Just about the darkening at oor burnside.

O far o'er hill an' dale, I wow, and far beyond the seas,
There are longing hearts at evening that would fain be 'neath the
trees,
And listening to the burnie as when, with life untried,
They wandered at the darkening at oor burnside.

THE SHEPHERD'S SONG.

O wealth and fame are but a name,
And aft they bring you noucht but sorrow ;
Whiles high degree's a penalty,
And Prince's sons may beg or borrow.
The truest joy's without alloy,
An' never gies ye cause to mourn ;

Wi' wife and wean I envy nane,
In my wee cot ayont the burn.

What though I rise while dewdrop lies
Undried upon the grass and gowan,
And day by day work as I may,
Till strength wears done and grey hairs growin'.
There comes guid cheer in ilka year,
There's pleasures come at ilka turn—
Wi' wife and wean I envy nane,
In my wee cot ayont the burn.

Upon the hills my heart aft thrills,
The lonely sheep aft hear me singin';
For beauties lie in earth and sky—
Auld Scotland's sangs to my mind bringin';
Content am I to live and die,
Wi' pleasures such as fools may spurn;
Wi' wife and wean I envy nane,
In my wee cot ayont the burn.

LIMPIN' KATE.

O Limpin' Kate cam' o'er the lea,
An' blithesome face, I wow, had she;
Aul' John keeked roon the hoose en' to see
The lass that got the siller.

"If I be auld I hae nae ties,
I'm elder and a laird likewise;
O, lassie, tak' and ne'er despise,
John o' Girshaw, the miller."

But Kate laughed oot and said "Na, na,
An' auld man wud be sune awa';
And nicht spend or he gaed it a',
For nursin' tak's some siller."

The smith keeked frae the smiddy door—
A thing he never did afore—
Richt after Kate, and then he swore
He'd put the question till her.

"Na, na," said Kate, "I ken your plan,
I little need a thriftless man,
Ye'd let the smiddy fire out whaun
Ye'd get me an' my siller."

The weaver rose frae oot his thrums,
An' doon to Newton Carse he comes,
Draws in his chair and hechs and hums,
And glowers as he would kill her.

But Katie was nae feared, no she,
Even when he said, "Ye maun tak' *me*,
Or I'll blaw oot my brains and dee ;"
She thought, "He wants my siller."

And then she said, "What's a' your haste ?
Ye ne'er thocht I was to your taste ?
Ance, when Kate needed help the maist,
Ye were richt saucy till her."

O mony a ane cam' coortin' Kate,
But aye she said, "Ye come ower late ;
An' aul' maid's is a blessful state
When she has got some siller.

"The weaver sune would seal my doom,
The smith would leave my pouches toom ;
And a' my life would be in gloom,
If ance I wed the miller.

"Na, I'll just end as I began,
I've gat the wit o' ony man—
I'll tak' the comfort while I can,
O' my wee bit o' siller.

OOR WAG-AT-THE-WA'.

O my an' mither dee'd in the year '39,
An' mony a sair day I've had o't sin' syne,
But still I can mind o' the cauld winter day,
She said, "Fare-ye-weel, Jamie," and slippit away.
I sabbed and grat, but still through it a',
I heard the saft tick o' oor wag-at-the-wa'.

When I got a man's wage and married oor Jen,
We took up our hame in a butt an' a ben,
Oor wants were but sma', if oor purse was but licht,
The present was joyful, the future was bricht ;
Sae blithely it ticked then, that Jen said, "Cowes a' !
It shurely is leevin', that wag-at-the-wa'."

Then bairns cam' toddlin', and shoutin' wi' glee,
And drawing us closer their mother an' me,

Six braw lads an' lassies to mak' us sae crouse,
 And fill wi' their voices oor canty wee house ;
 Hoo we lunched when wee Johnny, the flo'er o' them a',
 Said, "Feyther is't speakin', the wag-at-the-wa'?"

Then cam' darker days fu' o' trouble and pain,
 And it ticked softer music like some sad refrain,
 An' the hoose was as quiet as quiet could be—
 For the bairns were a' laid 'neath the aul' elum tree ;
 An' Jen she gaed neist the last o' them a'
 And left me nae freen but my wag-at-the-wa'.

Away? am I dull? Ay I'm lanely and sad,
 But still in my heart I am thankful and glad,
 For that gift of God—which we mortals call love—
 The gift of the Highest, the Father above.
 It whispers the hope that I'll sune see them a'
 When ye sound my release, my aul' wag-at-the wa'.



JOHN SMITH, M.D., LL.D.

JOHN SMITH, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.S., and F.R.S.,
 Edinburgh, is one of the gifted coterie of medical
 "makars" whose happy productions grace the beautiful
 volume of "Lays of the Colleges" (Edinburgh :
 Maclachlane & Stewart, 1886). The "Lays" consist
 of a collection of songs and poems by members of the
 Æsculapian, Medico-Chirurgical, and other professional
 clubs in Edinburgh. One of the distinctive character-
 istics of Edinburgh consists in the social meetings of
 its professional—more especially its medical—clubs,
 some of which are upwards of one hundred years old.
 The Royal Society Club, the Round Table Club, and
 the "Monks of St Giles," are also unique in their nature
 and quaint in their constitution. "The chief object
 of each and all of them," it is said in the preface to the

volume of "Lays," "is the relaxation and emancipation for a few hours, at stated periods, of their members from the strain and care and anxiety of professional life; and the privileged guest or visitor at any of their Symposia invariably leaves with regret that his name is not upon the roll of membership. All such favoured outsiders—besides a host of others—have from time to time expressed a wish to become possessed of certain of the songs they may have heard or the rhymes to which they may have listened at these festive gatherings. The object of the publishers has been to supply this want. All of them have been written for pastime, not for show; it never was contemplated when they were originally penned that they should ever meet the public eye, or face the trying ordeal of literary criticism. Each of the little knot of friends wrote to please himself, and amuse or entertain his companions, while anything like literary achievement or renown was neither sought for nor expected." With the exception of James D. Gillespie, M.D., &c., the subject of this sketch is the most extensive contributor to the pages of "The Lays," and he is the fifth of the group who has a place in this work. Born in Edinburgh in 1825, and educated at the Edinburgh Institution—an academical school then, as now, of considerable note, Dr Smith entered the University Medical classes and took the degree of M.D. there in 1847, at the same time becoming a licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons. He was subsequently elected Fellow of that College, of which he afterwards was President and Vice-President. During the eventful years of 1848-49-50 he visited the Hospitals of London, Ireland, and Paris, a time memorable for the ravages of cholera and fever, and the progress of the French Revolution. Dr Smith devotes himself entirely to dental surgery—his father having been a well-known and successful practitioner in that line. He many years

ago received the appointment of Surgeon Dentist to the Queen in Scotland ; instituted the first course of Lectures on Dental Surgery in the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh, and founded the Edinburgh Dental Dispensary—now merged in the Edinburgh Dental Hospital and School. He is one of the examiners of the College of Surgeons, and for the triple qualification of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow, as well as Dental Examiner for the diploma of L.D.S. He had also the honour of having the degree of LL.D. conferred upon him by the University of Edinburgh. For very many years Dr Smith has acted as Secretary to the two celebrated medical clubs of Edinburgh already mentioned—viz., the “Æsculapian” and the Medico-Chirurgical Club,” where many of the songs written by himself and the other members first saw the light. At the Edinburgh Angling Club (popularly known as the “Nest”), of which Dr Smith was for some years Vice President, several of his other songs and poetical effusions found their origin. He has been for many years a member of several of the amateur musical societies of the Scottish capital, in some of which he holds office as President.

In the sketch of Mr J. A. Biggs in our Eighth Series reference was made to Mr Biggs as a pupil of Dr Smith, “dental surgeon to the Queen, a man of rare genius, and a distinguished scholar, painter, and sculptor, who has not only soared to the highest attainable position in his own profession, but thrown honour and lustre upon it as President of the Royal College of Surgeons.” He is thus essentially many-sided, for, in addition to holding numerous public appointments of a highly honourable nature, he, in the midst of the labours and anxieties attending his distinguished professional career has repeatedly afforded

evidence of a highly cultured taste for the execution of painting and artistic work. In addition to the "throwing off" of occasional songs and poems—"as a mere amusement and relaxation"—his bright and sprightly literary genius is proved conclusively when we state that he was the author of several of the most successful and amusing of the Edinburgh pantomimes as well as other dramatic works. His poetry shows that he is not only a man of fine literary culture, but also a brilliant humourist; and the following, from "Lays of the Colleges," prove his possession of a vein of clear, sparkling humour, and the ring of true melody. This is often seasoned with good-natured satire, and, when need be, keen and sarcastic wit, in which we find revealed the poet's eye and the artist's taste.

"QUACK, QUACK, QUACKERY."

Air—"Jim the Carter Lad."

This song refers to Quackery; a thing that's not so bad,
 Since nowhere else so many perfect cures are to be had,
 Each one from every malady will make you quite secure,
 And should it fail, another's quite prepared to work the cure.
 For nervousness, or listlessness, or bloodlessness, combined
 With any other somethingness, a remedy you'll find,
 Which cures your gout, removes your corns, your whiskers helps
 to grow
 Sets up your liver, oils your joints, and makes your juices flow.
 Quack! quack! keep it up, there's no disease so bad,
 But fifty perfect cures for it can any day be had.

For such as have hysteria and flatulently belch,
 What pill is there that can compare with those of Widow Welsh?
 Or should your skins be pimply or your stomachs be at fault,
 There's Mr Eno tells you that the remedy's Fruit Salt.
 If suffering from headaches or from pains about your spine,
 Against such dispensations now you need not long repine,
 Sensations of such nasty kind will never more be felt
 If you will only wear a proper sized Magnetic Belt.
 Quack! quack! keep it up, &c.

From warts, vertigo, sneezing, hiccup, trembling of the nerves,
 A Pulvermacher chain, you'll find, effectually preserves;

While if into your head you feel your blood inclined to roam,
 It's checked at once by using an Electric Small-tooth Comb.
 Suppose that from your cranium the hairs begin to drop,
 Or that your locks get snowy in a way you'd like to stop,
 Macassar Oil, or Mrs Allan, famous o'er the world,
 Will clothe your scalp with auburn crops, got up and nicely curled.
 Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

Specific balsams for bronchitis or a common cold
 Are found in Powell's Aniseed and Horehound, we are told ;
 While, should your dental apparatus be on the decline,
 No end of grinders you may save by using Floriline.
 Should corpulence your figure jeopardise, no matter what
 Your size may be, a remedy you'll find in Anti-fat ;
 While there's old Jacob Townsend, ready from your blood to prove
 That his Sarsaparilla every poison will remove.
 Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

Perhaps you are afflicted with dyspepsia or bile,
 Then what you need is plainly Norton's Pills of Camomile ;
 While, if you wish to take a ride to Khiva, you will find
 A box of Cackle's keep you clear in body and in mind.
 And lastly, should tuberculosis of you get a hold,
 You know that by the highest testimonials we are told
 How any one, at any time, its ravages may foil,
 While in the liver of the cool we find De Jongh's Brown Oil.
 Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

You've Holloway with pills and ointment, Lamplough with saline ;
 You've Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and all kinds of chlorodyne ;
 You've antiseptic soap ; in fact, there's not the slightest doubt
 The way to live's to swallow every new cure that comes out.
 The doctors think for sep'rate ills a sep'rate cure's required,
 But they'd soon change their mind were they by quackery
 inspired ;
 For here, though cures be many, yet the system that's disclosed
 Is, each one singly cures all ills however much opposed.
 Quack ! quack ! keep it up, &c.

THE CLINICAL EXAMINATION.

Air—"The Queen o' the Loudons," or
 "Last May a braw Wooer."

I was jist aboot smooored wi' a kittlin' cough,
 Whilk at times was a fair suffocation ;
 An' the sounds o' my voice were sae wheezin' an' rough
 I was thocht for till be in an ill situation,
 Till be in an ill situati n,

I speired at my doctor gif ever I'd mend,
When he said 'twas his recommendation,
At the Royal Infirmary I suld attend
'There tae mak' o' my state a strong representation,
Tae mak' a strong representation.

They tell't me the place was braw buskit and new,
That for comforts it jist was perfection,
An' that I'd be attended by some bonnie doo,
Wha'd be there tae dae everything at my direction,
Dae onything at my direction.

Sae I cam' to the yett in a cairt aman' straw,
An' was gaun to commense my narration,
But afore I could speak I was whiskit awa',
As ye'll see for the purposes of illustration,
The purpose of illustration.

The professor neist day cam' an' giel me a look,
An' at ance wi' profound admiration,
He clerkit me doon in a large narrow book
As deservin' a clinical examination,
A clinical examination.

I was proud at what seemed sic attention an' care,
'Till I fand to my great consternation,
That it meant I was fixed in a week, less or mair,
For experiments an' as a mode o' probation,
To serve as a kind o' probation.

A curran o' callants wi' paper an' pens
Cam' in for their edification,
An' the doctor sets ilk ane tae see if he kens
Whilken pairt o' my system's in maist perturbation,
Whilken pairt is in maist perturbation.

They surrounded my bed, an' they pu'd aff the claes,
Then glowered at my hail conformation ;
An' inspeckit me a' frae the head to the taes,
In the first place tae see I had nae malformation,
Tae see I had nae malformation.

They measured my stammick and knappit my skin,
An' speired gin I'd ony purgation ;
Was I nervish, or deaf, or rheumatic, or blind,
Or whether my habits required reformation,
My habits required reformation.

Ane said I was pushon't wi' owercome o' bile,
Some blethered o' degeneration ;

Says a glib-gabbit loon whan I happened tae smile,
 "He's deleerit, it's plain, an' needs incarceration,
 It's plain he needs incarceration."

My liver, my kidneys, my lungs an' my heart,
 They disparaged without reservation ;
 'Deed they spake wi' contempt aboot every pairt
 That exists in my bodily organisation,
 My bodily organisation.

They houplit my freens wad allow gin I de'ed,
 A bit *post-mortem* examination,
 For my thrapple in speerits they a' were agreed
 Micht be useful tae show as a class preparation,
 Tae show as a class preparation.

Ilk threipit my case tae his mind was quite clear—
 Whilk tae me was but sma' consolation ;
 For they differd sae muckle it made it appear
 I was ailin' o' everything in combination,
 O' everything in combination.

Then I rose frae my bed, an' I said I was cured,
 For I felt that a continuation
 O' the scandalous treatment that I had endured
 Wad hae brocht a man's days tae a quick termination,
 My days till a swift termination.

The doctors, the medicine, the nursing, the meat,
 I maun aye hand in high estimation ;
 But I'd rather forgae them an' dee on my feet
 Than submit till a clinical examination,
 A clinical examination.

PHIL McKEOWN'S PIG.

Air—"The Bold Dragoon."

'Twas Phil McKeown lived at Innistrogue for many a year,
 An' had a pig whose history maybe ye'd like to hear,
 Regardin' how it lived an' died, an' what was heard of it there-
 after,
 Sure ! she was the handy pig he was proud to sthramp the country
 after.
 Whack ! Hurrish stadh anish ! she'd hear from Phil McKeown.

A vagabone by name o' Terence saw the pig wan day,
 An', unbeknown to Phil, the blackguard stole the beast away ;

An' niver a one suspectit him till wanst he tould about the matther,
 For 'twas just a common pig, 'twas, an' Terence looked a dacent crathur ;
 That was the circumstance that bothered Phil McKeown.

But, barrin' bein' a thief, this Terence was a dacent bhoy,
 So takin' that same pig began his conscience to annoy ;
 An' so the priest he thought he'd ax the asiest way to absolution,
 For the thought o' what he'd done was disordherin' his constitution :
 Sorra wonder at it, after robbin' Phil McKeown.

Thin, says his reverence in a word, the first thing to be done
 Is to restore the pig to Phil, and when ye have begun
 To show ripintance in that way, I'll see if ye can be forgiven ;
 For it's not a stolen pig that the likes of yez ought to be havin'—
 Worse still an animal that's tuk from Phil McKeown.

Oh ! murdher thin, says Terence, ye're too hard upon me now,
 For to restore that pig to Phil would bate me anyhow ;
 More by token that the crathur's killed, an' salted too, an' cooked
 an' atin,
 Sure I scraped the pig myself, an' I've ever since been on it feedin',
 Worse luck, for knowin' it was fed by Phil McKeown.

Says the father, If the pig ye've killed an' ate, av coorse it's plain
 Wan other way of restitution only does remain—
 An' that is, pay the price of it, an' send the same to Phil to-
 morrow,—
 For his heart was cn the pig, an' considherin' that, might cure his
 sorrow,—
 Savin' ye're a murdherin' thief, thin, pay poor Phil McKeown.

Ye're srakin' of no easy task, says Terence to the priest,
 For if I'd had the price of it, d'ye think I'd steal the beast ?
 An' buyin', as yer riverence knows, is sinful wid an empty pocket ;
 Besides, ye *disrimin*bir, family pigs are niver in the market ;
 Phoo ! divil a chance I had to *buy* from Phil McKeown.

Then, says the priest, when wanst yer dead, the pig an' Phil
 McKeown
 Will stand forninst yez, an' ye'll hear him claim it as his own ;
 An' ye'll hear the poor dumb crathur spake, and charge ye wid
 yer mane transaction,
 For she had *galore* of sinse, an' was just the pig for such an action
 What will ye say then, when ye meet bould Phil McKeown ?

Sure, father dear, says Terence, now ye've set my mind at ase;
 For if the pig be *there*, as ye've juist said will be the case,
 I'll plaze ye all, for to McKeown, wid a blessin', back I'll give her,
 Sayin', 'There's yer thunderin' pig! Now she's aff my hands an's
 yours for ever!
 That's how I'll pacify the pig an' Phil McKeown.

CALLER O U'.

Air—"Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes."

Caller Ou' really now
 Are at sic a price, I trow,
 They may just as weel no grow,
 Gin they be dearer!

Them we used to get lang syne
 Were as cheap as they were fine,
 An' the pick't anes were divine,
 But thir were dearer!

Then a hunder ony day
 For a shillin' ye nicht hae,
 Noo for ane ye'll tippence pay,
 Can they be dearer?

Eatin' them frae aff a creel,
 Vinegared and peppert weel,
 Made ye aye the hungrier feel,
 Wae's me, they're dearer!

Wakin' echoes far an' near,
 Fisher jades ye nae mair hear,
 Skirlin' in the moonlicht clear,
 Noo that they're dearer!

Ilka morn their empty shells
 Marked some houffs ye'll mind yoursells!
 On them fond remembrance dwells,
 Wae that they're dearer!

But while water fills the sea,
 Sparklin' in the sunlicht hie,
 My heart's wish sall ever be
 They'll no get dearer!



JAMES DONALDSON GILLESPIE,

WHO was perhaps the most beloved and respected of his day among his medical brethren, died in Edinburgh in December, 1891—the descendant of several generations of gifted and esteemed physicians. The salient points in his character, and the important incidents in his bright, cheerful, and many-sided life are given in a loving and appreciative article by a writer in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, from which we glean the following details. Dr Gillespie was born in Edinburgh in 1824, and was the son and grandson of two much-esteemed medical men. Like the Mac-lagans, Woods, Inglis, Bells, and others, the Gillespie family kept up, and still maintains—in the son of our poet, Dr Alex. Lockhart Gillespie—the professional succession, father handing down to son, generation after generation, not only the family practice, but the traditions of professional probity, courtesy, and conduct which were so well maintained in the career of the subject of this sketch. His father, Dr Alexander Gillespie, was once President of the Royal College of Surgeons—the friend and counsellor, as well as the doctor, of many of the old Edinburgh families. In his names, James Donaldson Gillespie perpetuated the name of his uncle, the founder of the great palatial hospital which bears his name. The whole career of our poet shows that he was a gentleman as well as a surgeon, and a man full of kindness and charity to the poor, the old, and the friendless. Having been educated at the Edinburgh Academy, Gillespie, at the age of seventeen, began to study medicine, and in 1843 was appointed a dresser in the Royal Infirmary. Soon after he became assistant house surgeon in

Professor Syme's ward. In 1845 he graduated M.D., and held the post of one of the Presidents of the Royal Medical Society. He was appointed Surgeon to Gillespie's Hospital in 1848, and in the following year was elected assistant surgeon to the Royal Infirmary—an office entailing much work, but affording valuable experience, assisting all the surgeons at their important operations. For fifteen years he was one of the acting surgeons of the Royal Infirmary, retiring in 1871, when he was appointed one of the consulting surgeons. After leaving the active service of the wards and operating theatre, he had more time to devote to family and consulting practice, and the last twenty years of his life were full of good work given to a large and influential circle of patients, who were also his attached friends—his humour and kindness often helping more than drugs. In addition to his engrossing practice, he was an active official in connection with many public and highly honourable posts.

Gillespie was not a voluminous writer, though he had a ready pen and a quick wit. No man was more missed than he from that inner escoteric circle of Edinburgh medical life—its dining clubs. One of the oldest, he was also one of the most valued of the "Æsculapians," and no dinner was complete without a song or two, a speech, and a great many puns from Dr Gillespie. For many years he was a leading member of the "Medico Chirurgical Club." His songs were mostly his own words, and often his own music. In connection with the "Harveran," he on one occasion delivered a clever and interesting oration upon "Medicine in Shakespeare." Shortly before his death, he resigned his office as one of the Court of Examiners, which he had held from 1861—fulfilling the delicate and onerous duty with much wisdom and courtesy. But the work, to the regret

of his colleagues, was too trying for his failing strength. His last public appearance was at the annual dinner of the College, where he exhibited all his wonted cheerfulness and desire to make the guests happy.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

Air.—The Market-Place of Inverness"—A Strathspey.

Have you heard ta news,
 Apoot ta crate Maccallum Morrh,
 How his son dud chose
 To knock at Windsor Castle door,
 And ask ta leddy Queen,
 Her dochter fair Louise to wed,
 Bekase she dud not mean
 To have a German Prince instead.
 Victoria asked hum in to tea,
 Vowed she loved ta kilt and Highlands,
 Said her dochter he might see,
 Ta sweetest flower in Britain's islands;
 Rang ta pell, and called her down
 From ta royal nurserie—
 She wore a Campbell tartan gown,
 As an anniversarie.

Chorus—Cam ar a shee varrh,
 Ha prie an dha, Ha prie an Neanach,
 Cam ar a shee varrh,
 Prie ma mou, a ca shin caillach,
 Usquepagh ha lesh ush haigh,
 Usquepagh sma stilgh, Glenlivat.
 Usque, Usque, Usquepagh.
 Ham i shaw, Glenlivat.

Ta Queen, she left ta pair
 To talk apoot their love and troth,
 Went up ta Castle stair,
 That all alone they might be poth.
 Ta Marquis, he was glad,
 And asked Louise to play and sing,
 Threw off his pelted plaid,
 And danced with glee ta Highland fling
 His dancing ut was very coot,
 He covered several times ta puckles,

Snapt his fingers as if wood
 Or niggers' bones was in his knuckles.
 Louise brought oot a mutchkin flask,
 With whisky plied ta "*willing Barkis*,"
 Tull his courage rose to ask
 Wull you have ta Marquis?

Cam ar a shee varrh, &c.

'Twas on a Tuesday morn,
 A prood day for ta house Argyll!
 Ta Princess wedded Lorne
 At Windsor Chapel in noble style.
 Ta Queen sat on her throne,
 Wuth all her children standing near,
 Some bigh, some leetle grown,
 All praying for their sister dear.
 Ta leddies almost eigha-ty
 Was dressed oot in ta height of fashion;
 While nobles, priests, and laity
 Was there, ta pride of Britain's nation.
 Ta service, ut was not performed
 By ta Bishop of Canterbury;
 But Campbell's piper all hearts warmed
 Wuth his chanter merry.

Cam ar a shee varrh, &c.

Now Lorne and his Louise,
 As I've been told by bigh John Brown,
 Have crossed ta stormy seas
 Ta represent the British Crown;
 And they have been received,
 As is, whatever, John's opinions,
 Which ought to be pelieved,
 With welcome in these large dominions;
 Where ta natives, I've been told,
 Go naked, and don't wear ta kilt
 To keep them from ta bitter cold,
 Which is more worse than in Glen Tilt;
 And only wear small bits of gold
 Stuck through their ears and in their noses,
 To make them look more fierce and bold,
 As John Brown supposes.

Cam ar a shee varrh, &c.

"TA GLENDALE CROFTERS."

A NEW VERSION OF THE "PHAIRSHON."

It waas some men of Skye,
 Who in their thochts resolvit
 To seize ta hulls so high,
 On Sassenach devolvit ;
 They swore that to their Clan
 Ta land py richt belongit
 Unteell py Eengleeshman
 Their ancestors were wrongit.

Chorus.

Oigh, oigh, Cuchullin morrh !
 Oigh, oigh, Ben Bealloch Blaven !
 Troat schaw, MacPlackie, vorrh
 Ta Dhaoul, vee arr starrvein !

Ta Glendale crofters rose,
 And told ta Tormore shepherd
 His days were near a close,
 His poddy would be peppered
 Uf he deed not withdraw
 His sheep from Waterstein hull ;
 Perhaps he deed not knaw
 His death it micht pe painful !
 Oigh, oigh ! &c.

These threats they frightened much
 Ta frail old man, MacDiarmid ;
 So he retired from such,
 In case he should be harmed.
 Macdonald took his place,
 Put he more worse waas treated ;
 They made hum run a race,
 And then his person heated.
 Oigh, oigh ! &c.

Ta Court now interfered,
 And sent a process server ;
 But hum ta crofters skeered,
 They met hum with such fervour.
 They swore no Court of law
 Could keep a plackfaced wether
 From eating fat he saw
 Of Waterstein's fine heather !
 Oigh, oigh ! &c.

Pot law must pe opeyed
 In all ta British Islands;
 Three crofters were dismayed,
 And came sooth from ta Highlands.
 Ta Judge who tried ta case,
 He waas a man of science,
 If onst you saw his face,
 On hum you'd have reliance !
 Oigh, oigh ! &c.

It waas a famous trial—
 Ta trustee prosecutors
 Would not admit denial ;
 Ta crofters were freepooters.
 Robertson spoke their cause
 As counsel ; Graham Murray
 Waas chose to find oot flaws,
 Ta wutnesses to worry !
 Oigh, oigh ! &c.

It waas a sicht to see
 To make your heart peat softer,
 Ta Dean of Facultee
 Defending of each crofter.
 His soul was in his work,
 Humsell from Skye descendant ;
 He tried on every quirk
 To won for ta defendant !
 Oigh, oigh ! &c.

He said ta evidence joint
 Of Shon and Neil Macpherson,
 Apoot ta case in point
 Gave quite a deefferent version ;
 Pesides, they claimed ta land
 For Phairshon, their forefather,
 Who drank ta flood up, and
 Waas thocht to spoil it rather !
 Oigh, oigh ! &c.

He also said Macleod
 Could prove his richt of action,
 It ought to pe allowed
 Because of his extraction.*
 His kith were *Clouds in Skye*
 When Noah closed each rafter ;
 And when ta hulls got dry
 Ta Mac waas added after !
 Oigh, oigh ! &c.

* It may be seen in the Legend of Montrose that the Clan MacEach were Children of the Mist ; in like manner the Clan Macleod were Children of the Cloud, and of at least as ancient origin,

At length ta case came on
Pefore ta First Diveesion ;
Ta Chnstice Cheneral shone
In giving this deceesion :—
“ Mee lads ! you're in ta wrong,
Ta jailor he must tak' ye,
Pnt he won't keep you long—
You were misled by Plackie ! ”
Oigh, oigh ! &c.

THE SALMON AND THE CART WHEEL.

ARGUMENT.

The author, when fishing in the river Ailort, near Arisaig, was playing a salmon when it managed to squeeze itself under a cart wheel which was lying at the bottom of a deep pool.

When a southerly breeze
Whistled soft through the trees,
And gently was swaying the yellow-haired crops,
I took out my rod
From its sanctum in quod,
And examined my reel, my ferules, and tops ;
For I was bent on catching a salmon
In Ailort's dark waters near far Arisaig,
Though Duncan, my gillie, swore he thought it all gammon,
And “ She'd much better gae oot and stalk ta red stag.”

I fished the big pool
Where, his courage to cool,
They once a Lowland policeman had dipt,
But got not a rise,
Much to my surprise,
Though an hour and a half its broad surface I whipt.
So I reeled up and sought a rough running stream,
A few yards or so further up on the water,
Where oft I had seen a salmon's fin gleam,
My thoughts still deeply intent upon slaughter.

I next changed my fly,
 Determined to try
 The bright yellow tip from a gold pheasant's crest,
 And made its tail twirl
 Where the deep eddies curl
 Round a sunken rock where a fish loved to rest.
 He rose with a plunge and seized the gay lure,
 Then turned and went down to digest it at leisure,
 With a jerk of my wrist I had my prey sure,
 That moment was an age of most exquisite pleasure !

He rushed here and there,
 Tossed himself in the air
 To try and break off from that treacherous fly,
 But his efforts were vain,
 Though my gut got a strain,
 For 't was only single and not triple ply.
 As exhausted he lay I was reeling him in,
 And Duncan had gaff out to give him a prod,
 When towards a deep hole he again made a spin,
 And there he got fixed as if tied to a log.

I thought he was lost,
 As, the head of stream crossed,
 I sought to peer into the depths so profound,
 And at length saw my line
 He had managed to twine
 Through a cart wheel that lay in the deepest part drowned
 The fish lay beyond with his nose on the wheel,
 For he had not got purchase sufficient to break ;
 So Duncan ran off to a cow-house to steal
 For a laudable end a double-pronged rake.

Wading up to his middle
 He soon solved the riddle,
 For with rake he contrived the wheel gently to raise,
 With a whirr of delight
 The fish fled out of sight,
 But still he was on, in fisherman's phrase.
 The wheel was pulled out to the shallow, and then
 Both rod and line passed through it soon were set free ;
 And shortly thereafter a fish of pounds ten
 With sea lice upon him lay dead on the lea !

LILLY.

When all around was dark and drear,
 And winter felt so chilly,
 I sought a heart my own to cheer,
 And found it in my Lilly.

I thought too many years were spent
 In celibacy silly,
 So with a fluttering heart I went
 And asked the hand of Lilly.

Oh ! some may love mere pretty flowers,
 The rose, the daffodilly,
 But I would chose for Cupid's bowers,
 The modest blooming Lilly.

The ladies used to say I was
 Too apt to dally dilly,
 But now the blame's wiped off, because
 I am engaged to Lilly.

I own I've flirted in my life,
 And often got *doux billets*,
 But never thought upon a wife,
 Till reading notes from Lilly.

I went and sat down by her side,
 Her cheery heart said "Will he?"
 'Twas then I wooed and won my bride
 And plighted troth with Lilly.

And though our path in life may be
 At times both rough and hilly,
 All sublunary care will flee
 Away when shared with Lilly.

And when the night of life draws near
 I'm sure it must be stilly,
 I'll have, my parting soul to cheer,
 The fond true love of Lilly.



JOHN CHRISTIE

WAS born at Perth in 1845. His father, who was foreman in the *Perthshire Advertiser*, removed to Airdrie when John was about eight years old, and as soon as he was able, the boy was taken as

an apprentice to his father. Having served his time in Airdie, John went to Crieff, where he followed the printing trade for some time, his father afterwards going to Toronto, Canada, where, after a residence of ten years, he died. From Crieff, the subject of this notice went to Glasgow, then back to Airdrie, whence after a short stay there, he removed to Blairgowrie, stayed there for a year or two, then gave Perth three years of his attentions, returning finally to Blairgowrie, where he has been some twenty years in charge of the *Blairgowrie Advertiser* office.

John is a bright, sparkling companion, a wit and humourist, and a general favourite with everybody. The amount of literary work he has done is not voluminous, but indicates clearly enough that did he care to exercise his faculty for such more than he finds opportunity for doing, he could take a respectable place among the "minors" of the day.

NOO JUIST FANCY THAT!

Jake M'Cruck, I can vouch, was a weel-behaved lad,
Tho' some folks mainteened he was gann to the bad;
My davy I'll tak', he gained naething frae what
His neebors said o' him—noo, juist fancy that!

Jake stayed 'mang a lan'-fu' o' din-raisin' runts,
An' he gued oot an' in as if aye in the stinnits;
Ne'er crossed words wi' ony, no even Meg Phatt
Wha lived in the attic—noo, juist fancy that!

Jake kept his ain counsel, an' wrocht hard a' week,
An' Kirst Jenkins declared she ne'er heard the chield speak,
Tho' ae nicht, in the close, she cam' owre him a squat,
He passed on an' snickered—"noo, juist fancy that!"

It's as weel there was nane o' them kent what I'll tell,
Or Jake's life wadna been worth the chap o' a bell;
He was up to the een-holes in love wi' Jess Spratt,
An' coorted her nichtly—noo, juist fancy that!

Noo, Jess was a buxom, kind-hearted young quean,
 An' Jake thocht a sweeter flooer ne'er blushed unseen ;
 But I've heard gossips say she had een o' a cat,
 An' her nose studied 'stronomy—noo, fancy that !

We seldom see mots soom in our ain kale,
 Sae Jake thocht his Jess was o' kimmers the wale ;
 He speir'd her ae nicht wad she come for a chat
 An' a walk in the munelicht—noo, juist fancy that !

An' this happy pair, linkit arm-in-arm
 Held doon Lover's Loan, to the stile near the farm,
 To a quate cosy nook, an' as doon the twa sat,
 The mune popped in ahint a clud—noo, fancy that !

Jake spak lovin' words to the lass by his side,
 An' speired was she willin' to be his sweet bride ;
 His heart 'gainst his feckit gaed pit-a-pit-pat
 When Jess answered teasin'ly—"Noo, fancy that !"

Ere lang Jake's persuasion gat Jess to say Yes ;
 Then he kissed her, an' kissed her—Oh my, what a kiss !
 The mune keekit oot juist to see what was what,
 But sune hid its face again—noo, fancy that !

They're married langsyne, an' Jake ca's Jess his duck,
 An' Jess ne'er saw a hero like Johnny M'Cruck ;
 They've enench an' to spare to keep boilin' the pat,
 An' twa red-cheekit bairns—noo, juist fancy that !

THE AULD SUMMER SEAT.

There stands in oor yaird, in a neuk 'neath a tree,
 A wee hoosie, fast gann to decay,
 Where, in summer's sweet blink, licht-hearted and free,
 The schule-bairns aften did play.
 Its memories will cling to me a' my life thro',
 Like dim phantoms they come and retreat :
 'Twas there ae calm gloamin' I won Jeannie's heart,
 Ay, there, in the auld summer seat.

My faither an' mither, on summer's lang e'en,
 Wad sit an' reca' their young days,
 Till the stars twinkled bonnily in the blue lift,
 An' the birdies had stilled their sweet lays.
 They're noo baith awa'—my mither gaed first,
 An' my faither pined sairly to meet
 Her in Heaven, wha he cherished on earth, as they sat
 In the rose-mantled auld summer seat.

The birdies twit-twitter amang the green leaves,
 Frae the roses the bees sup their fill,
 The sun smiles as cheerily on the sweet spot
 As when we were bairns at the schule.
 I feel dowie at times, as wakefu' I dream,
 My heart fills, an' I'm sair like to greet,
 As in fancy I see the auld folks sittin' there
 While we jinked roond the auld summer seat.

My Jeannie's ta'en hame, an' I aft sit an' think
 I wad like to be wi' her up there ;
 I'm waitin' until the Great Faither commands
 My spirit to flee thro' the air.
 My bairns a' are scattered, but what need I care,
 Some day, I am hopefu', I'll meet
 Them in far brichter lands than we boast o' doon here—
 Then fareweel to the auld summer seat.

KISS AN' CUDDLE.

Wee Josie noo to bed maun gang,
 Come kiss an' cuddle, kiss an' cuddle ;
 I'll croon my bairn a bonnie sang,
 An' cuddle in a bosie.
 The sleepy bird sits on your broo,
 An' fain wad steek thae e'en sae blue,
 Shoon an' sockies aff I'll pu',
 Warm feetie an' be cosy.

Ae keek at waukrife stars abune,
 Then kiss, an' cuddle, kiss an' cuddle ;
 See, yonder cloud rins to the mune,
 To tak' it in its bosie.
 Noo pray that guardian angels bricht
 May hover roun' your cot this nicht,
 An' waken you at mornin' licht,
 Wi' cheekies red an' rosy.

'Tis sweet to press his wee, saft cheek,
 An' kiss an' cuddle, kiss an' cuddle ;
 Oh, could wad be this warld an' bleak
 Withoot his mammie's bosie.
 He dovers ower, his haun' in mine,
 Pure love an' faith twa hearts combine,
 In silent prayer I now resign
 To Heavenly care my Josie.

OOR NAN'S A T WALMONTH AULDER.

The year was geyan far advanced,
 Eighty-four near filled its span,
 I dauner'd oot, an' on my way
 I met an auld, auld man.
 I kent 'twas *Tempus* at a glance—
 His dress was *sans* fal-al-der,
 Wi' age his beard was snaw-white, yet
 I thocht he'd lookit aulder.

"Here, Maister Time, a word wi' ye :
 What's this ye've been about ?
 Your onganns, travel where ye will,
 Are sure to fin' ye oot.
 Ye needna hing your heid at me—
 Ye're blamed for bein' baulder ;
 Heard ye the news ? Your lug ! This day
 Oor Nan's a twalmonth aulder !"

"I ken, I ken," his Timeship said—
 His throat cleared wi' a cough—
 "There's some I've made ower auld to live,
 Sae had to shuffle off
 Their mortal coil." But for oor Nan,
 I kissed her cheek an' tauld her
 To happy be this joyous day,
 Sin' she's a twalmonth aulder.

"Ah me !" he sighed—in thochtfu' mood
 He straik'd his lang white beard—
 "There's mony a strippin' in their teens
 This day laid in the yaird."
 But in a trice he brightened up—
 "I'll in my arms enfauld her,
 Secure frae this warld's scaith, until
 Nan's mony a twalmonth aulder !"

"The rosy bloom is on her cheek,
 She's blythesome, trig, an' bonnie,
 Her ruby lips are sweeter far
 To pree than choicest honey !"
 Auld Time then gar'd his lips play smack,
 As Nan he thus extolled her ;
 An' poured oot blessin's on the heid
 That is a twalmonth aulder.

"I'll leave ye noo : I've trudged alang
 Sin' e'er the warl' began ;
 Aince only was I fashed wi' love,
 Aince was I young as Nan.
 Sin' then 'tis mony a lang, lang year,
 Wi' age my love grows caulder ;
 But I mawn to the warl' proclaim
 That Nan's a twalmonth aulder ! "

Wi' that the auld carle turned aboot—
 I was wae to see him gaun ;
 Spat in his loof, an' gripped his rung
 Wi' shakin', nervous hamm.
 'Wa' doon the gate he spies a crone,
 He raised his staff an' called her :
 " Heard ye the news ? Hurrah ! This day
 Oor Nan's a twalmonth aulder ! "



ARCHIBALD STIRLING IRVING,

WHOSE "Poems," edited by the Rev. William Murray, M.A., were in 1886 published in two volumes by Mr Andrew Elliot, Edinburgh, was born in the Scottish capital in 1819. His father, John Irving, W.S., was the intimate friend of Walter Scott—"the prosperous gentleman" referred to in the Waverley novels, and son of George Irving of Newton whose grandmother was Sussanah, the beautiful Countess of Eglinton. Young Irving's mother—daughter of Colonel Lewis Hay, who was killed under Sir Ralph Abercromby at the landing of our troops in India—died early, and he was left to the care of servants, which may, it is suggested by his biographer, partly account for his shy, retiring disposition. Having a delicate constitution, young Irving was unable to follow any regular profession, but devoted himself

when health permitted, to the concerns of literature. He made himself abundantly familiar with the Latin classics, and became intimately conversant with the more distinguished British poets. Possessed of a remarkably retentive memory, he could repeat some of the longest poems in the language. Receiving a handsome annuity from his father, he resided in several of the more interesting localities of Scottish scenery, some of which he celebrated in verse. He published anonymously, in 1841, a small volume of "Original Songs." Gifted with a fine poetic nature, as he grew in years he became so slavishly attached to the Muses that he neglected other opportunities of preferment; and in the course of his musing formed a strong attachment for a beautiful and talented young lady—Helen Laing, daughter of the minister of Crieff. His biographer informs us that barriers interposed to hinder their union. Circumstanced as Irving was, it became impossible for him to marry for some time. Consequently, an engagement of several years' standing was followed by a brief period of married life, owing to his early death. Bitterly was this felt by his young widow, who, we are told, was one of the most devoted and affectionate of wives. Her wailings over his loss are said to have been tender and holy expressions of affection, like those of Dante over his beloved Beatrice. There was great similarity in tastes between the youthful pair. In his descriptive pieces regarding her—in what we may term the poetry of the heart—he gives expression to sweet and holy affections, and strong admiration of her amiable qualities. All through his writings allusions crop up that make the reader feel that he wrote under the impression that he would early be taken from her; and in the last lines penned by him he thus expresses himself in prospect of the desolateness of her situation—

“ Though silent wrapt in death's dark sleep,
 I'll neither see nor hear thee weep,
 Yet tears my nightly pillow steep
 To think thy bloom
 How care will waste, and anguish deep
 Thy peace consume.”

At the early age of thirty-three years (in 1851) he died, blasting all his hopes of fame. The peculiar circumstances and early death of the young poet impart a certain pathos to his writings. From boyhood Irving evinced a taste for poetry, which he cultivated to good purpose—excelling in particular in descriptions of scenery; while an extensive acquaintance with the classics gave him a felicity of expression and a good command of language. He showed philosophical reflection and a truthfulness of expression which enabled him to describe whatever objects came before his mind's eye with great clearness and perspicuity.

THE RISING MORN.

All red with haste, with dewy brow,
 See ! where the morn comes dancing
 O'er yonder hills, the scattered streams
 And rocky scars bright glancing.

The lark above, with warbling note,
 From heaven's blue arch is singing,
 From flowery thorn and golden broom
 The linnet's song is ringing.

The glassy rill, with silent stream,
 Down through the cresses gushes,
 The primrose springs in scented knots
 Beneath the hazel bushes.

Far glitt'ring through the grassy vale,
 The vale all white wi' daisies,
 The river rolls his wand'ring flood
 In many winding mazes.

Oh that thou wert beside me here,
 Dear friend, life's only treasure,
 How brightened *then* were every scene,
 How doubled every pleasure !

BEAUTY'S POWER.

It is not in mere beauty's power
To raise a lasting flame,
Without perfume the fairest flower
A slight regard would claim ;

The beams of beauty coldly play
Around the impassive heart,
If mind lend not its living ray
Affection to impart.

When roses from the cheek are fled,
And years thine eye o'ershade,
Thy gentle soul shall round thee shed
Those lights that never fade.

Pure as the moon, whose silver ray
Adorns the wintry night,
And warm as summer's genial ray,
Diffusing life and light.

CROWNED WITH MYRTLE.

Crowned with myrtle and with roses,
Come divine Erato, come,
Where the maid I love reposes,
No note of thy lyre be dumb.

Bid thy light and flying numbers
From those eyes of laughing light
Chase the dewy feathered slumbers,
Say that 'tis no longer night.

Tell her how the morn, to meet her,
Trippeth on the purpling lake,
And thy fav'rite lark, to greet her,
Doth his upward journey take."

Say that Spring, fair virgin beauty,
Spreads for her the rosy feast ;
And the sun, to pay her duty,
Leaves his gold towers in the east.

ALONG THE BAY.

From heaven's high porch
 Morn waves her torch
 Wi' golden streaming light,
 The waters smile
 On Arran's isle,
 Whose peaks rise dark as night.

Then come, dear maid,
 Till evening's shade,
 Returning, warn us home ;
 Along the Bay
 The summer day
 Let us delighted roam.

The fresh'ning breeze
 Sweeps o'er the seas,
 White curls the rolling deep ;
 We'll wade o'er
 Thy shelly shore,
 And climb the wave-worn steep.

Let Fortune lower,
 We'll scorn her power,
 And live one day of love ;
 For, oh, to me
 It's life wi' thee
 The livelong day to rove.



ROBERT CRAIG MACLAGAN.

DR R. Craig Maclagan, Edinburgh, son of Sir Douglas Maclagan, noticed in third series of this work, is another of the genial and gifted medical gentlemen whose clever and racy poetical productions adorn "College Lays." He is an M.D. of Edinburgh, and a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians. Dr Maclagan is not, however, now engaged in practice.

I AM A DOCTOR.

I am a doctor, as you know, sirs,
And I have made the trade to pay,
If you would like, the way I'll show, sirs,
At once without delay.
But on honour now I beg that
You'll promise me you'll never say
I stick it on, I stick it on
The little bill at Christmas day.

I got a nobby little brougham, sirs,
With which in state I sweep the street,
And then a nobby little groom, sirs,
To set upon the high box seat,
And though within a little circle
No doubt my modest practice lay,
I stick it on, etc.

My coats are always made in London,
In the most tip-top shop in town,
My shiny boots no time is spared on,
My kids a rather lightish brown,
My waistcoats washed so smooth and faultless,
My trousers Oxford mixture grey,
I stick them on, etc.

I'm most particular, of all things,
About my shirts and my white ties,
You'd ne'er believe that in such small things
The road to certain fortune lies.
And though your laundress should be greedy
And through the nose she makes you pay,
Just stick it on, etc.

.

I dote upon the little children,
And with the worst I get along,
If kind words and sweeties fail, then
I've even tried a comic song.
But if they're rough, and pull me much about
In a too "sweet and childish" way,
I stick it on, etc.

When my patients physic swallow,
 It's mostly very hot and strong,
 For sure if marked effects don't follow,
 The dose is certain to be wrong.
 But for aqua pump to certain folks
 With spiritus lavandulæ,
 I stick it on, etc.

A decent dinner invitation
 I never am known to decline,
 Unless to my intense vexation
 I am elsewhere engaged to dine.
 Then I make a ceremonious call,
 For which my patient friend must pay,
 I stick it on, etc.

Of course tobacco I don't care for,
 And snuffing is not very clean ;
 The very slightest touched with liquor
 I'm glad I never yet was seen.
 But then for all these deprivations
 There is a reckoning on the way,
 I stick them on, etc.

I try to be all things to all men,
 I try to none to give offence,
 And I always base my practice, when
 I can, on common sense.
 And so I've never found excuses fail,
 Though I'm bald and getting grey,
 To stick it on, etc.

KING SOLOMON.

King Solomon, in days of yore,
 Had many precious things in store.
 Of wisdom—which he prized the most—
 Complete possession he could boast.

And so he sought—'twas right he should—
 What is on earth the greatest good ;
 But only left this legacy
 To us, that all is vanity.

Though woman's smile enhance each joy
 Your pleasure still contains alloy,
 Who seven hundred wives had, he
 Says every thing is vanity.

Nor perfect pleasure find we can
 In wine that glads the heart of man ;
 For laughter's mad, and mirth folly,
 And both of course are vanity.

Of songs friend Sol. at least wrote one,
 Or he had not been David's son ;
 A family failing 'twas, you see,
 Since song is also vanity.

Shun sensuous joys and work the brain,
 And profit with your pleasure gain ;
 Much study makes the flesh weary,
 Says Sol., and all is vanity.



DONALD RAMSAY,

A NATIVE of Glasgow, a poet who had spent the greater part of his life in America, and who came to his native country on a visit, died shortly after landing at Liverpool. The circumstances which followed this event were very touching, and are thus recounted by Mr D. Walker Brown.

About the middle of August, 1892, Mr Ramsay, accompanied by his wife and daughter, set sail for Liverpool. Two days before gaining that port he took unwell, and when he landed on the shores of the Mersey he was conveyed to the residence of the captain of the vessel which carried him across, and with whom he was acquainted. Making no improvement, on the advice of the doctor, he was taken to a hospital, where he died on the 6th September. His wife, after completing all the arrangements for trans-shipment of the body to the other side, set sail for Boston in order to prepare for the reception of her husband's remains

when they should arrive. After her departure it was found that, owing, it is presumed, to the cholera scare existing at the time, even had the body been embalmed and cased with all necessary care (the latter precaution by this time had been taken), it would have been impossible to carry out the wishes of the widow. Word was sent her, and the intelligence came back that as the deceased had no relatives in this country, the officials of the Rosebery Burns Club, Glasgow, were to be asked to see to the interment of the remains in his native place. Needless to say, such an appeal to brother Scots on behalf of one who, while he lived, was an honorary and much interested member of their club, received every respect. The body was accordingly sent on to Glasgow by the U.S. Consul at Liverpool, and, just about two months after his death, all that remained of Donald Ramsay received the last respects of his friends, when he was laid to rest in the Southern Necropolis.

A somewhat remarkable circumstance took place just half an hour before the burial. At that hour an old employee of the late Mr Ramsay, newly arrived from Boston, called on a member of the Rosebery Burns Club, and, to his surprise, heard of his late master's death, and only reached the cemetery in time to see the coffin lowered into the grave, but with the melancholy satisfaction of having assisted at the ceremony. The late Donald Ramsay, while a youth serving his apprenticeship to the printing trade in Glasgow, wrought under the same man, who, in later years—such are the ups and downs of life—became a servant of his old apprentice.

Mr Donald Ramsay, says Mr John D. Ross in his "Scottish Poets in America," was a native of Glasgow, having been born in that city on March 12th, 1848. His father, Donald Ramsay, was a native of Islay, and

his mother, Flora Cameron, of Morvern, Argyleshire. His father served as a ploughman in his early years, but on settling in Glasgow he had to content himself with an inferior position in life, yet, strange as it may seem, managed to bring up his young family on a salary of fifteen shillings a week. The son's earliest recollections were of Glasgow Green and the buttercups and gowans which he was wont to gather there.

Mr Ramsay's school days began in his seventh year, and terminated ere he had reached the age of ten, when he started as the boy-of-all-work in the establishment of J. W. Robertson, & Co., valentine manufacturers, and in this way became a printer. Then, as now, there were numerous second-hand book shops in Glasgow, and he, by and bye, became a regular frequenter of them. It was seldom he had means to purchase such books as he took a fancy for, but he sometimes picked up a cheap copy of Shenstone, or Thomson, or Prior, and in this way soon became possessed of a good collection of standard works. It was also during this period of his life that he began to court the muses, and he frequently sent a song or short poem to the *Penny Post*, then in existence as a weekly in Glasgow. Like many a dabbler in literary wares he used to say, "My happiest days were those in which I waited in anticipation of seeing my lines in the 'Poets Corner.' I was afraid to have my name appear, and signed myself 'Clutha' so that my companions could not tease me, and I had all the pleasure to myself." In 1866 Mr Ramsay went to Dublin, thence to Liverpool, working in each place for some time at his trade. In 1868 he concluded to try his fortune in the new world, and so set sail for New York. After landing in New York he proceeded to Boston, where he remained till he took his last unfortunate trip to the old country. Mr Ramsay was

senior partner in the Heliotype Printing Company, Boston. When he died he was vice-President of the Scots Charitable Society, Boston, in which association he had always taken a deep interest.

We give some poems from the pen of the late Mr Ramsay. The first is a genuine outburst of love from the heart of one of Scotia's sons, whose deepest feelings are stirred by the Auld Scotch Sangs and the memories which they bring. "Love's Whisper" the reader will find to be a genuine love lyric, handled with the deftness and delicacy of true art.

JEANNIE BELL.

Fair Jeannie Bell ! a sweet braw lass was she,
As ever stept upon the fresh green grass ;
A happy innocence sparkled in her e'e,
An' her sweet voice nae birdie's could surpass.

At early morning on the dewy gowan lea,
When scent o' hawthorn filled the balmy air,
An' happy warblers sang frae ilka tree,
I aft did sit and wait for Jeannie there.

The bark o' Rover told me o' her comin',
An' owre the brae like morning sun she cam',
Wi' some sweet tune she felt a joy in hummin',
An' at her feet a snaw-white wee pet lamb.

I felt the glamour o' her witchin' glance ;
She smiled and passed, but did not speak to me,
For I was shy, and only looked askance,—
Happy to meet her on the gowan lea.

*O, Thou ! Who dwellest beyond earth and air,
To whose great law subservient are all powers ;
I thank thee that I've seen a form so fair,
So angel-like, upon this earth of ours.*

The summer passed, the flowers a' bloomed and died,
The blast o' winter shook the leafless tree,
I wandered pensively by flowing Clyde,
But bonnie Jeannie I couldna' see,

I longed to see the sweet return o' Spring,
 The pleasing sunshine an' the fresh green grass,
 Frae ilka tree to hear the birds a' sing,
 But mair than a', to see my bonnie lass.

My hopes were crushed, for soon the tidings spread,
 My Jeannie faded, died, and was nae mair ;
 I couldna greet, I only bowed my head,
 An' turned awa, wi' something like despair.

Wi' sad, sad hearts they laid her in the clay,
 An' lingered lang till gloamin' shadows fell ;
 Wi' lanesome hearts they hameward bent their way,
 Nae mair to see their bonnie Jeannie Bell.

When a' were gane I stood beside the mound,
 Forget that kirkyaird scene I never can ;
 I bowed my head in sorrow to the ground,
 A true tear ne'er fell frae cheek o' man.

POEM.

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE DAVID KENNEDY, THE FAMOUS
 EXPONENT OF SCOTTISH SONG AND STORY.

The " Auld Scotch Sangs," I lo'e them weel,
 Sae tender and sae real, man,
 They touch oor heart an' mak' us feel
 As only Scots can feel, man ;
 They wauken thochts o' ither days,
 An' scenes oor childhood saw, man,
 Again we wander ower the braes
 In Scotland far awa, man.

Again by Clyde's sweet banks sae green,
 Or thro' the silent grove, man,
 At gloamin', wi' some bonnie Jean,
 In memory we rove, man ;
 An' then their witty sparks o' fire
 Oor very souls they raise, man,
 Frae Life's puir diggin' in the mire,
 To sweeter, brighter days, man.

THE DAISY.

Last night, while holding converse with a friend,
 A man of rare intelligence and worth,
 He beckoned me aside, and smiling, said :
 " I'll show you something which perhaps you know.
 He then produced a volume, pocket-worn,
 And, opening it, displayed between the leaves
 A wee red-tipped daisy culled afar,
 In classic field in Scotland. What was it
 That made him prize this little foreign flower ?

A hundred years ago the ploughman, Burns,
 Laid waste a little daisy in the earth ;
 But there arose from out the poet's soul
 A sympathetic prayer—showing the bigness
 Of a human heart that sympathised
 Even with a modest daisy crimson-tipped.
 And so we hold the little flower up,
 And look at one of God's wee instruments
 That touch the chords of tenderness in man,
 And make us feel that we are mortal all.

LOVE'S WHISPER.

Somebody whispered to me yestreen,
 Somebody whispered to me ;
 And my heart gaed a flutter, and flew away clean
 As somebody whispered to me,
 And the rose that I fand in my tangled hair
 Was a token o' love I ween.

An airm gaed roun' my waist yestreen,
 An airm sae strong an true ;
 An' I laid my heid on his breast yestreen,
 For, what could a puir thing do ?
 An' my heart is his forever mair,
 An' naething will come between



ARCHIBALD CAMERON,

AUTHOR of several small collections of poems, including "An Invalid's Pastime," "Musings in an Infirmary Ward," &c., (London: Wyman & Sons, 1878,) is a native of Edinburgh. He died in the Infirmary, Dartmouth, in 1887, after having been an inmate of that Institution for about three years. Replying to our enquiries, the steward, Mr F. Croager, kindly informed us that the subject of our sketch was received under his care from the workhouse. He was described as a clerk, and was employed in that capacity by a firm of builders in the Parish of St. Pancras. The Rev. J. M. Macduff, LL.D., author of "Memories of Bethany," and many other popular works, who was very kind to him, and with whom Cameron had a good deal of correspondence, informed us that he was a very poor patient, constantly confined to bed, but most happy and contented, "amusing himself with his versifications." In the preface to his "Pastime," our poet informs the reader of the volume that "The effusions were composed to wile away the tedious hours consequent on long confinement to a sick room and sick ward. Bedridden and permanently disabled by rheumatism, the use of each limb gone, except the partial use of the right hand, lying on his back in bed, in a rigid state, with no prospect of a change—only the change that will come by death—the author, under these circumstances, ventures before the public, not in the character of one aspiring to fame, but with the less noble aspiration of deriving, if possible, some small pecuniary benefit for his labours. The volume may, perhaps, resemble a small flower-garden, where weeds predominate, and where the

Scotlan-l's no' a beggin' nation,
 Nor easily scared by tribulation ;
 She'll work her e'en oot for her ration
 O' daily bread ;
 It ne'er was for her the fashion
 To droop her head.

But when sad pain's remorseless whip
 Is lashing her ower heels an' hip,
 When she can win nor bit, nor sip,
 That awfu' plight,
 When sickness has her in his grip,
 An' hauds her tight ;

Tis then auld Scotia droops her head,
 An' mourns her independence fled ;
 'Tis then for thee my prayers are said
 At midnight's gloom ;
 My parritch-pot without thy aid
 Wad aft be toom.

May gowden showers on thee fa',
 Great Scottish Corporation Ha',
 An' may thy patrons ane an' a',
 An' ilka ane
 That hae to do wi' thee ava
 Be kept frae pain.

KISS AND MAKE IT UP AGAIN.

Kiss and make it up again,
 What's the use of strife?
 Angry words give birth to pain
 And help to shorten life ;
 Cheerfully, then, smile and make
 Happiness your own :
 Misery follows in the wake
 Of a sullen frown.

The poisoned shaft which malice throws,
 Impelled by foul abuse,
 Has the effect of wounding those
 Who most employ its use ;
 Whereas, the cheering word that's kind,
 Impelled by sympathy,
 Is the reflection of a mind
 Akin to purity.

Oft enmity, 'tis sad to tell,
 Usurps the social throne,
 Where love and virtue ought to dwell,
 And reign supreme alone ;
 A cross word or unmeant abuse,
 When anger holds the sway,
 Should not be made a mere excuse
 For strife from day to day.

The little tender god of love,
 The sweetener of life,
 Hath never yet been known to move
 In company with strife.
 Kiss and make it up again,
 Your lives in love employ ;
 A pound of malice will not gain
 One single ounce of joy.

A PLEA FOR PUSSY

I do not soar to giddy heights
 To flatter prince or king ;
 My theme is one of low degree,
 In Pussy's cause I sing :

The sleek, fur-coated forager,
 Sly tenant of the hearth,
 A target for mischevous youth,
 Fond cause of childish mirth.

What slanders, libels, cuffs and kicks
 Thick on her shoulders fall,
 Things broken, stolen, or mislaid—
 Grimalkin's blamed for all.

Her stomach must be wonderful,
 Such various things to gorge ;
 Tarts, jewels, jams, and crockery
 Are all laid to her charge.

She sometimes scratches, and is oft
 Engaged in fierce combats ;
 Yet I've heard of scratches given
 By other things than cats.

'Tis just because she is a cat
 She cannot understand,
 The reason she one minute bites,
 The next one licks your hand.

Instinct, not reason, is her guide,
 Though oftentimes we see
 The case reversed—see reason err,
 And man the brute, not she.

Ill-use her as you will, she shows
 No resentment strong;
 Next minute she is on your lap,
 Purring out her song:

Now cleansing paws, her toilet makes,
 Now left ear, now the right,
 Now with her tongue her velvet dress
 She smooths with all her might.

Her company I'm sure you'll own
 Repays a little care,
 The fireside picture's incomplete
 If tabby is not there.

With feline as with humankind,
 Kindness is the power
 That softens passion, kindles love—
 Let this be Pussy's dower.



JAMES MATHER,

AUTHOR of a volume of poems, of which it was said by one of its critics that it is a book calculated to make the reader "in love with life and one with nature," was born in 1839 in the Carrat, a sheep farm in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire. The house stood on a feeder of the Cart, that rises from a moorland ridge north from Drumellog and Loudon Hill, and east from Lochgoin and Ballageich. When the subject of our sketch was about six years of age, the family removed to Bonnytonmoor, a farm on the north side of the parish. This farm adjoins, on the east side, the farm of Moorhouse, where Robert

Pollock, author of "The Course of Time," was born. Pollock composed a portion of his immortal poem in the dry year (1826) on the heathy heights and braes of Bonnytonmoor, in full view of "Scotia's northern battlements of hills."

After attending the Mearns school, and working a summer or two on the farm, our poet went to the High School, Glasgow, and studied Latin for a year. Therafter he attended the Art Classes in Glasgow University, and the Theological Classes in the Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh. Mr Mather was licensed to preach by the Glasgow Presbytery, was called to Langbank, and ordained there by the Paisley and Greenock Presbytery in 1867. After nearly fifteen years' ministry there, he demitted the charge, and rested for a time. Resuming work, he was called to Dalry, Galloway, and was inducted there into his present charge by the Dumfries Presbytery in 1885.

Mr Mather's volume—"Poems," published in 1892 by Mr Alexander Gardner, Paisley—shows that he has cultivated the muse to good purpose, that he has read deeply, has travelled much, and been a keen observer. It has been said of him that he "possesses a well-stored mind and the power of appreciating Nature's beauties, and taking a deep interest in historic incident and legendary lore. Like most Scotsmen—certainly all Scotsmen who aspire to write verse—Mr Mather is a patriot, and whether his theme be Scottish scenery, or the heroes who did so much to make Scotland what she now is, it is everywhere apparent that he writes *con amore*. It would be incorrect, however, to suppose that his sympathies with Nature are bounded by the Shetland Isles and the Cheviots. His muse is wider in her flights, and the variety of subjects treated stimulates the interest

of the reader." To this we might add that on whatever subject Mr Mather writes he ever shows the touch of true experience, a clear and deep insight, independent utterance, and facility of expression. Above all, he is clearly a genuine lover and a loving observer of Nature.

THE RAVEN.

A raven sat upon a tree,
He croaked and croaked, Remember,
And as he croaked he looked at me
As gloomy as November.

Says I, My bird, what meanest thou
To hasten on the shadow?
I would enjoy day's kindly glow,
And s'rayed through life's green meadow.

Why speakest thou of bygone years
That night has overtaken?
For man sufficient sorrow bears,
Though none the past may waken!

And then he shook his dusky wings,
And croaked out his remembers,
Till sprang anew the vanished springs,
And flamed the dying embers.

"My kingdom is the mighty past,
To me all powers surrender,
For after summer comes at last
The darkness of November."

The budding tree bids thee begone,
I hear the mavis singing,
The lark is soaring up alone,
With joy the welkin's ringing.

The raven shook his wings, and flew
Athwart the face of morning,
Until he vanished in the blue,
Still croaking forth his warning.

MONT BLANC.

Farewell ! thou royal mount, whose lonely reign
 I shared awhile in mid-day light and cloud,
 For thee the dawn first wakes, and on thy head
 Pours light as ointment pure, fit for thy state ;
 And after day has left the world beneath,
 A heavenly glory that consumeth not
 Glows on thy snowy robe like heath on fire,
 Whose ruddy sheen keeps gloomy night at bay.

Thy state is changeless all throughout the year,
 No cuckoo voice reminds thee of the spring,
 No flowers appear upon thy frozen breast,
 Nor well-springs warble music in thine ear.

The shroud of death arrays thy awful form,
 Thou giant warrior of the mountain land,
 Overtaken by the snow-drift of old time,
 That frozen round thee hath become a grave,
 Wherein thou standest, still alive at heart
 While death's cold arms and strong close round thy ribs
 But though the snows of death come down on thee,
 And turn to iron plates from year to year,
 As if they would enclose thee firm and fast
 Within the gates of an eternal prison.
 With calm enduring strength thou bid'st thy time,
 In hope that as the ages wear away
 The ice and snow will melt from off thy form,
 And death be gone, while mists that Eden knew .
 Rise up, and with the sunshine weave for thee
 The robe of life that blooms on Scotia's hills.

Now cheer thee with the voice of waters strong,
 Born of the icy death that holds thee fast,
 And with the thunder of the dreadful avalanche
 Strike thou the hours that speed thy day of jubilee.

Thy winter time is long, but thou hast strength,
 So fare thee well ! to summer I return,
 For it is brief and coming winter long.
 But if our inward life like thine be true,
 Nursed by the springs of love in Christ the Lord,
 We may not fear the icy shroud of death,
 Nor snow-drift of the ages wreathing round,
 But bide our time, assured of the day
 When all the might of death shall broken be,
 And o'er the ruins of his dismal home
 Shall immortality arise and sing, an angel fair,
 Like morn in May above the ruins of the night.

A SUMMER DAY.

The sun shone clear upon the hill,
The bee sucked heather bloom,
The air upon the bent was still,
Nor waved the bush of broom.

The streamlet hurried down the brae,
As if a race to win ;
From rock to rock in showers of spray
It fell into the linn.

In dimples of the mountain lay
The panting herds of deer,
The sheep o'er hills afar did stray,
By crags and lonely mere.

On silken wing the butterfly
Flew softly, in the light,
Rejoicing 'neath the azure sky,
With exquisite delight.

Across the warm and sultry sky
There came a troubled cloud,
Mid gleams of fire it floated high,
And shook with thunders loud.

Upon a north wind swift and cold,
It to the south did run,
And with the face of darkness bold
Came up before the sun.

The fields grew dark, the echoes woke
From sleep in many a hill,
Earth shook with every thunder stroke,
And trembling ran each rill.

Down came the rain upon the woods,
Where crouched the timid deer,
While on the moors the rushing floods
Swept past the sheepfolds near.

The storm blew past, and shining clear
The sun came forth again,
And beamed on mount and moorland mere,
Like pleasure after pain.

The rain-drops on the bended grass
 Like sprinkled silver lay,
 A wind across the fields did pass,
 And shook the drooping hay.

The sheep spread far upon the braes,
 To crop the freshened blade,
 And singing birds resumed their lays
 Within the woodland shade.

The sun sped onward to the west,
 O'er hills and bowers of glee,
 And in a cloud of glory drest
 He plunged into the sea.

A CHILD'S FANCY.

In thought I often walk the hills
 That crown my native spot,
 Where youthful visions floating o'er
 Endeared my childhood's lot.

And where the shepherd oft was seen
 Within his plaid to fold
 The tender lambs, benumbed by frost,
 And March winds biting cold.

Then as the sun's glad beams did fall
 Upon the nearest height,
 I looked with fond and wistful eyes
 Upon that stream of light.

I longed to wander to yon land,
 Whose mountains stood afar
 Into the light of morn and eve,
 The sunshine and the star ;

And thought my feeble limbs could tread
 The valley and the hill,
 And through the gates of glory pass
 Down with the sun at will,

Into the mystic radiance
 Beyond the burnished cloud,
 And down into the pearl depths
 That sleep when winds are loud.

JOHN CAMERON GRANT,

WHO is a direct descendant of several powerful Highland chiefs, was born near Clive's old fortress of Cuddalore, in Southern India, in the year 1857, when our Eastern Empire was sorely shaken by the mutiny. He is the eldest son of Patrick Grant, Esq., late of the Indian Civil Service, third son of James Murray Grant, Esq., of Glenmoriston and Moy, by Elizabeth, second daughter of Donald Charles Cameron, Esq., of Barcaldine and Fox Hall. To any Scotchman, or, perhaps, we should rather say, to any Highlander, it is almost needless to particularise upon a genealogy which includes, among others, in direct descent the chiefs and representatives of Clans Cameron, Matheson, Fraser, and Grant. At an early age Mr Grant left India, and after spending his childhood in the Highlands, he was educated at Rugby, Cheltenham, and Christ Church, Oxford—spending much of his vacation every year in Scotland. From the University he proceeded to India, and after nearly two years passed there, he returned to England. Mr Grant has since spent an active and varied life in different quarters of the globe, and has visited not a few of its less frequented corners. He has been connected, from their inception, with one or two extensive engineering and industrial works abroad; has had to control large bodies of rough men; and if experience counts for anything, he should be an authority on South American Republics, Revolutions, and "Lawless Law."

Mr Grant's poetry is marked by a very wide variety and range of subjects, and in description he has probably few rivals. His phrasing of those cosmic

perceptions that come to all of us, is so vividly picturesque that the veriest commonplaces of natural beauty are presented to us as novel. His genius is essentially suited to the lyrical method, and no one who has read any of his works can fail to see in him a poet of marked lyric gifts, added to which he has decided imaginative power, and great literary facility. "Mr Grant's muse," says one distinguished critic, "is capable of no mean flight, his mastery of the most complex forms of verse is easy and complete, and the strength of his imagination is balanced by the breadth of his sympathy." To sum up the utterances of a host of critics, in the words of a well-known writer in one of the chief literary reviews of the day commenting on Mr Grant's earlier works: "By his wealth of language, by his truthfulness, by his passionate interest in the human, by his indignation against national wrongs and private selfishness, by his religiousness—by all these sure and burning signs, Mr Grant bids fair to be a great poet."

Mr Grant is an extremely rapid thinker and writer, and this, rather than want of thought, has now and again brought him under the critics' censure for occasional looseness of style. In the last ten years he has produced no less than seven volumes, including, "Songs from the Sunny South," 1882; "A Year of Life, the Price of the Bishop and other Poems," 1883; "Prairie Pictures," 1884; "Bits of Brazil," 1885; "Vauclin and other Verses," 1887; "New Verse in Old Vesture," 1889; "Poems in Petroleum," 1892. Mr Grant's first work, "Songs from the Sunny South," appeared in 1882, though we understand that most of the poems in it were written before the author was twenty-one.

GOOD IN GRIME:

[From "Purely Personal—and Fragmentary."]

Whirls the spindle, pounds the hammer; both are God's, the force and skill.—

I, who love the forge and factory, love the forest and the hill.
 Few know Nature more than I do : somewhat too I know of toil—
 As in moonlight on the waters there is poetry in "oil."
 But a poet only sees it in them both, the greater part
 Think a sensuous supervision the true insight of the heart.
 In the crankshaft and the piston we can follow Nature's laws,
 See the God that tints the daisy, prompts the lion when he roars,
 And the welded steel and rivet have their true poetic worth
 Full as much as have the lilies or the fairest flowers of earth.
 From the workshop to the forest from the forest to the mart
 I have passed with equal reverence, everywhere have had my part.

Think what men have said about you in your praise or your dispraise.—

Utter not a fact offensive. You'll regret it all your days.
 Feel the truth boil up within you, but, remember, if it boil
 Part of what is froth and fancy may o'erflow, and spill and spoil
 Something that might pass for pleasant, therefore let your truth
 be just
 Something that is not a falsehood but secure from slash or thrust

That mysterious antiseptic we call life should be so strong
 Tingling thro your veins and fibres, carrying with its stream
 along

That which I may term your manhood, that yourself should only know

What is great, or good, or glorious ; nothing little, mean, or low.
 If you kill, kill largely : loving, love as largely : if you hate,
 Let it be the hate of Heroes, not the spite of low estate.
 Low estate mark you of mental place not earthly, that is naught,
 I am talking here of something more than what is sold or bought.
 O be great at least in feeling, not parochial, bound or small :
 Feel that all men are your brothers, but remember that withal
 Bitterer brother fights with brother ; still with this redeeming
 trait

That which works the war is madness not a low malicious hate.

Let the railway curves go sweeping round the scaur and slope and hill—

Lovlier looks to me the valley that the long embankments fill
 With the true steel path of friendship, pledge of peace that never
 fails

Where the fish-plates link like lyrics the long epic of the rails ;
 And the wires that stretch above them wake the silence of the
 wind,
 Singing the eternal strophies of the progress of mankind !

Happy land where factory chimneys spring like palms into the
 air,
 And the shuttle swift and spindle twinkle to the furnace glare !
 Happy land whose hundred factories promise plenty, work, and
 peace !
 Every pound of woollen woven makes the more the flocks
 increase :
 And for all the inky waters, dyes, and refuse, grimy black,
 Be you sure that merrier dances some stream's crystal further
 back.

Nay ! I see them run together : that dark Jordan washes free
 From our pinched and starving fellows the dark dread of penury.
 You the Leper from Damascus ! You, who scorn us, you will yet
 Have to enter the black river, learn the use of toil and sweat
 Is a crown of honest glory, and what you call dank and foul
 Draws its darkness from the imperfect vision of the human owl !

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SONG.

I see thee in the sunlight,
 I feel thee in the flowers,
 O Love, who art my one light,
 My dayspring thro' the showers.
 In every dimpled wavelet
 That dances round the Bay
 Your smile shows still, as it ever will,
 Like a dream of yesterday—
 Like a dream of yesterday, my Love,
 Like a dream of yesterday !

In dusk of darker feeling
 When all the world looks black,
 Its silver light revealing
 Your memory cheers the track ;
 And, soft the night winds whisper,
 Let come the worst that may,
 One smile shall be for a joy to thee
 Like a dream of yesterday.
 Like a dream of yesterday, my Love,
 Like a dream of yesterday !

Tho' parted now, forgetting
 The miles betwixt us twain,
 Each sun at evening setting
 Tells we shall meet again ;
 And tho', my Love, hereafter
 Joy more than heart can say,
 Now heart grows glad in the joy we had
 Like a dream of yesterday.
 Like a dream of yesterday, my Love,
 Like a dream of yesterday.

BALLADE: OF LOVE FOUND.

Far away in a world of wonder
 In a wonderful world I found my Sweet,
 The skies above us were blue, and under
 The wonderful seas were blue at our feet ;
 O what a world for lovers to greet,
 O what a spot where Love might be,
 Full of the sweetest of sweet and fleet
 Blue as the skies are and deep as the sea !

Along the shore was the low-heard thunder
 Of passionate waves that broke and beat
 Against the rocks that kept them asunder,
 Held them apart that they should not meet,
 Drove them back in a wild defeat :—
 Ah Love, ah Love, how yon looked on me,
 Your dear eyes, full of a calm complete,
 Blue as the skies are and deep as the sea !

The noonday stilled in the sound that stunned her
 Drowsy and drowned in the midsummer heat,
 Waited the evening breeze to refund her
 With health and strength on the sun's retreat ;
 Away to the westward pleat on pleat
 The soft clouds hung there, where visibly
 Love's eyes smiled down on his favourite seat
 Blue as the skies are and deep as the sea !

Envoi.

We lay looking over the wind-blown wheat
 In a wonderful dream of the great *to be*,
 And the Future of sapphire and soundless sheet
 Blue as the skies are and deep as the sea !

UNDERTONES.

In some strange corner of ourselves
 Stands a still harp with silent string,
 Till touched by those forgotten Elves
 That Memory has at call to bring
 And keep the cords revibrating
 To some old strain she used to sing.

So when I heard the wild bird's note
 My heart has answered, like a chord
 That trembles from some organ's throat
 Against the quivering sounding board,
 That shakes with the same air waves broad
 As those on which the music soared.

For lights, and leaves, and fields, and flowers,
 Keep each their several influence,
 And, after all the passing hours,
 Recall at will that subtle sense
 That some deem passed for ever hence,
 No more of present consequence.

Ah, we are stored beyond the thought
 Of any man with dim Unknowns ;
 And little need it should be taught
 How we are ruled by undertones,
 The shape two clouds may take—or cones,
 The scattered order of the stones !

No doubt 'tis floods that scar, and tear,
 But two sticks whirling in the flood
 Will catch our whole thought ; centre there,
 By laws that none have understood,
 Some subtle sympathy, and feel
 For thought that makes for ill, or good.

The Past has left such clear impress,
 Has made so deep its signet burn
 Upon our brain, that all the dress
 Of this world's flesh, with sudden spurn
 Casts off what nightier seems, to turn
 To that which nothing can unlearn.

'Tis a wide subject—permanence—
 A final permanence, I see,
 Resultant as the perfect tense
 The under world speaks ; deathlessly
 A final character must be
 The part of all, who yet are free,

Repeated wrong impairs the Soul,
 Whose Soul is dulled repeated acts
 To evil part : e'en bird songs roll,
 Half automatic, cataracts
 Against the brain—What prior pacts
 Were made, who knows? But these are facts!

It needs but that the bow be drawn
 Across our strings to raise replies—
 In some far section of the dawn
 Was acted out, what now doth rise
 And bound across the gulf that lies
 Between, claims kin and brings surmise.

I cannot master it, or make
 The meaning clear I would express—
 But there is something bids one shake
 Before the Dim—We can but guess
 The infinite thoughts our lives compress
 Behind a note, or poppy's dress!

BALLADE : OF THE SONG OF THE SEA.

I lay by the soft salt sedges
 To list to the song of the sea
 As she broke on the barren ledges
 That harrier Orkadie,
 Far Isles yet dear to me ;
 And I heard in her waves that were flinging
 Themselves down furiously
 Forever surging and swinging
 The song of eternity.

Out there where the rude rock wedges
 Its rough arm sturdily
 Into the main, and edges
 The breakers that smite it and flee
 With foam, that to ebony
 And iron cliffs is clinging,
 Like wool by its storm scared knee,
 I marked thro' the spray's salt stinging
 The song of eternity.

Here where her giant sledges
 Thrash the shore thundrously,
 Till she drags down the sand and dredges
 It back from the depths, set free,
 And, surging passionately,

To the bay's bare bosom bringing
 Again the spoils that she
 Bore off, I can tell upwinging
 The song of eternity.

Envoi.

Man ! hast thou marked her singing ?
 Altho of the earth she be,
 Herself hath a soul like thee,
 From her lips she is ever ringing
 The song of eternity.

SUFFICETH.

It is enough, it is enough to love !
 I ask no more :—I ask no more of thee—
 As the bay's bosom takes the tired sea
 So take thou me.
 It is enough to love.

It is enough, it is enough to love !
 I ask no more :—I ask no more at all—
 As clings the creeper to the palm tree tall
 Cling thou thro all.
 It is enough to love.

It is enough, it is enough to love !
 I ask no more, not with my latest breath,
 Save that the angel who shall bring us death
 Not sundereth.
 It is enough to love.

It is enough, it is enough to love !
 My Own, my Darling whom I may not name
 For that sweet shamefulness that is not shame,
 And makes exclaim—
 It is enough, to love.



A. CONAN DOYLE,

ONE of the most popular of our present-day writers, and the highly gifted and genial author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," was born in Edinburgh in 1859. He comes of a family of artists—his father being distinguished in art circles. His grandfather, John Doyle, was the celebrated "H.B.," whose pictorial political skits came out for a period of over thirty years without the secret of his identity leaking out. A number of these, which the Government purchased for £1000, are now in the British Museum. It might also be stated that one of Dr Doyle's uncles designed the familiar cover of *Punch*. At the age of nine Conan Doyle went to Stonyhurst, Lancashire, where he edited a school magazine, in which he wrote the poetry. After remaining there seven years, he went to Germany. Here (there being a few English boys at this particular school) a second magazine made its appearance; but its opinions were too outspoken, and its publication prohibited. At seventeen, Dr Doyle returned to Scotland, and began to study medicine in Edinburgh. Two years later his first real literary attempt—a story entitled "The Mystery of the Sassassa Valley"—appeared in *Chambers' Journal*. For these, and the following details, we are indebted to one of the bright and chatty "Interviews," by Mr Harry How, in the *Strand Magazine*.

"I remained a student until one-and-twenty," said Dr Doyle in the interview referred to, "medicine in the day, sometimes a little writing at night. Just at this time an opportunity occurred for me to go to the Arctic Seas in a whaler. I determined to go, putting

off passing my exams. for a year. What a climate it is in those regions ! We don't understand it here. I don't mean its coldness—I refer to its sanitary properties. I believe, in years to come, it will be the world's sanatorium. Here, thousands of miles from the smoke, where the air is the finest in the world, the invalid and weakly ones will go when all other places have failed to give them the air they want, and revive and live again under the marvellous invigorating properties of the Arctic atmosphere."

On his return, Dr Doyle went back to medicine in Edinburgh again ; and there he met the man who suggested "Sherlock Holmes" to him—Mr Joseph Bell, M.D., in whose ward the subject of our sketch was clerk, his duties being to note down all the patients to be seen, and muster them together. Dr Bell's intuitive powers were simply marvellous ; and our poet says, "when I took my degree and went to Africa, the remarkable individuality and discriminating tact of my old master made a deep and lasting impression on me, though I had not the faintest idea that it would one day lead me to forsake medicine for story writing."

In 1882, says Mr How, "Dr Doyle started practising in Southsea, where he continued for eight years. By degrees literature took his attention from the preparation of prescriptions. In his spare time he wrote some fifty or sixty stories for many of the best magazines, during these eight years before his name became really well known. A small selection of these tales has been published since, and has passed through some four editions." Other remarkably successful works followed, but it was the publication of "The Sign of Four," which first brought the names of Dr Conan Doyle and "Sherlock Holmes" prominently before the reading public, which soon began to show

great interest in these clever and startling detective sketches, eagerly waiting for every new mystery which the famous detective undertook to solve. "A clever fellow," says Mr How; "a cool, calculating fellow, this Holmes. He could see the clue to a murder in a ball of worsted, and certain conviction in a saucer of milk. The little things we regarded as nothings were all and everything to Holmes. He was an artful fellow, too; and though he knew 'all about it' from the first, he ingeniously contrived to hold his secret until we got to the very last line in the story. There never was a man who propounded a criminal conundrum and gave us so many guesses until we 'gave it up' as Sherlock Holmes." But Dr Doyle did not confine himself to this branch of literature. He determined to test his own powers to the utmost, and devoted two years to the study of fourteenth-century life in England—Edward III's reign. The result of this was the appearance of "The White Company," which has already gone through several editions.

Dr Doyle now made up his mind to abandon his practice at Southsea, go to London, and start as an eye specialist—a branch of the profession of which he was particularly fond. With this view he studied at Paris and Vienna, and, whilst in the latter city, he wrote "The Doings of Raffle Haws. On his return to London he had just taken rooms and started practice, when orders for stories began to come in. At the end of three months he forsook medicine altogether, and became a regular contributor to the pages of various leading magazines, particularly "The Strand." We are enabled, by the kind permission of Dr Doyle, to give the following melodious poems, which his numerous admirers will be pleased to see here:—

THE SONG OF THE BOW.

What of the bow?
The bow was made in England
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows.
So men who are free
Love the old yew tree,
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?
The cord was made in England.
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love.
So we'll drain our jacks
To the English flax
And the land where the hemp was wove.

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England.
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed, and trim, and true,
So we'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather,
And the land where the gray goose flew.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England.
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you, and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell.

THE STORMING PARTY.

Said Paul Leroy to Barrow
"Though the breach is steep and narrow,
If we only gain the summit,
Then its odds we hold the fort.
You have ten and I have twenty,
And the thirty should be plenty,
With Nicholson and Henty
And M'Dermott in support."

Said Barrow to Leroy
"It's a solid job, my boy,
For they've trenched it and they've fenced it,
And they've bored it with a mine—
But it's only fifty paces
Ere we look them in the faces,
And the men are in their places,
With their toes upon the line."

Said Paul Leroy to Barrow
"See the sun's ray like an arrow,
How it tinges all the fringes
Of the heavy drifting skies.
I am ordered to begin it
At five thirty to the minute,
And at thirty one I'm in it,
Or my junior gets his rise.

So we'll wait the signal rocket,
And—Barrow, what's that locket?
That turquoise-studded locket,
Which you slipped from out your pocket
And are pressing with a kiss.
Turquoise-studded, spiral-twisted,
Ah, 'tis it! And I have missed it
From her chain, and you have kissed it,
Barrow, villain, what is this?"

"Leroy, I had a warning
That my time has come this morning,
So I speak with frankness, scorning
That my last breath should be false.
Yes, 'tis her's, this golden trinket,
Little turquoise-studded trinket,
She never gave it, do not think it,
For I stole it in a walse.

As we danced I gently drew it
From the chain, she never knew it.
But I love her, yes I love her,
I am candid, I confess.
But I never breathed it, never,
For I knew 'twas vain endeavour,
For she loved you, loved you ever,
Would to God she loved you less."

"Barrow, Barrow, you shall pay me,
Me, your comrade! to betray me!
Well I know that little Amy,

Is as true as wife can be.
 She to give a man a locket !
 She would rather—Ha, the rocket !
 Hli, M'Dougall, sound the bugle,
 Yorkshires, Yorkshires, follow me !"

Said Paul Leroy to Amy,
 " Well, wifie, you may blame me,
 But my temper overcame me,
 When he told me of h's shame.
 But when I saw him lying
 Dead amid a ring of dying,
 Why, poor devil, I was trying
 To forget and not to blame.

And the locket, I unclasped it
 From the fingers that still grasped it.
 He told me how he got it,
 How he stole it in a walse."
 And she listened, leaden-hearted,
 Oh, the weary day they parted.
 For she loved him, ah, she loved him !
 For his youth and for his truth,
 And for those dying words so false.



ALEXANDER S. PATTERSON, D.D.,

AUTHOR of several theological works and "Poems and Sonnets," "Poets and Preachers," "Sketches in Verse," "Hymns and Other Verses," &c., was born at Alnwick in 1805. His father was Robert Patterson of Croft House, Northumberland, and his elder brother, John, was at one time minister of Falkirk. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, where he was beloved and distinguished in a circle of young men, who, through intellectual abilities and consecration to their Master's service, took an important place in the Church of Scotland. These included Principal

Cunningham, the three Bonars, and others. He was ordained to a charge at Whitehaven in 1837, and two years afterwards he was translated to the then newly erected *quoad sacra* parish of Hutchesontown, in which he continued to labour ever after, without any change other than that which was involved in the Disruption. Deeply attached as Dr Patterson was to the Church of Scotland, he was saved from any temptation to narrowness, not only by his genial and truly catholic disposition, but also by his relationship, on his mother's side, to the venerable John Brown of Haddington, and the many worthies of his family in the Secession. From his "Memoir," by the Rev. George Philip, M.A., Edinburgh, with selections from his unpublished writings, by the Rev. John Bonar, D.D., Greenock (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 1886), we learn that Dr Patterson was a man of a loving and simple nature. He had a fine poetic temperament, and had also a decided taste for history and antiquities, and a love of classical learning, all which led him into a wide range of reading. His acquaintance with English literature was also extensive. But his tastes and pursuits were kept in subjection to his life-work. His preaching had ever in it a rich vein of Gospel truth, whilst this truth was often clothed in poetical language, and always in elegant and tasteful forms. Whilst thus distinguished for ripe scholarship and theological attainments, so that not a few of his brethren desired to see him appointed by the Church to a Professor's chair, he was at the same time, so long as strength and health permitted, most assiduous in the discharge of the duties of the pastoral office. His influence in private was very happy; and accordingly the sacrifices which he made, in common with his brethren at the Disruption, called forth corresponding efforts on the part of his attached people, in whose hearts he was content to dwell, without seeking any more prominent

place in the Church and in society than that which could not fail to be accorded to his abilities, and his many gracious and endearing qualities. He ever took a warm interest in the young, as well as in the welfare and progress of students, and at his death this was manifested by large gifts of books to the Library of the Free Church College, and by a bequest of £200 to be expended in the encouragement and promotion among them of "theological training, intelligent and practical Biblical exposition, and effective reading of Scripture." At a ripe old age he gently fell asleep on January 28th, 1885, his death having been not very long preceded by that of a beloved sister, who was the companion of his life.

MOUNTAIN HYMN.

Lord of the mountain and the plain,
And all the various scenes of earth,
Thy glories here around us reign,
And guard my own familiar hearth.

What though the chariots of the Storm
Are oft across these mountains driven?
Do they not God's behests perform?
Bear they not messages from Heaven

I early "take the morning's wings,"
My matins with the Sun to pay;
And join the song which Evening sings
To Him who leads her on her way.

Great worshippers and undefiled
With whom to raise my songs and prayers!
Yet trusts, O Lord, Thy suppliant child,
That his are dear to Thee as theirs.

Yes, round me, Father, is Thy power,
—Such trust Thy Son's compassions bring,
By pointing to the opening flower,
And the mean sparrow on the wing.

The fly that sparkles and is gone,
The heath-bell on the mountain sod,

The fount forever springing on,
That lives, yet breathes not, speaks of God.

Like *them* I'd live, great Father, free
From earth's contaminating dust,
Quiet, yet labouring still for thee,
Thy breath my life, Thy word my trust.

And let me, Lord of hill and plain,
And all the various scenes of earth,
Around me mark Thy glories reign,
And feel Thee guard my mountain-hearth.

SEASHORE THOUGHTS.

I walked, at eve, along the beach
Where once I roamed, a child :
Its earlier glories,—there was each,
The beauteous or the wild ;
But 'twas not now the passionate sense
Of grandeur that I drew from thence.

No ! 'twas the thought of what I was,
And what I once had been,
Which deepening sense from childhood draws,
And all the years between ;
And Fancy, handmaid of the Heart,
Old images, yet *true*, could start.

There was the flood of calm and strife ;
And, as it ebbed away,
'Twas meet to think of mortal life,
Which never makes a stay,
—The swift, but unreturning, tide
That bears man onward in his pride.

And yonder went the gallant prow,
As man would have been borne,
Had not his helm been lost, as now,
And mantling sail been torn.
Ah for man's voyage on life's sea !
And mine has been what all must be.

But brightly, in the darkening hour,
From off its isle of rock,
Looked forth the sea-star from its tower,
To warn, and not to mock,
—Type of the glorious, rock-reared light
That guides us to our port aright.

O blessed Orb ! I see restored,
 When earthly days are o'er,
 Life's holy joys, and rapture poured,
 In floods, forevermore.
 Heaven from this darkened world appears,
 And Hope is fed by Memory's tears.



SAMUEL SCOTT CAMPBELL

WAS born in the village of Philipston, parish of Abercorn, Linlithgowshire, in 1826. His father was by occupation a shoemaker—his mother being a weaver, and working for the surrounding district. At the age of five and a half he was sent to the village school—a one-roomed house inhabited by the teacher and her father. After attending this primitive institution for some fifteen months, Samuel's parents removed, first to the village of Uphall, then to Linlithgow, and finally to Glasgow, with short periods of residence in each of these places. When our poet was sixteen years old, the home was once more broken up—this time permanently. His mother returned to Philipston, and Samuel was sent off to shift for himself. Having been apprenticed to his father's trade at the age of nine, one could well imagine the backward state of his education, and he says that when his mother died, six months after the breaking up of the family, he was unable to read the letter informing him of that event. Shortly after this he went to Aberdeen, but only worked there a few months when he returned to Glasgow. He here attended a night school, endeavouring to learn a little writing, of which, at seventeen, he was almost entirely ignorant. He then followed

his trade in several towns, and ultimately settled down in Edinburgh. Mr Campbell now set himself seriously to the work of improving his mind in his spare time, taking lessons in French, and other subjects. In 1856 he received the appointment of foreman in a French boot and shoe warehouse in Edinburgh, which enabled him to have more leisure in the evenings to devote to his books. At the age of fifty-three, we find him studying German, attending an evening class for that purpose. As a "diversion" he has also learned a little of Russian, Danish, Spanish, and Italian.

Mr Campbell's poetical effusions have appeared in several of the leading weekly and evening newspapers, and other periodicals. In his melodious verse, he strikes the chord of nature very sweetly. His tuneful harp is many-stringed, and he is humorous and pathetic by turns. His numerous pictures of home and everyday life show the close observer of, and the keen sympathiser with, his fellows in many of the passing incidents of their lives.

CHILDREN, JOYOUS TRIPPING.

Children, joyous tripping o'er the new mown hay,
Laughing, hopping, skipping, keeping holiday;
Happy, happy childhood, chasing time away,
Roaming through the wildwood all the summer's day.

Silver clouds are shining brightly on their way,
Friendships fond entwining round their hearts at play;
Cheery voices ringing, every one so gay,
Sweetly they are singing, merrily they play.

Eyes with mirth are beaming, romping while they may,
Joyfully they're dreaming, dreaming all the day
Hoping that to-morrow may be as to-day—
Great will be their sorrow if they cannot play.

Pity 'tis that sadness comes on youth to prey,
Marring mirth and gladness, breaking up their play;
Rainbow's hues were clearer, brighter was the day,
Friends were ever dearer long ago at play.

O O T O' W A R K.

While snaw in mockle white flakes fa',
 An' whirlin' winds wi' vicious blaw
 Heap slush upon the street,
 In mournfu' mood my heart e'er cast,
 I'm forced to face the angry blast,
 An' wander through the weat
 In quest o' wark, no aye I find
 Has ony wark to give ;
 Oh hoo it grieves my anxious mind,
 In illeness to live :
 The tears aye sair blears aye,
 Till I can scarcely speak,
 Wi' thinkin', I'm sinkin',
 My heart is like to break.

For six weeks noo I've searched the toon
 For wark, as if it were a boon ;
 I've cringed—begged—wi' grievèd heart,
 To some wha late were poor as I ;
 But fortune-favourèd I look as dry,
 On poor folk as on clart ;
 But wha can tell hoo sune may come,
 Fell hardship's heavy han' ;
 For oh, it has come sair on some,
 An' waur than they can stan' ;
 Aye grievin', an' livin',
 In greater misery,
 An' deeper, an' deeper
 In depths o' poverty.

My wife an' bairns sit cauld an' mane
 At hame—alas ! I'll sune hae nane—
 It's like to gar me greet,
 For piece by piece I've ta'en awa',
 Until there's naething left ava'
 To sell for meat to eat ;
 The claes upon oor backs are scant,
 An' are baith thin an' bare ;
 Before us noo are cauld an' want,
 Afflictions ill to bear.
 Nae wark noo, nae sark noo,
 I'm bound to do without ;
 Nae gladness, but sadness
 Surrounds me when I'm out.

A SLEEPING CHILD.

Look on his face so innocent and meek,
 Ah, see he smiles! some angel hovering near
 In love has touched him on his dimpled cheek,
 Or may have sung sweet music in his ear.
 Mysteriously he may have soared through space,
 To look again on heavenly hosts above;
 As love transcendent beams across his face—
 Our prayers to heaven ascend, for heaven is love
 Dream on!—O God! may angels ever keep
 Their faithful watch, and guard him with their wings,
 O! may they never hide their face nor weep
 O'er unrepented sins—heart-piercing stings—
 Where e'er through life his footsteps may be led,
 Let guardian angels hallowed radiance shed.

THE LASS TO MAK' A WIFE O'.

O bonnie Jeannie fu' o' glee,
 Aye trig an' braw, sae fond an' free,
 She gars me think that she wad be
 A lass to mak' a wife o',
 A wife o', a wife o',
 She gars me think that she wad be
 A lass to mak' a wife o'.

When first I saw her comely face,
 An' heard her sing wi' muckle grace,
 Upon my heart I sune did trace
 A lass to mak' a wife o',
 A wife o', &c.

I bashfu' ventured sune to speak,
 An' said a wife I'd come to seek,
 She blushed consent, I kissed her cheek,
 The lass to mak' a wife o',
 A wife o', &c.

I kissed her blushing cheek again,
 An' asked her aft sae fond an' fain,
 When I micht ca' her a' my ain,
 The lass to mak' a wife o',
 A wife o', &c.

Remembrance dear will aye remain,
 O' that first nicht, noo lang sin' gane,
 When in my arms I clasp't fu' fain,
 The lass to mak' a wife o',
 A wife o', &c.

Oh mony happy days we've hain,
 Were it to do, I'd do't again,
 If I could get a lass like Jane,
 A lass to mak' a wife o',
 A wife o', &c.

We've muckle sons an' lasses fair,
 For them we've had to toil richt sair ;
 But what we had she aye gar'd ser',
 The lass I made a wife o',
 A wife o', &c.

O' a' the lasses e'er I saw,
 Wi' faces fair an' waists sae sma ;
 I've just seen ane, that I could ca'
 A lass to mak' a wife, o' ;
 A wife o', a wife o',
 I've just seen ane, that I could ca'
 A lass to mak' a wife o'.

SPRING IS NEARING.

Spring is nearing,
 Gentle smiles her face endearing ;
 Winter veering
 With her soft breath, scarcely hearing—
 Spring is nearing.

Blackbirds singing !
 On sprays leafless—branches swinging,
 Louder ringing,
 Notes of joy to sad hearts bringing ;
 Blackbirds singing.

Spring is nearing—
 I see buds on trees appearing,
 Nothing fearing ;
 Though boughs icicles are bearing,
 Spring is nearing.

O KEN YE WHAUR.

O ken ye whaur Willie's tae,
 Willie's tae, Willie's tae,
 O ken ye whaur Willie's tae,
 Looking for a wife, O ?

I've heard it said he went tae Leith,
 And then again some said Dalkeith;
 And ithers tell he's aff tae Beith,
 Aye looking for a wife, O.

O ken ye whaur, &c.

I hope he gets ane tae his taste,
 And that his gear she winna waste,
 Nor mak' him rue the day he raced
 Tae mak' her his for life, O.

O ken ye whaur, &c.

Frae what I hear she's nae sma' drink,
 And kens the way the ware tae clink,
 And winna let a puir man sink,
 But helps him on through life, O.

O ken ye whaur, &c.

Let us the pair congratulate,
 And wish them joy baith air' an' late,
 And strength tae bear the ills that fate
 Is sure tae send through life, O.

O ken ye whaur, &c.



JOHN BROWNLIE.

THE REV. JOHN BROWNLIE, the subject of this sketch, was born in Glasgow in 1857. After an ordinary preliminary training, he matriculated in the University of his native city in the year 1876. His early bent towards a cultivation of the society of the Nine was evidenced during the curriculum, when he took a first place for verse competition in the English Literature Class. From Arts he passed to Theology in 1880—pursuing his studies during the four prescribed winters in the F. C. College, Glasgow.

Life is ordinarily sharpened into an anxious practical aspect when the divinity student leaves the hall-gates behind, and, not knowing whither he goes, appears in pulpits at various points of the compass, or receives a provisional assistantship. This indeterminate mode of existence no doubt carries advantages of its own with it, which the "placed" man of after years readily feels and owns. On the other hand, immediate or rapid settlement provokes latent powers to fruitful activity. Under the latter category Mr Brownlie's case falls. At once, on leaving the hall, he commenced labours as assistant to the Rev. Andrew Urquhart, Portpatrick, an attractive watering place within short reach of Stranraer. So greatly did Mr Brownlie prove to the liking of the congregation that they expressed a desire with one voice for his permanent appointment amongst them; and so cordially did the novice probationer reciprocate the feeling that he shut his eyes on more than one inviting field within his offer. The wish of the people was given effect to in July, 1885, in the ordination of Mr Brownlie—a year after license by the Glasgow Presbytery—as colleague and successor in the charge. The appointment in immediate sequel of Mr Brownlie as acting chaplain of the Ayr and Galloway Artillery Volunteers was much after his heart, and his direct, earnest, and unflinching style in the pulpit is never more happily illustrated than when, on the evening of the annual sermon, the auditors in the main are ranked before him in stiff accoutrements and military precision. The death of the senior minister—March, 1890—left Mr Brownlie in full charge. Exceptionally delightful were the relations between the two colleagues till death thus suspended them; and one of the treats which Mr Brownlie never failed to confer on his friends was a visit in company to the venerable and well-nigh blind patriarch of gentle manner and reverent aspect. These amiable relations

were none the less creditable that Mr Brownlie has an intense individuality of his own, and a progressive enthusiasm characteristic of the times. Of Mr Brownlie's ministerial influence, the beautiful church (on the site of the old), in which the congregation now worships, may stand as a monumental emblem, and another may be found in the yet more recent manse cresting the heights, which, amphitheatre-like, engirdle the lower levels of the village—an inevitable feature in the landscape to the observer ashore, and more picturesque and striking still to the craftsman in the channel as he prepares to take in sail, and draws near the dismantled pier.

In 1892 Mr Brownlie was unanimously solicited by the Jewish Committee of his church to lend his services for four months in Constantinople, and the congregation at home, relieved at their pastor's declinature of a permanent call, accorded him their hearty God-speed for the interim trip. From earlier times the Missions of the Church cast a spell over Mr Brownlie. So far back as 1882, the routine of student days was agreeably diversified by an autumn's sojourn at Buda-Pest; and the call from Constantinople, which he could not see his way to accept in 1892, was seriously entertained by him in 1885. The visits to Europe, with ramified excursions on his own account, have not been without collateral advantages to himself in breadth of view, extension of sympathy, colloquial knowledge of the German tongue in particular, and to many who have been privileged to listen to the instructive and contagious addresses of his racy raconteur.

Mr Brownlie tried his wings first in the usual way—contributions to magazines; but besides occasional pieces and sketches in terse prose, which served their ephemeral purpose, James Nisbet & Co. have put out three volumes from his pen:—"Hymns of our Pilgrimage," 1889; "Zionward: Hymns of the Pilgrim

Life," 1890; "Pilgrim Songs," 1892. From the kindred names of the above it will be gathered that their author has dedicated his muse to subjects cognate to his office. An examination of these additions to modern hymnody reveals rich variety in rhythm, freshness as of the morning sun and opening flower, truthfulness of feeling, condensation and unity, not to speak of their high moral and spiritual tones. Helpful for private and family use, they are fitted also to enrich and enliven the public service of praise. In this latter aspect, indeed, they have not been slow of recognition. Already the reader may identify the following:—"O Bind me with Thy Bands, and "Thou art my Portion," in "Gospel Choir" (J. & R. Parlanc, Paisley); "O God Thy Glory gilds the Sun," "Hark! the voice of Angels," and "The Flowers have Closed their Eyes," in "Sacred Melodies" (Gall & Inglis, Edinburgh)

O LIGHT OF LIGHT.

O Light of light, around my pathway shining,
 Brighter than day;
 Sun of my soul, Thy orb has no declining,
 No lessening ray;—
 No solemn twilight tells of coming night,
 Thou art eternal noon, O Light of light.

Blind in the night, I vainly sighed and sorrowed,
 Groping for day;
 Cheer from the borrowed light of earth I borrowed,
 That died away;
 But morning dawned, all glorious and bright!
 And Thou hast filled my soul, O Light of light.

Bright be Thy beams when other lights are dying,
 Light from 'on high;
 Laden with joy, when earthly joys are lying
 Withered and dry;—
 Light of my life, my joy in earthly sorrow,
 Chase Thou the gloom, and bring the glad to-morrow.

O COME IN EARLY MORNING.

O come in early morning,
The Saviour's heart is kind ;
And they who seek Him early,
Are ever sure to find ;
They cannot miss the pathway,
When all around is bright,—
They lose the path and stumble,
Who tarry till the night.

O come in early morning,
The dew is on the flower,
There's laughter in the woodland,
And music in the bower ;
The world is full of gladness,
And sings the Maker's praise,
There's not a note of sadness,
To mar the matin lays.

O come in early morning,
The sun is climbing high ;
And all the world is smiling,
Beneath a cloudless sky ;
There's not a piping blackbird,
But sings with lusty glee ;
There's not a little lambkin,
But frolics on the lea.

O come in early morning,—
It cannot aye be bright,
The night shall fold its curtains,
And hide the joyous light ;
And gloom, and grief, and sadness,
Shall be in every song,—
O come in early morning,
And serve Him all day long.

O come in early morning,
O come with laughing eye,
O come with pulses bounding,
And hope that's soaring high ;
The joy of morn shall linger
Throughout a joyous day,
And in the night the gladness,
No gloom shall chase away.

FRET NOT, MY SOUL.

Fret not, my soul : when trouble sore assails,
 Strong be thy faith ; the faithful soul prevails,
 Still bear thy cross, though fainting 'neath the load;
 If rough the path, it leadeth on to God.
 Fret not, my soul ; the Master ne'er repined,
 E'en when the thorns His smarting brow entwined.

Fret not, my soul ; there's strength for every hour ;
 If great thy toil, still greater is thy power ;
 He nerves the heart that fainting, faltering, sighs,
 With needed grace the needy one supplies.
 Fret not, my soul ; the gate of Heaven is won
 By those who toil till toiling days are done.

Fret not, my soul ; thy sorrow purifies,
 As furnace flame that gold or silver tries ;
 Bright, bright at last, from every stain made pure,
 Thou'lt bless the pain and grief thou didst endure,
 Fret not, my soul, nor deem thy burden sore ;
 When Heaven is won, thy days of toil are o'er.

I BROUGHT MY DARKEST SIN TO MIND.

I brought my darkest sin to mind,
 And called it by the vilest name,
 And thought to fill my soul with grief
 When I had charged it with the blame ;—
 I said, " Before my God I'll fall,"
 But sorrow came not at my call.

I said, " Ah, soul ! the wrath of God
 Shall smite the sinner with dismay ;
 The record of thy sin is kept,
 And swiftly nears the reckoning day ;"—
 Methought I heard God's thunders roll,
 But sorrow came not to my soul.

" Ah, stony heart ! can thought of sin
 In all its vileness bring no tears ?
 And canst thou hear God's thunders speak,
 And weep not though the reckoning nears ?"
 I had no weeping to control,
 For sorrow came not to my soul.

I looked,—my Saviour looked on me ;—
 O look of love, no heart can bear !
 Like raging torrents came my tears,
 And plunged my spirit in despair ;
 Vain, vain my weeping to control,
 For sorrow now has found my soul.



WILLIAM MILNE,

A NATIVE of Little Haughmuir, parish of Brechin, was born in 1829. Until his eleventh year, he was brought up at Myrestone near Forfar, attending the village school at Lunanhead and parish school of Rescobie during the four years previous to that time. At the age of twelve, he was obliged to leave school, and the district also, to shift for himself, his father having gone to England, and left the family to their own resources—which were by no means ample. Our poet now became a farm servant, and remained in this occupation until 1855, when he entered the service of the Scottish North Eastern Railway Company—now the Caledonian. That he was diligent, intelligent, and made good use of his scanty leisure by improving his mind, is proved by the fact that in 1864 he gained a prize for an article he wrote on the subject of “The Railway Service and the best means of improving the Condition of the Employees”—this, and many other instances of culture, notwithstanding the lack of educational advantages in his youth, and showing the result of his enthusiastic efforts in the midst of his daily duties to gain knowledge.

Mr Milne continued in the service of various railway and contracting companies, until he gained the position of out-door representative and traffic agent for the

coasting trades and agencies of one of the largest and oldest-established shipping firms on the Clyde—the business having been established about the year 1749. He has travelled a good deal, and being a keen observer of “men and things,” and has from time to time, in the columns of various newspapers and periodicals, given the public the benefit of his experiences. Reflective thought and gentle pathos pervade many of his poems ; while his sympathies with the beautiful, and the natural scenery and the sights and sounds around his childhood’s home are ever clear and graphic.

AULD JAMIE THE BLACKSMITH.

Auld Jamie the smith lived at oor gate-end,
The king o’ a’ blacksmiths that I ever kenned ;
He stude sax feet five, an’ looked as braid as lang,
An’ he minded me aye o’ an auld Scottish sang :
Wi’ a grip like the vice, an’ his wecht aughteen stane,
He cud loup ower the studdy baith clever an’ clean ;
An’ the wildest o’ naigs he cud hand wi’ ae hand —
By a hin or forleg mak’ them a blyth to stand :
His nicht-cap an’ knee-breeks spak’ o’ o’ humour an’ pith,
An’ we a’ aye respeckit the sturdy blacksmith.

In my young laddie days, in the schule interfa’s,
I spent happy oors ’twixt the auld smiddy wa’s,
An’ now when the frosts o’ life’s winter grip keen,
I mind o’ the scenes I ha’e aften there seen ;
The stories they tell’d, and the pranks that they made,
Come as fresh to me noo as when first they were played.

An’ when Sandy, his son, as the auld man grew frail,
Cam’ to tak’ up the wark, hoo the fun did prevail ;
The quaint quips an’ droll sayin’s, fu’ o’ pathos an’ poo’er,
An’ the brichtest o’ wit in the quiet gloamin’ oor ;
The memory o’ a’ gars me aften mourn,
To think on thae times that can never return.

For haith auld an’ young smith ha’e been lang gathered hame,
An’ their place ne’er been filled wi’ men ocht like the same,
Wi’ Leezie, the mither, an’ mony ane mae,
Wha lived near the lang stanes on yon quarry brae,
Fonk leal-he’rted an’ couthie, wi’ mirth i’ their e’e,
Gie’d a licht to life’s journey we noo seldom see.

Aye, fouks sae kind-he'rted, contented an' a',
 Like the days o' my youth, they seem a' wede awa',
 For ilka man noo says he's as guid as anither,
 An' while's swears he's better withoot ony swither;
 It's been said that Auld Cloutie's to be latten lowse,
 For ages to range ower the hichts an' the howes.

Weel, it maist seems to me he has gotten the start,
 An' is nearly supreme in this auld warld's heart;
 That his reign may be short we a' need to pray—
 To be kept frae his wiles baith by nicht an' by day,
 For oor life's bark will ne'er reach the fair restfu' realm,
 If we ance gi'e auld Satan the poo'er o' the helm.

IN STRATHMORE.

Where blue bells wave and soft winds sigh,
 Along yon green hillside,
 When sweet wild flowers, through summer hours
 Have served life's day, and died,

Now ripening fruits in golden store,
 On orchard, field, and farm,
 O'erspreads thy vale, O! fair Strathmore,
 With harvest's holy charm.

I once more tread thy moorland paths,
 Where first I learned to stray,
 While o'er thy Graupian glens and straths,
 I watch the shadows play.

Those shadows stretch, as twilight dim
 Falls on your western main,
 And sunset gleams from ocean's rim,
 Lights up rock, roof and fane.

They gild with fire, hilltop and spire,
 By city, tower, and town,
 While heather purpling shades retire,
 Beyond the mountain's crown.

Now hushed the groves' sweet minstrelsy,
 The songsters are at rest,
 They ceased their woodland melody,
 When day died in the west.

Lights shine like stars along the vale,
 From cot and farmstead grey,
 And speak to me the old old tale
 Of youthful sport and play,

When by fairy green, and haunted cave,
 The legends and the lore
 Of tales of love and warriors brave,
 We gathered wondrous store.

How swiftly passed youth's halcyon day,
 By schoolhouse, loch, and glen,
 Till, called away from sport and play,
 We joined the world of men.

But here I lingering love to stray,
 In Autumn's evening clear,
 Memorial bands in vanished hands,
 Would ever bind me here.

CASTLE-KENNEDY.

These empty halls and ivied walls,
 Towering gaunt and high,
 The secrets deep of ages keep,
 As restless time goes by.

Here, terraced mounds artistic see
 In vistas far and fair,
 Whilst rarest plant and stately tree
 Lend light or shadow there.

How oft, in vain conception weak,
 We paint a scene of bliss ;
 No sweeter spot I'd ever seek—
 A fairer world than this.

Auld Eden's yaird, when first prepared,
 Nae brawer was, I ween,
 Nor river bank, whaur Adam drank,
 Could show mair vivid green.

But now October's harvest sheaves
 Hae a' been gaithered in ;
 The trees let fa' their withered leaves,
 And louder sounds the linn.

Though winter cheerless ower the land
 Maks a' thing cauld and sere,
 The gifted gardener's skilful hand
 May aye keep summer here.

While seasons will their promise keep
(For Heaven's high pledge is true),
Old Earth will waken from her sleep,
And Nature's charms renew.

When Spring, with young and gladsome step,
Comes o'er the knowes again,
The buds, on trees of every shape,
Will deck the hill and plain.

And blackbirds whistle on the thorn,
The cuckoos call their mates,
The lark, its notes far skyward borne,
Sing loud at Heaven's gates.

While setting suns, in splendour rich,
Adorn yon western sky,
Or bends aloft a glorious arch
On rain-cloud rolling high,

Here let me scan the mighty span,
In crimson, blue, and gold,
Ontrivalling all that puny man
Has traced, or tongue has told.

Oh, for a sight o' this bright spot,
When fills the lady-moon,
Or when the sheen o' June is seen
Upon the gowden broom ;

When feathered minstrels fill the grove,
And roses, red and white,
Bloom here, and in sweet songs of love
The woodland tribes unite.

At matin hours, frae briery lowers,
Sweet-scented odours rise ;
In crystal dews the charming flowers
Here bathe their lovely eyes.

While graceful swans in plumage white,
Pure as an angel's wing,
Glide o'er these lakes, while in the brakes
I hear the mavis sing.

Let reverend voice here raise the song,
In praises leal and true,
Whose strains through eastern Elen rang
When this old world was new,

DAVID YOUNG,

KKNOWN in local literary circles about Kirkealdy as "The Solitary Bard," died at Dysart, Fife-shire, in 1891, at the ripe age of eighty years. He was born in 1811 at Dothan, a farm about four miles north of Kirkealdy. He resided during the most of his long life in Dysart, where for many years he was employed as mechanic or millwright in Messrs Normand's linen factory. For nearly fifty years he acted as correspondent not only to local papers, but also to the *Scotsman*, *Dundee Advertiser*, and *People's Journal*. Although his writings, both in prose and verse, often showed a keenly sarcastic bent, he was a true and genial man, and a shrewd observer of "men and manners." His life was for the most part uneventful, although on one occasion it was suspected that he was the author of a clever, but rather "out-spoken skit," on the subject of some "ministerial intrigue," which was the cause of so much feeling that he resolved to remove to a neighbouring town. His master soon, however, induced him to return to his former employment. From a large pile of manuscript, selected by his poetical friend, Mr Kinlay, we give two pieces.

AN ADDRESS TO A BAT.

Wee flickering thing, what aileth thee,
 Sae soon in spring abroad to flee,
 There's something wrang I rather dree,
 But you'll nae tell,
 Though want at times perchance ye pree
 As weel's mysel'?

Has some rude stranger claimed thy keep,
 And wak'd thee frae thy wonted sleep,
 An' sent thee forth when starries peep,
 And Boreas blows,
 Or ruder man, wha'll scarcely weep
 For human woes ?

Had summer beamed wi' sultry skies,
 Your visit wad been nae surprise ;
 Then midges, moths, and gnats, and flies,
 Infest thy haunts,
 Kind nature gives more than supplies
 Thy simple wants.

But at this season wee birds cower,
 And shelter seek frae sleety shower,
 O, haste thee back to thy lone bower,
 There rest thy wings,
 Till summer busks her every flower,
 And verdure springs.

Then a' thy aerial flights resume
 Round yon auld tower an' graveyard gloom,
 Last resting-place, and certain doom
 Of frail mankind,
 Besides what's sprung frae nature's womb,
 Death's sure to find.

Wee harmless thing you'r like mysel',
 Just here th' nicht, but wha can tell
 Afore the summer's fragrant smell
 Scents hill and mead,
 Baith you and I mayhap may dwell
 Amang the dead.

THE LASS O' DYSART SHORE.

Cheery Spring, wi' flowers sae mony,
 Decks ilk field and green-wood shaw ;
 Wee birds chant their wood-notes bonnie,
 Nature still holds charms for a'.
 What though gladsome Spring's advancing,
 Nature's sweets a' to restore,
 It canna set my heart a-dancing
 Like the lass o' Dysart shore.

CHORUS.

Bonnie lasses aft are slightit
 By the youths they did adore,
 But through life my love I've plighted
 To the lass o' Dysart shore,

She is lovin', young, and bonnie,
 Free frae falsehood, an' frae guile;
 Neat in form, unmatched by ony—
 Wha could weel resist her smile?
 Nature in her mak' has blended
 Something mankind must adore;
 Rosy lips and een sae splendid
 Has the lass o' Dysart shore.
 Bonnie lass, &c.

Visit Europe's every corner,
 Search ilk Oriental isle,
 And you'll find their every foreigner
 Void o' Scotia's daughter's smile.
 Spotless are they in ilk feature,
 Sweets for man they hae in store;
 But the sweetest nymph in nature,
 Is the lass o' Dysart shore.
 Bonnie lass, &c.

Lang I've loved her fond and dearly,
 True to me she's ever been,
 Still I'll love her more sincerely
 Than the Monarch does his Queen.
 Princely greatness few can measure,
 Or the miser's hoarded store;
 Health's my wealth, an' she's my treasure,
 Matchless lass o' Dysart shore.
 Bonnie lass, &c.



JEANNIE G. PATERSON,

A WRITER of very pleasing, thoughtful, and melodious verse was born in 1871 in the parish of Springburn, Glasgow. She was educated at the Springburn Public School, and still resides with her parents, following the occupation of a milliner. Her life has thus hitherto been uneventful. She began to write verse when about sixteen years of age—her first appearance in the "Poet's corner," being, in 1890, in

the *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald*. Since then she has also contributed to various periodicals and newspapers, including the *People's Friend*, *Kilmarnock Standard*, *Weekly Mail*, and several religious magazines. Not a few of her poems have been quoted in American and other newspapers. They are simple, natural, and tender, and run with liquid smoothness. In some of her more ambitious themes she exhibits literary strength as well as poetic fire, vigour as well as versatility. Indeed, Miss Paterson has evidently begun a very promising poetic career.

"BIDIN' HER TIME."

(Suggested by a painting with above title.)

I'm gettin' gey auld noo, I'm fourscore and three,
I'm feeble and weak, and din's grown my e'e ;
I'm no' what I was in the days o' langsyne,
It's e'enin' wi' me noo—I'm bidin' my time.

Oh, mony's the ane that I've seen gaun awa',
The auld in life's mornin', the auld in life's fa' ;
They left me to struggle and jog on behin',
But I daurna' compleen—I'm just bidin' my time.

Life's brae it was steep, noo I'm totterin' doon,
My feet's growin' weary, for heavy's my shoon ;
But my e'en's ower the water, whaur Heavens lights shine,
There's rest comin' after—I'm bidin' my time.

Oh, kind has the Lord been to me a' the while ;
I've had my ain struggles, but sweet wis the smile,
The smile o' His mercy on me and on mine,
It blesses me still—while I'm bidin' my time.

I'm happy, contented, I ken a' is weel,
I ken that the Lord ever watches the leal ;
I ken he'll ne'er leave me, in sorrow to pine,
He'll come for me yet—I'm just bidin' my time.

Sae I'm watchin' his comin' ; richt grand it shall be ;
He'll ferry me safely across the wide sea ;
And the sweet bells o' Heaven shall joyfully chime,
Richt royal the welcome—I'm bidin' my time.

GOLDEN DAYS.

Where are the ones that I played with in childhood,
 Where are the ones that I loved long ago—
 The ones that I run with and romped in the wildwood,
 All scattered they are in their flights to and fro.

Some are still living, and onward pursuing
 Their course in this world while yet it is day ;
 And while they are striving, their increase renewing,
 The thoughts of the past oft light up the way.

Others again have shrunk from their duty,
 And, cowering, fell 'neath the dark brand of shame ;
 While temptation and vice seized them for their booty,
 They stooped to their will and marred their fair fame.

Still there are some who have crossed the dark ocean,
 And their homes they have chosen in far distant climes ;
 Yet, while in the midst of distress and emotion,
 They are wafted away to the happy young times.

Then there are those who, in humbleness dwelling,
 Have not made one mark in this world's vain esteem,
 But who in their peaceful simplicity telling,
 O'er their quiet peaceful lives, is cast a fair gleam.

The dear ones, the dear ones who sleep in the churchyard,
 Though lost to our sight their memory is sweet ;
 When we think of their goodness our gaze is drawn upward,
 For God in his wisdom did that which was meet.

But oh ! when this life's fitful fever is over,
 And to yon happy home we'll be gathered to dwell ;
 O'er us all in delight brightest visions shall hover,
 And loved ones will shout, till the chorus shall swell.

A WEE DRAP O' TEA.

Some talk o' the joys to be found in the wine,
 O' the pleasures o' friendship that never can tine ;
 But high abune a' there's nae friendship to me,
 Like the friendship that's formed ower a wee drap o' tea.

Gae wa' wi' yer fortunes, yer siller an' a',
 They're only a snare that aft help oor doonfa' ;
 But gie me the riches o' friendship sae free,
 That's aye to be found ower a wee drap o' tea.

Oh, my but it's gran' when ye're weary an' worn,
Sae soothin' at nicht, and sae cheerin' at morn;
I wadna the joys o' my ain ingle lee,
When freen's meet an' crack ower a wee drap o' tea.

Let fules talk o' fame, let them rave they wha will,
O' the grand folks they've dined wi'—I wish them nae ill—
But this I'll maintain till the day that I dee,
There's guidwill at hame ower a wee drap o' tea.

My word but it's fine, when auld cronies a' meet,
And live ower again days o' youth bricht and sweet;
Then there's naething I ken to complete in the glee,
Than the soul-stirring power o' a wee drap o' tea.

Let us warstle through life aye pleasant and kind,
Pure and simple in taste, high and noble in mind;
Generous aye to a fa'nt may ilk ane o' us be,
Freen's for life, pledged anew, ower a wee drap o' tea.

THE AULD KIRKYAIRD.

Yestreen in the gloamin' oor I strayed
In the "Auld Kirkyaird" sae dear,
And I thocht on the anes so lowly laid,
The freens to my heart sae near.
The west wind soughed thro' the leafy boughs
O' the trees o' livin' green;
But my hert wis sad wi' its cares and woes,
In the "Auld Kirkyaird" yestreen.

I wannert on in the gloamin' licht,
But my thochts were faur awa',
I seemed to see you lan' sae bricht
Wi' its pearly gates an' a.
My weary hert, it seemed to rise,
And soar frae this fleeting scene
To the maasions blest beyond the skies,
Frae the "Auld Kirkyaird" yestreen.

I bent my steps yet faurer on,
When, before my weary gaze,
I saw a wee green grave sae lone
Whaur the bonny flo'ers did wave;
And the saft win' kissed the wee bit bed
Whaur the cherub heid did lean,
And my gloomy thochts abune were led
Frae the "Auld Kirkyaird" yestreen.

I felt as I looked on the grassy mounds
 Bedecked wi' sic bonny flo'ers,
 That "death" maun come his wonted rounds
 Richt into oor choicest bo'ers,
 To pluck the rosebuds tender, sweet,
 Oor herts frae this world to wean,
 Syne tears o' pain ran doon my cheeks
 In the "Auld Kirkyard" yestreen.

Sae I knelt me doon an' I raised my hert
 In the Auld Kirkyard to "Him,"
 And I asked frae His guidance ne'er to pairt,
 To raise me at last abune;
 To mak' me fit, like the wee bit wean,
 To dwell wi' "Himself" at e'en;
 And my hert wis cheered as I wannert hame
 Frae the "Auld Kirkyard" yestreen.



ANDREW MARSHALL

WAS born about 1824 in the village of Walkerton, near Leslie, Fifeshire, where his father was then employed in a woollen mill. Shortly after the birth of the subject of this touching sketch of a sad and eventful career, his parents removed to Alva, where his father was long a successful shawl manufacturer. From an article, entitled "From the Pulpit to the Poorhouse," which appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Despatch* at the time of his death in Stirling Poorhouse in August, 1892, we learn that, having given evidence of the possession of intellectual gifts of a high order, his parents resolved to give him an opportunity of pursuing his studies beyond the curriculum of the parish seminary. Accordingly he was entered as a student in the University of Glasgow. He proved himself very apt, and repeatedly distinguished himself in his class examinations. He

was successful in carrying off in his third year the gold medal for logic. His intense liking for logic led him to spend two full sessions in Edinburgh University, so that he might have the advantage of studying the science under Professor M'Dougall, whose fame as a logician was well known throughout the country. Having definitely made up his mind to take holy orders, he returned to his *alma mater*, and in due course entered the Divinity Hall. His progress there was quite as brilliant as in the College class-rooms. Ecclesiastical history and theology he mastered without any apparent effort, and in the more practical department of his studies he was no less successful. Opportunities now and then presented themselves for ministerial work, and these he also willingly availed himself of, and preached powerful sermons. He lectured on several occasions at various towns in the west of Scotland. We regret to learn, however, that he was the victim of over-indulgence. In his early college days he had acquired habits of intemperance, and he had abundant opportunities for gratifying the cravings of an unnatural appetite. Money with him was scarcely ever a drawback, as he could always depend on plenty of remunerative work as coach to students who had more hard cash than real brains. Gradually his habits of dissipation began to tell against his progress as a divinity student, and eventually he became so unsteady that, although within a few months of the completion of his theological studies, he was forced to sever his connection with the University.

Returning home, he entered the business of his father, and for a year or two, until his parent's death, he took an active part in the management of the business. The money he realised from his father's estate he squandered recklessly, and he would soon have been in a state of destitution had it not been for the death of an uncle, under whose settlement he received a

large sum of money. The legacy was put under trustees, so that it could not be parted with all at once. Ultimately interest and principal was swallowed, and then he, in order to find a living, was obliged to turn his attention to the power-loom to eke out a scanty livelihood. For ten or twelve years he lived more on the charity of friends than on the result of his own exertions, and to such depths had his habits reduced him that for the best part of eight years he lived in the very lowest of common lodging houses.

Six months before his death our poet found his physical frame so far reduced that he was unable to go outdoors even on missions of alms-seeking, and accordingly he applied to the Parochial Board of the parish for indoor relief. He was sent to the Combination Poorhouse, Stirling, where, after some months of suffering, he died.

In many respects, Marshall was a very remarkable man. Although sunk to the lowest depth of degradation, his mental faculties remained unimpaired almost to the end. He contributed frequently both prose and verse to the local press, and his writings were always characterised by originality of thought, purity of expression, and choiceness of language. His powers of imagination, too, were developed to such an extent that, had he chosen fiction writing as a profession, he would have unquestionably made a name for himself.

LOVING WORDS.

Loving words, like sunshine shining
On some drear and lonely spot,
Cheer the heart when sad, repining
O'er life's dull and cheerless lot ;
Dispel the dismal clouds of care,
Wake the soul to bursts of song,
Make the earth all bright and fair--
" Happy as the day is long."

Loving words are ever fruitful,
 Doing good while dwellers here ;
 Let them be but pure and truthful,
 Springing from a heart sincere.
 By their power the weak grows stronger,
 Braver face the trials of life,
 The hoary head of age makes younger,
 Firmer bucklered for the strife.

Loving words—they cost but little,
 Yet their power for good is great :
 Brace the heart for life's hard journey,
 Steel the nerves for any fate.
 Grudge not loving words, then, brother,
 As along life's path you tread ;
 They will bloom and live forever,
 Shedding incense when you're dead.

THE SUBLIME.

Not always in the brightest hour,
 The plant expands its bloom ;
 Not always in the fairest bower
 Distils its sweet perfume ;
 Not always in the gayest scene,
 Where youth and mirth abound ;
 Not always in the proudest halls
 Can perfect bliss be found.

The flower will shed its richest sweets
 Within the lowly vale ;
 And in the woodland's calm retreats
 The sweetest songs prevail ;
 So shall the pure and humble soul,
 Upheld by saving grace,
 Bloom brightest in the heavenly field,
 Where shines the Saviour's face.

THE RIDICULOUS.

The maiden's eye was wet with tears,
 The crystal drops coursed down her cheek,
 Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
 And told a grief she could not speak.
 Her slender fingers pressed her head,
 With frantic steps she paced the floor,
 And in the transports of her grief
 Her bosom smote, and hair she tore.

Young Corydon beheld her plight,
 And melting pity thrilled his breast ;
 And tenderly his arts he tried
 To soothe her troubled mind to rest.
 The maiden heard his gentle words,
 And said, with peevish voice and shrill,
 " Sir, if you'd dae me ony guid,
 Be quick and bring me in a gill."

SONG.

How can I cease to love her,
 My brightest and my best ?
 How can I quell the passion
 Warm glowing in my breast.

Love always has its sorrows,
 To mingle with its bliss ;
 And often mars the sweetness
 That marks the first fond kiss.

But till this life be ended
 My darling shall be mine ;
 Mine by the love I bear her,
 By all its arts divine.

I'll never cease to love her
 Until my latest breath ;
 I'll guard her and I'll bless her
 Till life be closed in death.



REV. JAMES HOWAT,

MINISTER of Park Street United Presbyterian Church, Arbroath, was born in 1846 at Muirkirk, an Ayrshire village in the district of Kyle, famous in song as the birthplace of Scotland's greatest bard. Here his father, who died when our poet was quite a child, was a baker and merchant. Muirkirk is in the centre of a tract of country much associated with the times of the Covenanters, "when the minis-

ter's home was the mountain and wood." In every direction for miles around there is some place rendered sacred by the brave resistance of the "hill men," as the Covenanters were called. The moorlands are "flowered with the graves of the Martyrs." In the vicinity is Priesthill, where the "godly carrier" is said to have been murdered by Claverhouse, and Drumclog where the latter barely escaped with his life. Cairn-table and Wardlaw rear themselves around the quiet village, the everlasting monuments of the Covenanters, and the river Ayr for ever sings their requiem. Mr Howat was thus brought up in the midst of Covenanting scenes and memories. He was educated at the Eglinton Company's School, and afterwards at the Muirkirk Academy, where he had many schoolfellows who have taken high places in their various professions. Mr Howat thereafter studied at Glasgow University for his Arts course. During his curriculum a number of distinguished men filled the Professorial Chairs—including Professors Lushington, Ramsay, Veitch, Sir William Thomson, and Nichol. He took a good place in all his classes, and carried off honours in mathematics, a branch of study in which his excellence (as a writer of a sketch of the career of Mr Howat says in the *Evening Telegraph*) would have secured him a distinguished place at Cambridge had he not been designed for the Christian ministry. But Mr Howat meant to devote his life to the Church. He therefore entered the U.P. Divinity Hall at Edinburgh, and, on being licensed to preach, was only a short time on the list of probationers when he was called to his present charge in Arbroath.

Here he was ordained in 1872, and during all the years that have elapsed since, Mr Howat, with energies equal to meet and manfully deal with every form of congregational work, has given his whole heart to the labour. The result has been that the membership of

the church is now much higher than what it was when he entered upon his duties, and a considerable debt has been cleared off. Amongst other indications of the cordial relations between Mr Howat and his people may be metioned the presentation to him some time ago of his portrait, a gold watch, and other tokens of affectionate regard.

As a minister, Mr Howat's pulpit discourses are said to exhibit the marks of a liberal and well-stored mind, as well as keen imagination, and powerful descriptive gifts. It will, therefore, be no surprise to all who know him, or who have heard his public utterances to learn that he has written a considerable amount of verse—especially during his earlier days—though only a few of these have appeared in print, and then merely in the local newspapers, with the signature "H." His poems exhibit very pleasing imagery, as well as the essential parts of poetry—sentiment and expression. The scenes of his childhood—historic and natural—are reflected in his verse with graphic and picturesque power; while, at times, he can hit off the foibles and frailties of humanity with telling humour, genuine pathos, and loving tenderness.

"THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR
THEE."

'The Master is come and calleth for thee,'
 Were the words o' the preacher's text;
 They rang in my heid the hale o' that day—
 A' that day—ay, and a' the next;
 They cam' like a message frae God to me,
 An' my heart was sairly perplext.

I couldna think what He wanted wi' me;
 I fell in an eerie swither;
 Oh! surely it wasna to tak' my bairns—
 Wee Jean and Robbie, her brither—
 An' lay them awa' i' the cauld kirkyard,
 Whaur in grief I laid their mither.

Richt dowie I sat by the ingle side,
Till the evenin's shadows fell,
An' every step that cam' to the door
I thocht 'twas the Master Himsel',
An' my heart stood still till He wad come in,
An' I heard what He had to tell.

He didna come then, sae I gaed thereoot—
The words wadna let me a-be—
An' I daunert doun wi' the daunerin' burn,
That sang as it gaed to the sea,
An' the burnie sang wi' an' eerie croon—
"The Master is comin' to thee."

I sat me doun i' the lowne o' the wud,
An' the burn gaed on to the sea,
An' sae dowie the win' sighed thro' the trees—
"The Master is comin' to thee."
An' it wasna lang till He cam' Himsel'
An' telt what He wanted wi' me.

An' His face had siccan a bonnie smile,
An' His voice was music to hear,
An' He camna to tak' awa' my bairns,
Nor to gar me part wi' my gear,
Nor e'en pit a stonn' o' grief in my heart,
Nor to draw frae my een a tear.

But a message o' love He had to tell,
An', oh! siccan blessin's to gie—
Sic blessin's as ne'er puir sinner heard tell,
Or could ever expect to see—
An' He only socht my love in return,
Love was a' He socht frae me.

An' I couldna but love my ain dear Lord,
Wha had done sae meikle for me,
Sae I pledged Him my love, an' life, an' a',
I vowed His ain ever to be,
An' life has been happier aye sin' syne,
An' the warl' a new warl' to me.

An' He's comin' again some other day,
To tak' me up wi' Him on high,
Whaur storms never come, nor a shadow fa's,
Nor a sorrow e'er dims an' e'e;
An' lang after my body's i' the mools,
At the grave He will call for me.

A DREAM OF THE NORTH COUNTRY.

Sometimes in the busy city,
 Amid the din of the mills,
 My thought takes wing to the old home
 Far off in the Norlan' hills.
 I hear the bee in the heather,
 And the bleating of the flocks,
 And the sound of running waters
 Among the reeds and the rocks ;
 I play with brothers and sisters,
 Out on the green hillside,
 And I meet again with Mysie—
 With Mysie, my love, my pride.
 We gather around the fireside ;
 Father comes in from the hill ;
 The book is read, we kneel in prayer,
 In the gloamin' cool and still.
 And when the mist and the mirkness
 Shrouds every hill and cairn,
 Mother comes in like an angel,
 And kisses each sleeping bairn.

Morning dawns on Mount Battock,
 The mist creeps up Mount Keen ;
 I stand once more on Dalbrach bridge,
 But the auld hoose isna seen.
 The old folks sleep in the kirkyard—
 In the kirkyard by the Lee ;
 Brothers and sisters parted wide,
 Far from the North Country.
 Two went out to fight our battles—
 Ah, 'tis thus the world goes !
 One sleeps among the Zula grass,
 And one 'neath the Afghan snows ;
 And Mysie, my pride, my treasure,
 That was to have been my wife,
 Sleeps by the side of the old folks,—
 She holds the half of my life.

The snow lies deep on Battock,
 And deeper on lofty Keen ;
 And a mist comes up the valley,
 And a mist comes ower my een ;
 I stand in the lonely kirkyard,
 And I think on days to come,
 And dream of a distant city.
 And the Heav'nly Father's home

Far above the snowy hilltops,
 And the clouds, so dull and grey,
 Where joy is a joy unmingled,
 And day aye a summer day.

Still the mill wheels keep on grinding,
 But the evening hour will come,
 Then a short sleep, and the waking
 To find myself safe at home.

EVENING HYMN.

O blessed Jesus hear me!
 I know that thou art near me,
 Near to help and bless me.
 Thou wert with me all the day
 At my tasks, and at my play,
 Now bend o'er and kiss me.

Saviour wash away my sin,
 Keep me pure and true within;
 May all my behaviour
 Guided by Thy wisdom be,
 And be such as pleaseth Thee,
 O Thou children's Saviour!

Bless my friends, the young, the old,
 Bring the wand'ers to the fold,
 Nevermore to wander.
 In hearts far, and hearts at home,
 Let Thy heav'nly kingdom come,
 Growing ever grander.

Watch me through the coming night,
 O'er me bend till morning light,
 In Thine arms enfold me.
 Lead me on through future days,
 Till in heaven I sing Thy praise,
 And my eyes behold Thee.

A SPRIG O' HEATHER.

"A frail memorial keeps alive the memory of a friend."

Only a wee sprig o' heather;
 But it dims my eyes with tears;—
 Only a wee faded spray,
 Plucked on a Highland brae,
 On a day in Autumn weather,

Away in the back-lying years ;
 Yet, O ! what memories gather,
 Around this frail token,
 Of tender vows spoken,
 And love that was pure as the day.

Only a wee sprig o' heather ;
 But it brings back a winter day,
 When a lad true and brave
 Was laid in his grave,
 And joy and hope fled thegither,
 And left my life clouded and gray.
 Yet wee withered sprig o' heather,
 Ye speak o' a love,
 I shall yet find above,
 In the land where it's cloudless day.



A. C. MILLER,

AN accomplished musical critic, who was for a number of years conductor of the *St Cecilia Magazine*, was born in Edinburgh in 1851. He presently carries on a printing business in his native city, giving particular attention to the cultivation of high-class book work, chiefly for the London trade. His literary productions have been mainly of a critical nature, and most of these have appeared in the magazine devoted to music which he at one time edited. He, however, is still an occasional contributor to the daily press in matters musical, as well as of verse. His poetry is neat in expression, graceful, and melodious ; and while he writes mostly in the lyrical vein, there are clear indications in many of these that he might cultivate narrative poetry with considerable success.

TO MY GARDEN.

Dream through the twilight, O my sweet flowers !
Hallow the dawn with your bloom ;
Bosom the message the morning clouds bear,
Deep in your petals' perfume.

Storm drifts will shatter you, O my sweet flowers !
And earth-buried soon you will lie,
But your spirits shall live and chasten dark night
In stars of the winter's sky.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

Gently drops the summery rain
On parched beds of roses ;
Languid pansies lift their faces ;
Plead the primrose posies.
Humble cowslips, diamond-gemmed,
Glisten in the meadows ;
Nod their heads the green-stemmed lilies—
Banished now Death's shadows !

"A DAISY CHAIN."

A maiden sat in a meadow one day,
Weaving a daisy chain ;
'Twas an April day, and the showers made play
With the sunbeams' fiery train.

"To-morrow I'll deck me in this fair wreath,"
Said the maid to the flow'ry green,
"And my lover will kiss me and be glad,
And call me his own May Queen !"

"To-morrow"—it came and May-bells rang out,
And the wreath was on her head,
Laid tenderly there by her sorrowing love,
For alas, the maid was dead !

TO MY SWEETHEART.

Heart-bounding love, in fervent off'ring laid
At thy dear shrine, my peerless, peerless maid,
I tender thee, with all else heaven sent—
Love, truth, honour, in mingling echoes blent.

My heart to thee cries out in longing joy,
And chides the hours their laggard feet t'employ,
To bridge the gap of days that lie between
Time's dying moments and love's living dream.



WILLIAM SANDERSON,

BBETTER known to all Borderers as "Tweedside Laddie," belongs to an old Peeblesshire family, his father, the late George Sanderson, having been a master-joiner at Innerleithen. Though born in Edinburgh, the subject of our sketch instinctively claims the Borderland as his home, having spent the best portion of his boyhood and youth under the paternal roof at Innerleithen, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's "St Ronan's Well."

There, at its village school, amid "the greenest hills shone on by the sun," he received a substantial education, and drank in from the inspiring book of nature those idyllic impressions which are reflected in many of his songs. A strong advocate of, and believer in "education by contact," he was privileged when quite a youth, to reside for a time in London, and there felt, as he himself expressed it, the powerful beat of the metropolitan heart. Returning thence to his Tweed-side home, with widened sympathies and a heart always bent on helping others, he gathered about him a company of manly young men who worked along with their leader, early and late, to provide rational amusement and elevating entertainment for the people of their native town. He early realized the import-

ance of the temperance movement, and has all along been a prominent and energetic member of the Good Templar Order. In this connection his success with children has been a marked characteristic of his personal attraction. Like all true poets, he has a big heart for the bairns, and has written for them some sweet ditties, which are much appreciated at gatherings of the little ones.

Near the close of 1881, he removed to Glasgow, where he is now acting as manager of a well-known musical firm. That city of work and workers absorbs every minute of his time which he can spare from business and necessary rest, in endeavours to raise his fellows. His passionate love for everything that pertains to the Borders has resulted in his becoming one of the leading members of the influential Glasgow Border Counties Association. With such a full and busy life it would seem impossible that he could have any leisure to devote to literary work, but this is not so. His racy and timely articles, which he has designated by the original title of "Chimes from St Mungo," are eagerly looked forward to every week by the readers of the *Peeblesshire County Newspaper*. Most of his poetical effusions are in the form of songs, for which he himself composes the melodies, and these are admirably adapted for public singing.

Messrs Morison Brothers, Glasgow, have just published a copyright of "The Soft Lowland Tongue o' the Borders," with music and pianoforte accompaniment—a song which has won for its author a fresh fame amongst the folks of the Lowlands. On whatever subject Mr Sanderson writes, he casts a true poetic glamour around it, and a spirit of graceful reverie pervades some of his more reflective pieces. His lyrics possess an easy and liquid flow, while his songs to the children are tender, loving, natural, and heart-reaching.

THE SOFT LOWLAND TONGUE O' THE BORDERS.

O blythe is the lilt o' his ain mither tongue
 To the exile that's lang been a-roamin' ;
 It aye brings to mind the auld sangs that were sung
 Round his faither's fireside at the gloamin'.
 It brings back the scent o' the heathery braes,
 The sound o' the wee burnie's wimple ;
 The laughin' and daffin' o' youth's happy days,
 When his cheek's deepest line was a dimple.

Chorus—

What tho' in the ha's o' the great we may meet,
 Wi' men o' high rank and braw orders,
 Our hearts sigh for hame, and nae music's sae sweet
 As the soft lowland tongue o' the borders.

Fu' aften the wanderer comes back in dreams
 To banks whaur the hazels are growin' ;
 Whaur Teviot, Gala, or Jed's bonnie streams,
 Or Tweed's crystal waters are rowin'.
 He hears the auld tongue frae the stout Border lad
 As he follows the plough or the harrow ;
 The Border lass sings it in strains sweet tho' sad,
 On the banks o' the Ettrick or Yarrow.

The tongue that was spoken by Leyden and Scott,
 By Hogg near the lonely St Mary,
 Shall never by true Border hearts be forgot,
 Tho' times wi' their changes may vary.
 Oh lang may sweet peace and prosperity reign,
 And keep our dear hames frae disorders ;
 And lang may we welcome that auld-worl'd strain,
 The soft lowland tongue o' the Borders.

A STOUT HEART WILL CONQUER THEM A'.

The king and the peasant alike,
 The laird o' braid acres sae fair ;
 The tinker—that stout, tousy tyke—
 They a' hae their burdens to bear.
 Though some think their creel raither fu',
 And under the load aften fa',
 O ! dinna gie up, for its true—
 A stout heart will conquer them a'.

Chorus—

A stout heart will conquer them a',
 Your trials and sorrows an' a',
 Then be o' guid cheer, ye'll win through, never fear,
 A stout heart will conquer them a'.

O happy's the wee toddlin' wean
 Wi' gowan chain wun' round his neck;
 But gin he fa's ower a big stane
 His wee bit heart's juist like to break.
 An' arena we aft like the bairn,
 When Fortune's bricht smile gangs awa';
 We're sweered this guid lesson to learn—
 A stout heart will conquer them a'.

The day that is dreary and dark
 May clear ere the gloamin' be past;
 The weary and tempest-tossed bark
 May reach the safe haven at last.
 There's trouble in ilka man's lot,
 They creep into cottage and ha';
 But ne'er let this truth be forgot—
 A stout heart will conquer them a'.

T I G .

Trudgin' hame frae workin' at the e'enin',
 Aften tired and fu' o' weary pain,
 But when ance I reach my cheerie ingle,
 The bairnies bring my comforts back again.
 There's little Jeannie sittin' on the fender,
 And rumblin' Robbie rinin' sic a rig,
 While wee wee Willie cries frae oot the corner,
 "O! daddy come an' play wi' me at tig."

Oh! tig, tig, tig,
 Rinin' round the table,
 Crawlin' 'neath the easy chair
 As fast as he is able,
 Winna there be sicna row
 If he cracks his wee bit pow,
 Ah! I've got the rascal now,
 Tig, tig, tig.

There's sweet contentment ever at our fire-end,
 List'nin' to the bairnies sweetly sing,
 Hearin' a' their wee bit joys and sorrows,
 I wadna change my comforts wi' a king.

And then to see their mither watchin' ower them,
 And keepin' ilka ane sae clean and trig,
 Nae wunner I forget my toils and troubles,
 And join them in their little game o' tig.
 Oh ! tig, tig, tig, &c.

When Faither Time gaes hirplin' doon life's hill-side
 And locks, ance raven, noo are white as snaw,
 We'll keep oor hearts frae growin' sad and weary,
 Wi' thinkin' on thae days sae lang awa'.
 The bairnies ane by ane hae left our fire-end,
 For ilka ane has grown sae stout and big,
 Bot mid the world's trials and temptations,
 They'll mind the happy days they played at tig.
 Oh ! tig, tig, tig, &c.

SWEET LEITHEN VALE.

Each dewdrop at the early morn
 That decks the flower or bending corn ;
 That tips each fern with jewel rare,
 Or hides within the lily fair ;
 Each warbler's note from woodland grove,
 That greets me as afar I rove ;
 Each perfumed breath of summer gale
 Recalls to me sweet Leithen Vale.

Chorus—

Sweet Leithen Vale, I love thee still,
 Each shady nook, each murmur'ing rill ;
 To me thy beauties never pale,
 Sweet Leithen Vale, sweet Leithen Vale.

When toiling in the city mart,
 A shadow oft will fill my heart ;
 And life with all its load of care
 Makes me forget thy scenes so fair ;
 'Tis then some flower or passing word,
 Will wake in mem'ry's harp a chord ;
 And change to songs my heart's sad wail,
 Recalling thee, sweet Leithen Vale.

At early morn or twilight dim,
 Thy mem'ries come like chanted hymn ;
 I live again my childhood's days,
 Or sing once more our happy lays.
 And when the sun sinks in the west,
 And birds are hush'd within their nest,
 When stars shine through the moonbeams pale,
 In dreams I visit Leithen Vale.

ROBERT BELL, M.D.,

AUTHOR of a volume entitled "A Physician's Poems" (Glasgow : David Bryce & Son, 1893) and a number of important medical works, was born of Scotch parents at Alnwick, in 1845. He was educated at the grammar school of that town, from which he proceeded to Glasgow University. After the usual course there he took the degree of M.B., followed by that of M.D. He is also a Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow, and a Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

Since 1868 Dr Bell has been engaged in one of the largest practices in Glasgow. In 1876, he was the means of founding the Glasgow Hospital for Diseases Peculiar to Women, of which Institution he is now senior physician. Gradually he has drifted into a speciality in this particular department of medicine, and is now largely engaged in gynaecological work. In 1892 the hospital above-mentioned had the remarkable record of having had ninety-nine operations with only one death. From the "Bulletin Officiel de l'Académie Parisienne des Inventeurs," January, 1893, we learn that during his professional career our poet has devoted considerable attention to ventilation of railway trains, ships, public buildings, &c. Also, that the Academy has presented him with its gold medal and a diploma for a most ingenious and effective heating and ventilating apparatus that he has invented.

With the exception of "A Physician's Poems," Dr Bell's literary productions have hitherto been entirely medical—consisting of monographs on subjects, such as small-pox, diphtheria, biogenesis, the evil effects of constipation upon the character of the blood, the treatment of endometritis, &c. Besides these he has also

published, through Messrs Bryce & Son, works on "Tuberculosis, and its Successful Treatment," "Woman in Health and Sickness," "Our Children : A Guide to Mothers"; and now (February 1893) he has just completed an encyclopædia of medicine occupying 600 pages. These works have enjoyed wide popularity, and are highly valued both by professional and non-professional readers. They are lucid and attractive in style, and, as has been remarked, are not embarrassed by tiresome verbiage and mystery. Dr Bell's poems, he tells us in his preface to his volume, "are reflections of the rays proceeding from the various persons and objects which have impinged upon the mirror of his mind. Some of his readers may have met in real life the characters depicted, and the crystallization attempted will be appreciated according to the insight of the observer. The sympathies of mankind are ever with their reminiscent associations, and are keen or dull, in reciprocation to the impressions made or the feelings excited by past or present experience. What to one is insipid is to another exhilarating. The author's hope is that he may strike a genial chord between himself and his reader." We have found his verse easy and flowing, natural and graceful in expression, and much of it of a deeply reflective and observant cast—notably so his descriptions of Highland scenes of natural beauty. The lights and shades of character he sketches with quaint touches of humour, and, when necessary, with incisive force and powerful sarcasm.

THE BURN.

I love the wee burnie which trips through the glen,
Far, far away from the rude haunts of men ;
I love its sweet music and its modest sing-song,
As it totters o'er shingle the whole day long.

I love its soft murmur, which repeats to the woods
Its varying strains as it changes its moods,
And the duet which so sweetly is sung by the trees
And the burnie together in the soft summer breeze.

Oft have I watched it child-like at play,
'Mongst the pebbles and rocks which studded its way :
Then resting a moment in eddying pool,
It scampers away like children from school.

And child-like again, with no heed for the morrow,
It rushes right onwards, ne'er thinking of sorrow.
Till, reaching the fall, it leaps o'er the linn,
And is dashed into spray with monotonous din.

The boom of the linn's never-varying sound,
From day unto day and the whole year round,
Conducts to the spot where the cataract's spray
Glints in the light when the sunbeams play.

But when the spate from the mountain, turbid and red,
Descends to the burnie and writhes in its bed—
Farewell to that music whose hallowing strains
Is drowned by the roar of the child of the rains.

NEVER SHOW YOUR STING.

If you wish to injure a man,
A stab in the dark is the thing ;
Say of him all the ill you can,
But never show your sting.

At his successes always sneer,
And insinuations fling,
That "he is partial to good cheer,"
But do not show your sting.

If you know a scandal is abroad,
By all means give it wing ;
Endorse it by a shrug and nod,
But never show your sting.

You often thus can ruin bring
That to one's life may cling,
And from him cries of anguish wring
While still you hide the sting.

THE BRAES O' LOCH AWE.

The gloom of stern Winter's but a memory now,
 And the white mists which shrouded Ben Crnachan's brow
 Have gently been lifted by Spring's kindly thaw,
 And Summer sits smiling on the braes o' Loch Awe.

A wealth of bright foliage now gladdens these braes,
 And glints in the beams of the bright summer days ;
 While the sweet-scented flower of the ruby red haw
 Peeps out from the verdure on the braes o' Loch Awe.

The spruce and the larch and the rowan's white flower
 Climb up the steep overhanging Blair Gower ;
 And gang where ye like ye'll see naething sae braw
 As the bonny pine woods on the braes o' Loch Awe.

And when the heather, with the bloom of the peach,
 Stretches as far as the vision can reach,
 A bonnier picture the eye never saw
 Than that which adorns the braes o' Loch Awe.

Then as Autumn sinks into Winter's rude arms,
 The picture is changed, yet still has its charms ;
 And though mountain and hill are covered wi' snaw,
 Beauties still crowd round the braes o' Loch Awe.

SPRING IN GLENORCHY.

The remnant of Winter still clings to Ben Lui,
 But like foam on the river 'tis passing away ;
 The hoar frosts are gone, the grass is now dewy,
 And Spring, wreathed in sunbeams, is smiling on May.

The winds that are wafted o'er the brow of Ben Strone,
 And fan with their wings Glenorchy's sweet vale,
 Fondle the trees as a lover who's wooin',
 And to his love is repeating that often-told tale.

The song of the river is rich in its sadness,
 As through eddy and stream its waters roll on ;
 The lute of the lark, thrilling with gladness,
 Proclaims from the heavens that Winter is gone.

The notes of the cuckoo resound through the valley,
 Like an echo, which over and over again
 Repeats to itself and the woods of Dal' ally
 That Spring is now smiling on Orchy's fair glen.

The moorcock declares that he's king of the heather,
 As he shakes off the dew from his gray plumaged crest,
 And, carefully arranging each russet feather,
 He cackles his love to his mate on her nest.

The fife of the mavis and flute of the blackbird,
 The pipe of the bullfinch, and the linnet's sweet song,
 The chirp of the sparrow from his perch in the stack-yard,
 All, rejoicing, repeat that Winter is gone.

Cleaving the ether on silvery pinion,
 The seagull pursues unimpeded his flight ;
 The ocean his home, the air his dominion,
 Glenorchy's proud valley his chiefest delight,

In sheen of the emerald, the hawthorn, and rowan,
 The beech tree, the elm, the larch, and the pine,
 And the meadows, bedecked by the golden-eyed gowan,
 In silence proclaim that their Author's divine.

Then let me fly to that nook in the mountain,
 Where nature has lavished the gems of her art ;
 Where the hills are bespangled by rippling fountains,
 And mound, crag, and hill fresh beauties impart.



MARGARET BEAN.

MMARGARET BEAN was born at Piperton, near Brechin, in 1865. Her father, David Bean, who died in 1889, and a direct line of ancestors, for the last six centuries, occupied the farm of Piperton. The name Bean is the same as Bain, or Bane. Miss Bean's grand-uncle, the Rev. John Machar, D.D., late minister of St Andrew's Church, Kingston, Canada, a distinguished divine, was for some years Principal of Queen's College. The "Memorials of his Life and Ministry," with a selection of his sermons and lectures,

were issued, in a large volume, in 1873. This work, ably edited by his daughter, and published by James Campbell & Son, Toronto, enjoyed wide popularity.

The subject of our sketch was educated in Brechin and in Edinburgh. Then, for five years, she was governess in a school, in England, where boys were prepared for Rugby, Eton, Harrow, &c. Her health, however, gave way, and she returned to Scotland, where she is now head governess, for English and Latin, in Mallinkrodt, the well-known Fifeshire German School, at Kirkcaldy. Teaching and caring for the young is her delight, and that is the secret of her successful career. With her refined taste, the love of nature, and of literature—especially English and German poetry—is quite a passion. As a recreation or safety-valve, in her leisure hours, she has written not only vigorous and thoughtful prose, but also many long poems, and some short ones. In these efforts, two opposite characteristics, seldom so markedly developed in the same individual, are apparent. The one trait—especially in the longer poems—is an afternoon dreaminess, where, surrounded by flowers and birds, lulled by rippling brooks, and Æolian music—“linked sweetness long drawn out”—we drowse in Spenser’s bower of bliss; while, in the other, we have direct action, strength, condensation, and narrative, given in the fewest and best words, with much of the bald simplicity and force of the old ballad. As we have said, Miss Bean’s occasional verses are “wood-notes wild”—rapidly thrown off, and modestly undervalued by herself—but, from the delicacy, beauty, and inherent power which they display, we augur a successful future.

WHAUR MY HARP LO'ES TO DWELL.

In the west they may boast o' their wild windin' shore,
 Whaur the caves waefu' wail at the ocean's loud roar ;
 But I trow the fair glens, wi' their birk nestlin' braes,
 Are the shrines whaur my harp lo'es to waken her lays.

In the smile o' fair Spring peep the wee catkins forth,
 An' they ettle to daur the canld bite o' the north ;
 Syne the burnies dance doon the green hill-side in glee,
 An' the lintie lilt's oot its sweet welcome to me.

Sae, a health to the glens o' oor dear mountain land ?
 An' as lang as the heather-deck'd hills firmly stand,
 May oor he'rts aye be true as the lav'rock's sweet sang,
 Licht an' free as the wee burnie dancin' along !

OOR AIN AULD MITHER LAND.

A MOTHER TO HER SONS.

Oor fathers focht wi' dirk and blade,
 To hurst the bonds the Southron made ;
 " What reck we, gin through blood we wade ?
 We'll hand to hand
 Like brithers stand
 To richt oor ain auld mither land."

Oor foes are a' grown leal and true ;
 We're brithers ower the Border noo,
 But Scotland looks to men like you
 To prove her nicht,
 An' see her richt,
 An' keep her war-won honour bricht.

Be men ! an' scorn the meaner pairt
 That lands the brain an' kills the he'rt ;
 Your brither scan fae ilka airt
 O' mental view,
 An' firm an' true
 Befriend a man e'en proved untrue.

Aye try to bide fae snares o' sin,
 An' gin ye fa' tak tent an' rin
 Far, far fae sic like snares again ;
 Regrets are vain,
 That dinna gain
 The poorer to blot oot folly's stain.

Aye hear a fa'en brither's plaint,
 As fellow-sinner, no as saint ;
 A tear may gar a freend repent,
 When a' therant
 O' priestly cant
 But drives him back to "waur na' want."

So aye be noble, true an' free ;
 Ne'er bend to man the suppliant knee ;
 Lat aye your God your refuge be,
 An' hand to hand
 True brithers stand,
 An honour to your mither land !

THE BALLAD OF SEAFIELD TOWER.

A tower stands in grimness grey,
 And there, by stormy waters,
 Lord Roderick wields his tyrant sway,
 And guards his lovely daughters.

Each eve, ere gloamin's hour is o'er,
 A boat is landed surely ;
 And there, as oft they've done before,
 Two lovers meet securely.

The gallant's glance in ardour flies
 To note each charming feature,
 The Lady Alice in his eyes
 Is Nature's fairest creature.

"And now," he cries, "my Alice dear,
 Return I sure to-morrow,
 To take thee from thy bondage here,
 And haply end thy sorrow."

An hour of dearly dangerous bliss,
 Then doleful thoughts of leaving,
 A sigh, a tear, a parting kiss—
 Now seas between them heaving.

The Lady Alice waves farewell,
 And turns away in sadness ;
 Her boding heart, full strange to tell,
 Scarce hopes to-morrow's gladness.

But see ! a turret window high,
 A watching face discovers ;
 The Lady Margaret's jealous eye
 Has seen the trysting-lovers.

With wily lips and feigned smile
She seeks her trusting sister,
And promises, with ruthless guile,
The morrow, to assist her.

Then, ere the sun has sunk to rest,
A father's heart she maddens,
And stirs to vengeful thoughts the breast
That love no longer gladdens.

Next eve young Randolph, gay and proud,
His boat impatient urges
O'er storm of waters wild and loud.
And haste-impeding surges,

But, when his foot has touched the land,
No maiden fair to meet him !
The stern Lord Roderick's angry brand
The only glance to greet him.

"And dare you, villain," Roderick cries,
My guarded nest to harry !
You thought to steal a precious prize,
But, ere you venture, tarry."

A glare of anger flashed between,
Then gleam of steel far brighter ;
When lo ! a bolt of lightning sheen
Dealt death to one fierce fighter.

And how with Randolph has it fared ?
A moment will discover,
The angry father's life is spared ;
Low lies the luckless lover !

Oh, dool and wae rang through that tower,
Night fell in clouds of sorrow ;
Long ere the storm had ceased to lower
There woke a wailing morrow.

When Lady Alice met her love,
And saw him cold beside her,
She vowed to keep her tryste above
Where ills would ne'er betide her.

The hapless knight his tryste has kept,
No maiden fair to greet him.
That night the gentle Alice slept
Her long last sleep to meet him,

Still round that tower at mirk midnight,
 A woeful wail of sorrow
 Wafts long and low, till morning light
 Proclaims a new-born morrow.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

I wandered down the woody shore,
 That Forth's bright waters love to lave,
 And heard the music of the wave
 That tells of days that are no more.

While listening to the soothing song,
 My heart gave up its woes to air ;
 I heard a heavenly message there
 That balmed the weary wound of wrong.

"For long, long years my part I've sung,
 And swelled the hymn the ages raised
 To Him whom circling planets praised,
 Ere from His hand the young earth sprung."

"I saw mankind in every age
 Raise for himself the weary load
 That saddens all life's winding road,
 And makes this world a prison cage."

"Man lives for ever ! Here below
 A few short years at most his own,
 Not meant to sink by toil o'erthrown,
 But manfully to master woe."

"And thou, too, sadly tossed by fate,
 Art making life a burden drear ;
 Thy sorrows hush ! Thy God is near,
 Smile, and thy load lacks half its weight."

And thus, as threatening clouds draw near,
 I take my lesson from the sea
 That smiles, in sunshine full of glee,
 And bravely fights when storms appear.



JAMES THOMSON.

THOUGH the subject of this sketch may be said to belong to a period earlier than that we intended to embrace in this work, yet we are led to include several of his pieces from the fact that, notwithstanding their undoubted excellence, they have never before, we are led to believe, been given in any work on Scottish poetry. That Mr Thomson's writings were much admired in his day is proved by the list of subscribers, some six or seven hundred in number (including most of the nobility and leading personages in Edinburgh and surrounding district), which is appended to a volume published by him in 1801.

From the introduction to this book, we learn that James Thomson was born in Edinburgh in 1763, and when but a few months old was sent to his maternal grandfather, a weaver in Kenleith, a small village in the parish of Currie, near Edinburgh. Here he was brought up, and at the age of seven years began to attend the village school. Shortly afterwards he was seized with an attack of small-pox, "of the most malignant kind;" and, as his recovery was slow, his grandparents, who treated him as their own child, would not allow him to return to school. Under the tuition, therefore, of his relatives he acquired his little stock of learning—rude, indeed, but it was sufficient to enable him to read, and to understand and relish what he read. The early years of Thomson were passed in the manner most common to children of the Scottish peasantry at that time—herding. He never, we are told, went to the field with the cow "without carrying in his pocket some ballads or book of songs, which chance had thrown in his way; with these he beguiled the tedious hours, and from them he imbibed a taste for poetry." At thirteen years of age, on the

proposition of his grandfather, young Thomson agreed to follow the profession of a weaver, much, however, against his own inclinations, for he aspired to higher pursuits. In his spare time he went to school to learn to write, but, instead of paying attention to orthography, he amused himself in making rhymes on his schoolfellows. As nobody could read what he wrote, he seldom was at the trouble to use the pen, but, we are told, "committed the effusions of his muse to the tablets of his memory, which were never allowed to rust." On the death of his grandfather, Mr Thomson removed to a village in the parish of Colinton. After a short stay there, however, he returned to Kenleith, where he spent the remaining portion of his uneventful life, held in much esteem by all in the district. "Thomson was the most useful man in the parish : he could let blood, when his neighbours required his aid ; kill a *mart* for the accommodation of a friend ; and, on a Saturday night, all the beards of the village came under his hand. He was thus, besides being a weaver, the barber, physician, poet, and musician of the village." We are unable to give the date of the death of this peasant poet, "born to poverty and nursed in obscurity," as the introduction to his book was written while he was still alive, living the monotonous existence of a simple son of toil, and cheering his neighbours by his poetic and musical gifts.

SANDY AND JOCK.

("A Dialogue betwixt two old Men at the Kirk.")

In simmer-months, whan days are lang
 An' young an' auld to kirk do gang,
 Jock and Sandy, ag'd fourscore,
 Forgather'd baith at the kirk-door ;
 And O ! but they were chief an' pack,
 An' bauld an' loudly they did crack
 O' things o' date as auld, I'm sure,
 As Bannockburn an' Sheriff-muir,

JOCK.

O! what's 'come o' ye, Sandy, man,
 Ye've no' been here I kenna whan?
 To leave the Kirk ye surely mean,
 An' turn a strict Seceder clean;
 For it's three quarters o' an year,
 Sin I can mind I saw you here.

SANDY.

If it be true, as bodies say,
 That for the King they winna pray;
 Now here I'm sure that they are wrang,
 God bless him, honest man, an' lang;
 Say what they will, but as for me,
 I'll ay wish weel to George the Three.
 I doubt nae but Seceders may
 Preach the gospel weel an' pray;
 Yet this I'll wad, without a joke,
 They've scabbed anes amang their flock,
 For tent their lives, an' then ye'll see
 They're no' a' saints, lad, mair than me.
 My nibour's fau'ts what need I tell,
 Because I plenty hae mysell?
 An' if that we wad be content,
 We hae nae reason for complaint;
 A dainty lad we've o' oor ain,
 For him to preach is little pain.
 O! did ye notice, Jocky, man,
 This day sae briefly he began?
 Yon text he handled to a hair;
 An' O how bonny was his pray'r!
 He bade the rich be sure to mind
 The lame, the cripple, an' the blind,
 An' bodies poor, wi' fam'lies sma';
 The fient a haet he miss'd at a';
 An' fair he cow'd that sin o' pride,
 A thing I never yet cou'd bide;
 But there were plenty I cou'd name,
 Wha to themsells might tak it hame.

JOCK.

O! Sandy, lad, your mem'ry's fine,
 An' has the heels by far o' mine,
 For mine is grown sae very thin,
 That fient a haet it will ha'd in;
 It minds me o' a milcie-clout,
 Nae sooner fill'd than it rins ont,
 As, for a proof, it's grown sae ill,

The very pouch that ha'ds my mill,
 There's mony a time I canna mind it,
 I'll grape them a' before I find it.
 But weel I wat it's true you say,
 The fo'k are, at the present day,
 Sae stuff'd wi' pride, they dinna ken
 Whilk o' them is their upper en'.
 I mind fu' weel whan you an' I
 Were dainty striplins, herdin' ky,
 We ca'd oor master ay Gudeman,
 Nae ither name got tenants than ;
 Wi' a gray coat an' plaiden hose,
 Their breakfast then a cog o' brose,
 Ayont the ingle bienly crackit,
 An' in their shoon wad ca' a tacket ;
 The gudewife span upo' the rock ;
 The bairns were Jenny, Jean, an' Jock.
 But nought will serve our cummers now,
 Though scarce their father has a cow.
 But ca' them Miss, an' gie a bow.

SANDY.

The like o' that gaes ill wi' me,
 Sae pridefu' cummers now to see ;
 There's some wha wear a hat an' feather,
 An' shoon o' clouts instead o' leather,
 Whase grannies did, I'm free to tell,
 Through a' the country besoms sell.
 Believe me, Jock, it is my thought,
 That were their grannies to be brought,
 To see sic dress as now is seen,
 They scarce wad credit their ain een :
 But stay, before we farther see them,
 It's no' a' gowd that glitters wi' them,
 For, Jocky lad, between us twa,
 Gin we their duds o' sarks but saw,
 Faith, I cou'd wad wi' you twa groats
 Upo' their tails there wad be knots,
 Or in their place a tatter-wallop,
 Or holes through whilk a dog might gallop.

ON STEALING.

Hear this, ye thievin' bodies a',
 I'll warr'nt ye think your crime but sma',
 Whan ye tak little things awa',
 Think how ye're sinnin',
 Mind to the gallows nane does fa'
 Wi' great beginnin'.

Ilk body fairly will allow,
That few at first will steal a cow,
But needle or a preen will pu'
 Frae out a sleeve ;
This is the way maist bodies do
 Begin to thieve.

Before ye venture on the flock,
Ye'll tak a her, a duck, or cock ;
And neist ye'll try to pick the lock
 By art or force ;
And lastly down somebody knock
 Frae aff his horse.

So never do put to your hand,
In case ye canna let it stand ;
And whare at last think will ye land,
 But on a rope ?
So never study to be grand
 On ither fo'k ;

A silly body can his lane,
Wi' little trouble stay a stane,
Which short way down a hill has gaen
 Frae aff the tap,
But at the middle there are nane
 Wha cou'd it stap.

So whan ye find yoursells incline
To steal a rag, though ne'er so fine,
O ! stop yoursells o' that design,
 If ye can mak it ;
Say to yoursells, " This is not mine,
 I winna tak it."

Your wicked heart 'tis, or the de'il,
Ane o' the twa, that bids ye steal ;
It's like his tricks, I ken fu' weel,
 He wants ye hang'd.
If that's no' true, I've lost myskill,
 An' he is wrang'd.

The gowden rule mak ay your guide,
It's not too narrow, nor too wide ;
Sae frae it never gang aside,
 An' syne nae fear
But through the warld ye will glide
 Wi' conscience clear,

COME, HING YER HEADS.

["To the memory of the late Mr Robert Burns."]

Come, hing your heads, ye poets a',
 An' let the tears in plenty fa',
 Since death has ta'en Rob Burns awa,
 That canty callan ;
 O ! sic a loss we never saw,
 Sin we lost Allan.

Oh ! fye upon ye, doctor crew,
 That suffered death awa to pu' ;
 Wha will we get to sing us now
 O' Halloween,
 How lads an' lasses whiddled through
 The kail sae green.

O'er true the auld proverb we see, —
 If that ye anger do a bee,
 It's neither ane, twa, nor yet three,
 That gars ye fyke,
 For on your back in haste will flee
 Maist a' the byke.

Whan Burns gied Hornbook his right due,
 The doctors a', an' they're no' few,
 Amang themsells did mak a vow,
 Did Burns ever
 Chance their fingers but to come through,
 They'd nail him clever.

O'er true, indeed, it was the case,
 Whan death did stare him in the face ;
 In vain their aid he did solace,
 For drug or pill.
 Death has nae left in a' this place,
 A better chiel.



LESLIE MCKENZIE,

WHOSE very promising career was cut short by death at the early age of 23, was a son of a law stationer in Aberdeen, and was born there in 1865.

He received his education in Edinburgh, principally at Mr Cameron's Academy in Gayfield Square. Returning to his native city in 1883, Mr McKenzie shortly afterwards joined the staff of *Bon Accord*, a well-conducted, popular, and brightly humorous weekly journal published in Aberdeen, to which he contributed largely, both in prose and verse, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Mack." Many of his pieces were also illustrated by clever drawings from his own pen. From an obituary notice, which appeared in *Bon Accord* at the time of his death (in May, 1889), we extract the following:—"Possessed of a keen sense of humour, which he could so well pourtray both with pencil and pen alike, Mr McKenzie was a young man of sterling abilities, and thoroughly endowed with all the varied accomplishments which go to make up the successful humorous journalist of these modern days. Mr McKenzie was of a retiring disposition, and preferred rather to go about his work in a quiet and unostentatious manner than to court notoriety. By his early death, we lose a valued friend and pleasant companion, and we do not think it too much to say that the deceased's clever pen and pencil will be missed by all of his friends who had the pleasure of his closer acquaintance and by the public in general."

MISFORTUNE'S FAVOURITE: A TALE OF MAN'S INHUMANITY.

The orator stood with his feet on a tub,
Which was placed upside down on the ground,
And he gave his lean stomach a pat and a rub
(A stomach which seemed to be craving for grub)
As he cast a benign look around.

"Unaccustomed I be, friends, to spout thus," he said,
In a voice which came down through his nose;
"And I wouldn't be doin' it now, only trade
Is a thing which is all busted up and decayed,
As no doubt every one of you knows."

" Misfortune, my friends, is an ailment to which
 Mankind in the habstrack is heir—
 It's a legacy left to the poor and the rich,
 Though the poor man encounters it hardly as sich,
 And gets more of it than a fair share.

" You'll excuse me, kind friends, if afore I begin
 With my lecturer I pass round my hat,
 Perlitely requestin' as how you'll drop in
 A leetle of what you can spare of yer tin
Comperhendis nil cummet il fatt.

" Which no doubt you're aware is an old Latin phrase
 Signifin' that they who bestow
 Are more blessid than them that receive," and I says,
 " That the man who writ that is deservin' of praise,
 And a place where the good people go."

" That man is deservin' of praise," I repeat,
 " And a place where the good people go—
 Hie ! where are you hoff to ? Well, this 'eres a treat,
 I speak's till I'm 'oarse, then they beats a retreat
 When I ax them to pay for the show."

Then the orator cussed and the orator swore,
 And he gave his lean stomach a rub,
 And he didn't seem pleased when a gent came who wore
 A suit of blue clothes, who observed with a roar,
 That he'd better be " hoff" with his tub.

" Collectin' of crowds," said the party in blue,
 " Is agin Parliamentarry hact
 And you'd better not try it again or you'll rue,
 For the law will be down on you quick if you do,
 And you'll get sixty days for a fact."

" Oh ! yer mighty perlite," said the orator man,
 While he tenderly lifted his tub,
 " But where is the crowd, answer that if you can,
 There aint no crowd here," said the orator man,
 And he gave his lean stomach a rub.

" Come, now, none of yer sass," said the party in blue,
 " Dont you dare to speak back to the la !
 Or you'll get it exceedin'ly hot if you do,"
 " Oh ! all right," said the orator man, " then adoo,
 Or, to speak in plain English, ta-ta."

Then the orator wandered away with his tub,
 And the orator scowled and he frowned,
 And he gave his lean stomach a pat and a rub
 (A stomach which seemed to be craving for grub)
 And he cast no benign look around.

TAM AND JESSIE, OR SHE LOVED ANITHER.

Ye'll never find a truer chiel,
 Search high and low by night or day, sirs,
 Than Tammy Fraser o' The Shiel—
 Frae John O' Groats to far Cathay, sirs.

He cam a coortin' Jessie Broon—
 A gallant sonsy coorter truly,
 Wi' tartan plaidie upside doon,
 An' tongue a wheen lang and unruly.

A buirdly figure in a kilt
 Wis Tammy the braw Heiland lad, sirs ;
 Ye couldna find anither built
 Like him frae Keith to Trinidad, sirs.

He'd mak up poetry, and recite's
 Daft rubbish into Jessie's ear, sirs,
 Beginnin' wi' " Oh ! pearl that lights,"
 An' finishin' wi' " darling dear," sirs.

He'd cry an Impriss wi' a croon,
 Is nae ill trauchel, bit I'm thinkin'
 There's neen sae trig as Jessie Broon,
 My queen, fae's poor, but nae sma' drinkin',

He'd blythly sing to cheer her he'rt,
 He'd dance until the midnicht hoorie ;
 Ye widna find a chap sae smert
 Frae Fiji intil Inverurie.

He spent his money for her sake,
 Wi' lavishness that was infinite ;
 A tippence or a tippence maik
 Went bang ! at ony antrin minute !

And Jessie, wi' a doonward glance
 ('Twis picter for the Gods to see her),
 Wid chide him for's extravagance,
 While takin' a' he liked to gi'e her.

He was as constant, an' as true
 As onybody e'er ye saw, sirs;
 Ye widna cross his match if you
 Did search frae Crieff to Berwick Law, sirs.

He asked her if she wid agree
 Tae cheenge her name for that o' Fraser;
 He said, unless she did it, he
 Wid cut his thrapple wi' a razor.

The lassie said—"I dinna ken,"
 Then asked a day to think it ower, sirs,
 She hidna gaen her answer, when
 That day ha'd lengthened into fower, sirs.

An' when fower days had slipped awa'
 She joined in matrimonial shackles,
 Wi' some wratch in the "Forty-twa,"
 Wha wisna fit to bleck Tam's bauch'les.

Tam stole a razor on the spot,
 Intent to rieve his thrapple wi' it,
 He didna though,—he clean forgot,
 An' shaved himself instead—so be it.

CHECKMATE.

The tide which leads to fortune is a tide
 Which flows perversely oft-times, so at least
 'Thas ever done with me. At intervals
 I've made attempts, bold, daring, and ingenious,
 To make the golden hay while shines the sun.
 No use! The best laid plans of men and monkeys
 Are apt to get deranged, mine ne'er succeed.
 A stranger to prosperity it seems
 I'm to be. Just yester-night
 With the last pieces of a little money
 Which I'd acquired (where or by what means
 It matters not, suffice it that 'twas mine
 After it had been the slave of some one else).
 Well, with this money I sat me down to play
 With those small articles they term "cards."
 The man I played with seemed a trifle soft,
 And played, as I imagined, somewhat loosely.
 I scorn to tread upon the weakness
 Of human nature as a usual thing,
 But here a glorious chance seemed ready made
 Of bettering my humble store of lucre.
 Here was a pigeon waiting to be plucked,

And had I let the game slip through my fingers
 Some hawk would likely have been near at hand
 To strip him of his hindmost maravedi.
 Such was my philosophic reasoning.
 And stifling the "still small voice" within me,
 I cunningly began to "draw him out."
 To this end playing so that I would lose,
 Thus giving him the necessary confidence
 Which would give birth to further recklessness
 On his part. That was how I reckoned.
 But many a slip occurs when least expected.
 He proved to be as cute a man as I.
 And while I blindly played into his hand
 To cheat him in the end (for such it was,
 Though I do say so who should keep it mum),
 He quietly annexed my hard-gained plunder,
 And ere I could recover, trailed from me
 The last remaining stiver I had got.
 The one grand *coup*, the *chef-d'œuvre*, I'd built my hopes on
 Proved ineffectual, miserably failed.

I'm but a puny victim of mischance.
 The grandest efforts of my life have failed.
 The golden varnish of my hey-day dreams
 Rubs off, and leaves my eyes to gaze upon
 Naught but the vilest brass. Dross! dross!
 I'm sick of this existence. Had he left me
 But just a trifle of my hard-won earnings
 I'd buy a piece of rope and hang myself.
 Stay! happy thought, the sea, the mighty deep,
 A watery sepulchre, I'll drown dull care,
 And with it drown my own confounded body,
 And furnish food for fishes. Thus by death
 I'll do what never in my life I've done—
 A generous action.
 Oh tinsel world, false and mangy globe,
 Farewell, a last farewell, the end has come!

'Twas but a passing fancy, what's the use
 Of any man anticipating time.
 I'll live! A chance may come, and till it does
 I'll sink within myself and live parochially.



REV. LAURENCE TUTTIETT.

CANON TUTTIETT'S hymns have a place in most modern collections. Although born at Colyton, Devonshire, in 1825, he has long been a much esteemed minister of the Scottish Episcopal Church, St Andrews, where the greater part of his literary work has been done. His father was John Tuttiett, Esq., Surgeon, R.N., and he was educated at King's College, London. From the Directory of the Church we learn that our poet, after a distinguished career as a student, was ordained to the ministry in 1848 by the Bishop of London. From 1854 to 1870 he was Vicar at Lea-Marston, Warwickshire. During the latter year he was inducted to his present charge in St Andrews, and appointed prebendary, St Ninian's Cathedral, Perth, in 1871. Canon Tuttiett is the author of a number of theological works, including "Services and Readings in Prolonged Sickness," "Meditations on the Book of Common Prayer," "Confirmation Manual," "Household Prayers for Working Men," "Reflections on the Penitential Psalms," "Hymns for the Children of the Church," "Some Sermons in Stones," "Through the Clouds" (poems by the Sick Bed, and in Bereaved Homes), besides several selections of sermons, tracts, &c. Canon Tuttiett's hymns are clear, rhythmical, and full of strong verve as well as deep sympathy. They are eminently helpful and uplifting, and are adapted to strengthen the mind, and cheer and comfort the desponding heart—ever showing that the Christian life is the truest, the best, and the happiest.

HYMN AFTER MARRIAGE.

God be with them !—while they stand,
 Heart in heart as hand in hand,
 Breathing first to Heav'n above
 Holy vows of faith and love,

God be with them !—when they go,
By the path His love will show
Each to work with ready will
What they must for Him fulfil.

God be with them !—while they share
All He gives of toil and care ;
Making glad whate'er they do
With affection kind and true.

God be with them !—while they sing
'Mid the blessings time may bring ;
Rising then on wings of praise
To the Light of all their days.

God be with them !—while they pray
Through a dark and troubled day ;
Learning then in pain and loss
How to share their Master's cross.

God be with them !—when they know
All that this world can bestow ;
Looking then for deathless love
In a better Home above.

HYMN OF THE MOURNER.

By the Grave, in silence bending,
Faith and hope with anguish blending,
Father, now my spirit feels
What a light Thy Word reveals.

All Thou gavest Thou hast taken ;
All Thou lovest Thou wilt waken,
When this little passing night
Melts away in morning light.

Long may seem the watch of sorrow ;
Late may dawn the joyous morrow ;
Father, Saviour, let me see
Larger light and peace in Thee.

Thine on earth are Thine for ever ;
Thine in Heaven no power can sever :
From the dust, to die no more,
All Thine own wilt Thou restore.

Many wake, where she is sleeping ;
Many smile, where we are weeping ;
Father kind, Thy mercies fall
Like the sunshine o'er us all.

GO FORWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER! *

Go forward, Christian soldier !
 Beneath his Banner true,
 The Lord Himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials ;
 He knows thine hourly need ;
 He can with bread of Heaven
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

Go forward, Christian soldier !
 Fear not the secret foe ;
 O'er thee are many watching,
 No man may see or know.
 O trust alone thy Leader,
 Nor cease to watch and pray ;
 Heed not the traitor voices
 That lure thy soul astray.

Go forward, Christian soldier !
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquish'd,
 And heaven is all possess'd ;
 Till Christ Himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armour by,
 And wear in endless glory
 The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier !
 Though dark the gathering night
 The Lord, who is thy shelter,
 Will be thy guiding light,
 The morn, His face revealing,
 Will tell thy dangers past ;
 O pray thy faith may fail not,
 His love may hold thee fast.

TO A SNOWDROP.

(On my Wife's Grave.)

From thy wintry grave arising,
 Summer's reign evangelizing,
 Snowdrop, sure my God has sent thee,
 And that priestly vest has lent thee,
 Me to teach, a lonely weeper :—
 "Love is life's unfailing keeper,
 And the body, long forsaken,
 From the dust will one day waken."

* Set to music by the Rev. Sir Frederick A. G. Ouseley, Bart., D.M.

Once that faded wreath beside thee
 Look'd a rival proud to hide thee ;
 Now we mark thee meekly bending
 As in pity o'er its ending.
 E'en the bird that sings above thee
 Seems, like me, to hail and love thee,
 For the blessing thou art giving
 To the dying as the living.

Flower of hope, alas ! so fleeting,
 Welcome this thy timely greeting !
 Now, with voiceless love, addressing
 Thus my heart, and gently blessing :—
 "Summer comes, while Winter chills thee :
 Joy is sown while Sorrow fills thee :
 Earthward bend, while upward soaring :
 Bless the world, while God adoring."



JOHN W. GORDON,

WRITER of the bright and sparkling "Notes from Catrine" in the *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald*, was born at Kilmarnock in 1868. His mother died when he was only a few weeks old, and his father (who was a soldier) having completed his term of twelve years at this time, re-enlisted in the 79th Cameron Highlanders. Consequently, the subject of our sketch found a home with his "dear old grandmother," as he terms her. He was brought up under her loving care till her death, which occurred when he was in his 12th year. Having passed the "x-vi. Standard" at the Glencairn School, he was free to take his part in the battle of life. Although he had the wish to aspire to something higher than the humble position of a miner, he had no friend to help him forward, and had thus, as he says in his vigorous poem, "to paddle his own canoe." Accordingly, till

shortly since, he had to "rough it" in the mine. About nine years ago he left Kilmarnock, and has resided ever since in Catrine—the Queen of the West.

Mr Gordon's frequent contributions, in prose and verse, are lively and thoughtful. They evince the pen of a ready writer, gifted with a vigorous imagination, and possessing the power of portraying the oddities of men and manners with quiet sarcasm and rollicking humour. At the end of each set of "Notes" he generally summons the aid of the youthful imp of the newspaper office, who "turns the crank" of his "rhyming machine." Sometimes the mischievous young rascal strikes the wrong chord, and the result is that things are said that printer's ink won't reproduce, till the Poet has to hastily administer some "kid reviver," and then the rhythm changes from waltz to slow time. We append several *swatches* of the article manufactured during these varying moods, and we think the reader will agree with us in saying that the "material" is well worthy of preservation.

DID YOU EVER THINK TO WRITE A POEM

Did you ever think to write a "pome," and knew not what to say,
While a thousand themes were hurrying through your cranium
every day

But what's the good of humming thus? we can't at all refuse,
For editors say you're paid for this, and of course we must have
news.

Did you ever think to write a "pome" from nature quite sublime?
P'r'aps extracted from the sweetest of that happy golden time,
When you wandered in some lonely glen with her who your wife
is now,

And nearly had your task achieved—when the baby made a row.

Did you ever think to write a "pome" on your dear old ma-in-law,
Who had recently administered to you a dose of jaw?

Just because unto her daughter you had said, "Look here, my
dear,

If your not less extravagant you'll require to side from here."

Did you think to write a "pome" on your wife's answer not so meek,

And the compliments she paid you for your vast amount of cheek,
Reminding you of what took place at the altar long ago,
When you promised to the parson you'd love, come weal or woe?

Did you ever think to write a "pome" on how you felt so small?

Did you ever think on suicide, and the easiest way of all?

If unsuccessfully you've tried to decide 'tween this and that,

Did you ever think it prudent to get up and kick the cat?

Did you ever think to write a "pome" on some sermon newly given

'Bout the great increase of wickedness of this world in which we're living?

But when the preacher made allusion to the sort of life you led,

Did you ever swear (within yourself) then go home and go to bed.

Did you ever think to write a "pome" for honour or for fame,

At the end of which, in letters large, appeared your Christian name?

I'm afraid I cannot boast of being thus far experimental,

For holding this as "sampled stuff" it might be detrimental.

THE MINISTER'S TREE.

On the road to the Newton, in line wi' the schule,

Yince stood an o'erspreading ash tree,

It's leaves in the simmer sae bonnie and green

Couldna hide frae the vee'sitor's e'e.

'Bout its age, aye but there's where the cramby comes in,

I'll say nocht, for I micht tell a lee,

But mang faurest back things my an'granny spak o'

Was the aul' farrant minister's tree.

Hae ye min' when bit callans we played hide-and-seek

Roun' the fit o' its big burly stem,

An' though aft we got hunted for makin' a noise

The next nicht brocht us a' back again.

'Twas then as it's noo, there were some nichts o' peace,

But they seemed juist to last for a wee,

For mony a hardy-focht battle took place

'Neath the shade o' the minister's tree.

Hae ye min' o' the plan Geordie Richmond thocht on

Tae watch lovers wha'd come there by chance;

We'd climb up the tree an' sit down for a wee

In a raw on a big sturdy branch.

Then the lads an' the lasses their love tales wid tell,

Each plighting their troth till they'd dee,

An' when they gaed awa', we cam doon ane an' a'

Frae oor seat on the minister's tree.

Hae ye min' when the starlings wad gather in croods,
 Till wi' fricht they flew aff ane an' a',
 But the simmer induced them tae come back again
 Till they hatched oot their brood and awa'.
 The bonnie blue-bonnet and wee cutty wren
 Did frae brainch to brainch noiselessly flee,
 While the "Whittlet" wids rang wi' the mavis's sang
 Frae the tap o' the minister's tree.

It's shade served for pulpit, from where, by God's grace,
 Mony a guid sermon's been given
 By oor aul' freen M'Gowan, wha read, prayed, an' sang,
 An' explaine'd the true way unto heaven.
 An' aye when some aul' farrant showmen can' roun',
 Which event filled our young herts wi' glee,
 We followed him up frae the fit o' the toon
 To his "stance" at the minister's tree.

But it's lang since awa,' some aul' cronies an' a',
 While there's some in a faur distant laun';
 In the "Mill" and the "Fiel" some hae got on gey weel,
 While some through misfortune hae fan'n.
 Though oceans divide us frae them we lo'e dear,
 Keep in min' there's an all-seeing e'e,
 But hae faith an' we'll meet whaur nae sorrow comes near,
 We wha ran roun' the minister's tree.

PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

They talk of great men who 'mid wealth now repose,
 By paddling their own canoe,
 And they smile when they say, "from the ranks I rose,
 I have paddled my own canoe."
 They may puff as they like, I don't care a rap.
 At some time or other, who said, "Push on, Jack,
 And, whate'er may betide you, I'm here at your back,
 I'll help you to drive your canoe."

Let workly philanthropists preach as they may,
 Paddle your own canoe;
 It's the best all-round plan, and most likely to pay,
 Therefore paddle your own canoe.
 Man's charity's all very good when required,
 And even the best folk are easily tired,
 Even if what they give out has been fairly acquired
 Through paddling their own canoe.

It's jolly to watch politicians fight
 While paddling their own canoe ;
 Each strongly assures us " he's on " for the right,
 And asks us to launch his canoe.
 With a smile so assuring, your vote they will " prig,"
 And having secured them, they don't care a fig ;
 Whatever they do's for themselves, if you " twig,"
 Yes, they paddle their own canoe.

We have some very " fly men " in oor wee cotton toon,
 Who have successfully manned their canoe,
 Through some mode of procedure have noo settled doon
 In the bay with their old canoe.
 When young, some have roamed far across the blue sea ;
 And when wealthy, returned old faces to see ;
 If you want to know why they have climbed the tree,
 Just paddle your own canoe.

The " boy " is now raving—he says he'll take drink
 If we don't turn around the canoe,
 And has uttered a sentence that won't shine in ink,
 So I'll paddle my own canoe.
 A word to the young chaps—be honest and brave,
 Upright and honest, aye, even to the grave ;
 And conscientiously working lots of dollars you'll save,
 While you paddle your own canoe.

Then here's to the lassies who work in the mill—
 Mind, paddle your own canoe ;
 Though your task be so tedious work on with a will,
 Still paddle your own canoe :
 There's some getting married—your turn will come roun',
 Look out for a man who will share in the gloom,
 And I trust that ere long you'll be found snug and soun'
 Rocking a little canoe.



JOAN KELLY.

IN the course of a series of biographical sketches in the *Ardrossan and Salicoats Herald*, the Rev. W. B. R. Wilson, Dollar, says :—" However humble and obscure the lot of Joan Kelly, I would not like to overlook her claims to recognition. She certainly

possesses some of the poet's sympathies and gifts, and she has earned the distinction of having published a volume of verse, while an inmate of the Cunninghame Combination Poorhouse. Miss Kelly, whose father, a Manxman, was drowned six weeks before her birth, in a shipwreck off the long rock of Ballawalter, was born during the first quarter of the present century in the town of Irvine, in which her mother, who was a native of the place, was then living. The widowed mother continued to reside in her native town, earning her living as a sick nurse, and doing her best to educate her only child. The two women, mother and daughter, were never separated, but lived together till the death of the former in her 84th year. This bereavement was keenly felt by the survivor, who says pathetically in her little volume of verse, concerning its effect on her life, that she never felt that this world was lone, till she knew that her task was done. Two years after her mother's death, she was taken almost in a dying state to the Poorhouse ; but under careful nursing she revived, and continues to live there still, though sadly infirm and a permanent invalid.

In the year 1884, at the suggestion of friends, she gathered together a number of the verses she had been wont to throw off during a long life. These formed a handsome little volume, which was published by Mr Murchland, under the title of "Miscellaneous Poems by Joan Kelly." The proceeds did little to benefit the authoress, who would have rejoiced if, at the issue of it, she could have found her way out among her friends again to breathe what she calls "the sweet pure air of liberty." This hope, however passionately cherished, she found impossible of realization ; and so she has ever since gratefully contented herself with the protection and shelter afforded her by the Irvine poorhouse. There, however, as she mentions in one of her poems, she often looks out with wistful eyes to dear

old Irvine, where she once had "one who loved her dear, and where she long had found a home"; adding with a pathos which all must feel—

A Home ! what cherished memories
That little word recalls,
It was dearer to this lonely heart
Than the monarch's gilded halls.
But yet I would not murmur,
God's ways I know are best,
And I'll wait until He calls me
Where the weary findeth rest.

It cannot be long till the weary bed-ridden poetess will win the rest she sings so sweetly about."

OH TELL NA' ME.

Oh, tell nae me o' gilded shows,
Wi' a' their wealth an' pride ;
I wad rather hae my auld arm-chair,
An' my peaceful ingleside.

Lang years hae passèd, an' yet to me
It seems as 'twere yestreen,
That I brocht hame my winsome bride,
My ain dear trusting Jean.

In sweet content we shared oor lot
Wi' oor bonnie bairnies twa ;
Wee Nellie wi' her lint-white locks,
Wee Jock as black's a crow.

An' aft at e'en, when worn wi' wark,
I lookit' roun' wi' pride
At the happy faces that I saw
Roun' my ain fireside.

Ah ! then nae cloud was on my sky,
I thoct that a' was safe ;
But oh, the ruthless spoiler cam'
An' laid them in the grave.

Sair was the blow, yet still we tried,
An' did the best we cou'd ;
But ere another twalmonth cam'
My Jean was in her shroud.

It was then the threefold cord was broke,
 An' I was left my lane ;
 Yet I cou'd say, " God gave, He's ta'en,
 Still blessed be His name."

An' now I'm tottering doon the brae,
 But I ken that God's my Guide ;
 Sae I'll bide my time, and bless Him still
 For my ain fireside.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

Oh, dinna greet my darling bairn,
 I'll hush you on my knee ;
 Your mother's heart is fu' o' fear,
 Your father's at the sea.

He ne'er has seen my bonnie flower,
 But I ken ye'll be his pride ;
 God send him back to you and me,
 Frae 'cross the briny tide.

You're smiling in your sleep, my pet,
 What visions dae ye see ?
 May the angels that are guarding thee
 Be his guardians on the sea.

But, whist ! I hear the postman's knock,
 My darling I maun flee ;
 Wha kens but he has cheering word
 Frae my Jamie at the sea.

A telegram ! I do declare !—
 " Ah's well, dear wite ; oh, come !
 We've had a squall, but what of that,
 Look sharp and bring my son."

Now I will get a hearty greet,
 But oh ! it's no wi' pain,
 My heart is like to lurst wi' joy,
 That my Jamie's safe at hame.

O, Thou who rul'st the wind and waves,
 I give the praise to Thee ;
 An' gie to mony a sailor's wife
 The joy ye've gien to me.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Bleak December's come ance mair,
 Cauld and bitter on the puir ;
 Mony a wee bit hungry wean's
 Shiv'ring in a cheerless hame.

See that puir lit triulin' laddie
 A' his claes are worn an' duddie ;
 Little won'er though he greet—
 See his wee red hackit feet.

Harken tae the puir bit thing,
 As he tries his best to sing,
 Out amang the win' an' rain,
 That sweet sang, " O Hame, Sweet Hame !"

Fair's his face, though shirp'd an' wan ;
 " Whaur's yer faither, puir wee man ?";
 " I hae nane, my faither's dead,
 That's the way I seek my bread."

" An' your mither, my wee child ?"
 " Mither's in her bed no weel";
 An' he looked up wi' a tear,—
 " Mither disna ken I'm here."

Then he grat and sabbit sair,
 " Oh, it's awfu' tae be puir ;
 Is't a sin ? It sure maun be,
 Folk they look sae cauld at me."

" No, my callan', dinna greet,
 Come in frae the cauld an' weet ;
 Little hae I for to spare,
 But of that you'll get a share."

In he gaed wi' heart fu' leal,
 Tae her cozy wee bit biel' ;
 An' while settin' doon his bite,
 " That's," quo' she, " the widow's mite."

" Noo, my laddie, ere you gang,
 Oh, tak' tent, an' ne'er dae wrang ;
 Ne'er forget, wi' a' your cares,
 Morn an' e'en tae sae your prayers."

" Tell your sorrows a' tae God,
 He will help you on life's road,
 An' nane kens His wondrous plan—
 Ye may yet be some great man".

JOHN BRIDIE

WAS born in Dundee "fully sixty years ago." He was educated at "proprietary schools" of the period, and served an apprenticeship to the painting trade in his native city. Besides qualifying himself in the most important branches of the decorative profession, he also studied pictorial art, and has produced a number of interesting "bits." Young Bridie having always evinced a fondness for literature and poetry, and these tastes being shared by a number of his apprentices and fellow-workmen, a number of clever and amusing productions emanated from these workshop associates. At this time, in Dundee as elsewhere, Literary Societies were in full swing, and our poet was an active member of a conclave which met weekly for mutual improvement in the house of an artist in that town. Here, we are told, many Dundee celebrities gathered together and "thrashed out" the social, moral, and intellectual problems of the day. These debates, with occasional essays and festive meetings, rendered the intercourse of this Society interesting and agreeable, as well as profitable to its members. His apprenticeship completed, Mr Bridie worked as journeyman in some of the foremost establishments in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and elsewhere. Ultimately, preferring a country life, he settled in Blairgowrie in 1855. Since then he has been identified with the town and county in many ways, having been long connected with municipal and parochial matters. He was a J.P. and Baron Bailie under the old regime, and has since been repeatedly elected to the position of Chief Magistrate. He is one of the original members of the Mechanics' Institute, of which he has also held the post of President—besides being an active and honorary president and director of many other

local and county boards and institutions. For a number of years he also acted as correspondent to several of the leading newspapers, including the *Scotsman* and *Dundee Advertiser*. Mr Bridie is a popular platform man, and his speeches are always racy, and bristling with humour, anecdote, and *impromptu* verse, in which he evinces the faculty of being able to hit off in happy style the foibles of humanity. Not a few of his miscellaneous poems show that he has a good "grip" of the Doric, which he uses with power and pathos.

Regarding "Peter the Postman," we have received the following explanatory note :—"Many readers will recollect the circumstance of the Glenshee postman, who wrote to the Royal mint for pennies stamped with heads on both sides of the coin, and others with "tails" as he called them. Peter, in his innocence enclosed a trifle to pay the cost of this curious order, explaining that it was "for tossing purposes" he wanted them. The result was Peter's dismissal from office, but, as it was difficult to fill his place in such wearisome service, he was ultimately restored. He was afflicted with an asthmatic complaint, and did not long survive these vicissitudes.

THE AULD BLEACHIN' GREEN.

Oh ! the warst bit o' news that has ever been tell'd
 Was spread through the village yestreen,—
 The plash mill an' a' thing is gaun to be sell'd,
 An' we're lossin' our Auld Bleachin' Green.

There's new-fangled factories gaun to be made,
 The like o' them never has been ;
 New lairds an' new laws are extendin' the trade,
 An' they'll spoolie our Auld Bleachin' Green !

For saxty odd summers I've trachled fu' sair,
 An' mony a washin' I've seen,
 But what can I do now but sit an' despair
 Ow're the loss o' our Auld Bleachin' Green ?

Our John speaks o' scrubbin', an' wringin', an' wark,
 An' "hingin' to dry on a screen ;"
 But how can we clear up a dicky or sark
 If we hav'na our Auld Bleachin' Green ?

Oh! as lang as I live I can never forget
 The hainely an' beautifu' scene,
 When we spread out, and syndit', and wrung till we sweat,
 At our claes on the Auld Bleachin' Green.

Ilka day had its crack on the news o' the toon,
 O' clavers an' clashes a wheen :
 An' a' the queer stories that ever cam' doon
 Were tauld on the Auld Bleachin' Green.

The fine caller breeze, that cam' cheerily on
 To sweeten our duddies sae clean,
 Will now sing owre the spot wi' a murmurin' moan,
 For the sake o' our Auld Bleachin' Green.

Fareweel to the inch, an' the banks, an' the braes,
 Fareweel to the river atween,
 Fareweel to the washin's o' bonnie clean claes,
 Fareweel to the Auld Bleachin' Green.

For a' things are changin', an' eke sae maun I,
 An' soon it may happen, I ween,
 That my banes may be laid in the kirkyard up-hye,
 An' that will be my bleachin' Green !

THE AULD BRIG.

While ithers boast o' novelties, an' honour wi' applause
 The grandeur o' their cities, wi' their palaces and ha's,
 May we an' a' oor neebors hae a kindly word to spare
 For that venerable edifice, the Auld Brig o' Blair.

There's mony a muckle biggin', wi' a dashin' ootward show,
 Looks doon wi' prood conceit on the inhabitants below :
 But whaur will ye get aye that, for a hunder year an' mair,
 Has been sae humble an' sae usefu' as the Auld Brig o' Blair ?

In ancient times the only means o' crossin' used to be
 The coble o' the ferryman, wha won his penny fee ;
 But never yet was passenger harass'd wi' coont or care,
 Or taxed wi' toll or pontage on the Auld Brig o' Blair.

Oh, if the brig could tell us what a witness it has been,
 What soonds it may hae heard, an' siccan sights it may hae
 seen !
 The records o' the century to publish an' declare
 Wad mak' a curious volume, by the Auld Brig o' Blair.

Hoo mony ups an' doons it saw, hoo mony kinds o' change,
 Hoo mony simple doin's, an' hoo mony passin' strange ;
 Hoo aft it echoed back the bitter curse or pious prayer,
 Hoo often it was crossed in love, the Auld Brig o' Blair.

Baith high an' low, an' rich an' puir, the ancient Brig has borne,
 The Queen an' Royal family, an' eke the Lord o' Lorne ;
 The lang lamentit Albert, wha was regrettit sair,
 An' a' kin-kind hae journeyed ower the Auld Brig o' Blair.

Ah ! weel I mind the mornin' o' that dark October date
 When we saw the angry Eicht comin' doon wi' fearfu' spate ;
 But wha can paint oor agony, an' terror, an' despair,
 When doon wi' thunderin' reeshil cam' the Auld Brig o' Blair.

Yet, wild as was the fury an' the forces o' the blast,
 It only shook the tap, an' left the bottom firm an' fast ;
 It tirl'd the arches an' the parapets, but it didna dare
 Tae ruin the foundations o' the Auld Brig o' Blair.

Wi' joy we saw the workmen get the ugly slaps repaired,
 As they filled up what was wantin' o't, an' strengthened what
 was spared ;
 An' noo, though stormy weather comes, we never care a hair,
 For we've greater faith than ever in oor Auld Brig o' Blair.

“THERE'S AYE SOME WATER WHIAUR THE STIRKIE
 DROONS.”

Oh, leeze me on the “Auld Scots' sangs,” I like to hear them
 sung ;
 They mind me o' my early days and hamely mither tongue ;
 But what can match the proverbs o' oor canny country toons
 Hech ! “there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !”

“Oh, did you hear o' sic an' sic ?” the village gossips say
 As they clash about the claivers an' the scandals o' the day :
 There's mony an unco ferlie, but the latest story croons :
 Ay, there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !

There's weaver Jock, the bachelor, sae often wi' the miller,
 Whase only dochter, Jeannie, is expected to hae siller :
 What cares he for the faither, or the mither, or the loons ?
 There's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !

Ye've heard o' dandy Willie and the rumour that's afloat ?
 If he hadna been amon' the craws he wadna hae been shot.
 We needna trust to ilka idle tale that gangs the roun's,
 But—there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !

An' there's oor neebor lassies, too, are gettin' unco braw,
 Their fashions an' their falderals are no like them ava.
 There's something at the bottom o' their ribbons an' their goons,
 For there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !

An' there is Tam, the manager, whase cunnin' ends are saired
 By cuttin' auld acquaintances an' votin' wi' the laird ;
 Gie him the cash, he heeds na for your favours or your froons—
 Yea, there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !

An' what about our merchants noo, sae lang in opposition ?
 There's naething noo but thrangity—it's open to suspicion.
 There's something sure to happen to astonish 't the Broons,
 For there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !

Gie me the steady-mindit folk that's either in or oot,
 Ye'll aye ken whaur to find them, for they're there or there
 about ;
 But what can be the meanin' o' sae mony ups an' doons ?
 Och ! there's aye some water whaur the stirkie droons !

BURNS' CENTENARY CELEBRATION.

Scotland ! arise, and hail the natal day,
 Auspicious season of regret and mirth ;
 A hundred years have come and passed away
 Since nature triumphed in thy poet's birth.

A passing thrill of sorrow and regret
 Retards the "genial current of the soul,"
 While history unfolds the fate he met—
 A life of poverty beyond control.

And, if a thought of waywardness intrude
 To mix with pity, and impair his fame,
 Let justice poise the evil and the good,
 And the accusing heart be tried the same.

Let genins, with its soul-propelling power,
 Restrain the censure, and repel the rage ;
 And do not crush the beauty of the flower
 Though weeds and thistles flourish on the page.

The thistle ! ah ! how tenderly the bard
 "Turned o'er the clips," and "spared the symbol dear,"
 The mountain daisy shared his kind regard,
 And even the mousie might allay its fear.

The "ourie cattle" in the winter night,
 "Ilk happin bird," aye, even "Nickie Ben,"
 In honest pity, passion, or delight,
 Were subject to his fancy and his pen.

He sang the hymns of Nature's highest praise,
 Not in the measured lines of pompous art ;
 Not in pedantic forms of empty phrase,
 But pure, impassioned, flowings of the heart.

His playful wit assailed the hollow mask
 Of rampant bigotry, and zealot folly ;
 He told too much of truth—ungrateful task !
 Subject alike of mirth and melancholy.

He mingled with the follies of his age,—
 Who has not ? let the carping critic tell,
 And who, that blames his manners, will engage
 Like him, to bind our hearts with gentle spell ?

But hark ! the world re-echoes to the sound
 Of mirth and pity mingled, Scotland mourns
 Her darling son, yet smiles to hear the sound
 Of hearts responsive to the name of Burns.

PETER THE POSTMAN.

Alas ! we've lost him, ah, wae's me—
 Sae lang our postman in Glenshee,
 An' after a' so sune to dee—
 Puir Peter Reid !
 He was just forty-five ye see,
 An' noo he's dead.

Summer an' winter, day an' nicht,
 In gloamin' grey an' mornin' bricht,
 Whyles wi' a lantern for a licht,
 Through mist and dews,
 Puir Peter's form aye hove in sicht,
 Wi' a' the news.

Noo, that he's ta'en his last fareweel,
 He was a handy, hame owie chiel',
 Wha, after he had fairly weel
 Done a' his duties,
 Could smoke, an' crack, or fill a creel.
 Wi' bonnie trouties.

The joukin' rabbits kent his fit ;
 The plover an' the whaup wad sit ;
 The muirfowl didna move a bit
 To east or wast ;
 An' even the roe deer wadna flit
 When Peter passed.

The vera squirrel kenned his hoast,
 As owre the hirken shaws he crossed,
 An' keekin' doon—"Gnid mornin' post,"
 Wad bid him hail
 As, mair for fun than fear he tossed
 His head an' tail.

An ! wily Peter, was it true
 That, like the pawky squirrel, you
 Amused yersel' wi' "tossin'," too
 An' conn'erfeitin',
 An' made yer name a byword through
 The whole o' Britain ?

The daily papers got the hint,
 An' sune they had it a' in print,
 Notorious an' prominent,
 The great offence,
 O' sendin' to the Royal Mint
 For Peter's pence !

Nae doot the thing was far amiss ;
 But surely ignorance was bliss,
 In Peter's "tossin' purposes,"
 An' sooth to say
 There's mony greater sins than this
 Praised ilka day.

Noo, freed frae favour, fear, or shame,
 Relieved frae sublunary fame,
 Discharged frae every earthly claim,
 Peter *post mortem*,
 Has gane whaur neither praise nor blame
 Can ever hurt him.



J. W. GREENE,

WHO has travelled a good deal, and proved himself an intelligent observer of "men and manners," as well as a ready and most entertaining writer, was born at Galston, Ayrshire, in 1864, where his father was a colliery manager. He was educated at the public school, and worked as a miner in his native place till 1884, when he left for Australia, having previously contributed a few short poetical pieces to a local paper. Arrived at Melbourne, he followed various occupations, and travelled over a large portion of the colony of Victoria, and some parts of New South Wales, in the course of his wanderings writing both verses and tales for several newspapers and periodicals published in the towns at which he temporarily took up his abode. Whilst working in the mines at Howard, Mr Greene wrote two serial tales and a number of short stories and poetical pieces for the *Wide Bay News*, published at Maryborough; and for a year acted as correspondent to a sixpenny weekly published in the same town. Early in 1890 he received a commission from a Queensland journal to write a series of articles on the Victorian vineyards, and for this purpose he visited the principal vineyards in the Rutherglen district, crossing again into New South Wales, and collecting information there also. Coming back to Melbourne to write up the articles, he was struck down by sunstroke, and spent the next three months in an hospital. His health having been completely shattered by the effects of the sunstroke, he was compelled to return home, where he arrived in the summer of 1890.

Mr Greene has contributed fugitive papers on his Australian experiences—of a very entertaining and instructive nature—to the *Ardrossan and Saltecoats*

Herald, and has written to the same publication several tales, including "For Love of a Collier Laddie," "The Bonnie Lass o' Irvine Vale." He is also the author of a weekly column of cleverly-written "Notes on My Beat." These are full of fine humour and occasional smart satire. Indeed we have seldom found a writer so quick to catch the incidents of the moment and be capable of bending them in graceful and lively poetry as well as vigorous and thoughtful prose—to suit his own purpose and secure the undivided interest of the reader.

Like Mr Gordon, his fellow-litterateur on the staff of the admirably conducted and influential journal before alluded to, Mr Greene often deals in a very off-hand manner with "the young man who thinks he can write poetry," and he is quick at discerning between the samples of "machine-made rhyme" and the "hand-sewn variety." All the same, he has "no animosity against the youth who thinks he can write poetry, but can't; what I say is, that he deserves a big monument, and it should be put on top of him at once." He frequently finds that poems about "Home and those things we hold dear" are "flabby things." When the man who is eternally writing "that sort of verse goes home, the house-cat will generally go straight up the chimney rather than meet him, and the dog makes a bee line for the hills." Mr Greene, too, till recently had a "boy," who after considerable coaxing "turned on" the melancholy lute or the cheering pipe. But the urchin was not always in the poetic mood when required, so that he has been dismissed for good—our poet having "contrived an ingenious 'drop a penny in the slot' machine, which turns out poetry by the yard," and enables him to "take in orders for all kinds of poetic work." Here are a few samples from "the penny machine," proving that its themes are all of a healthy and hearty class,

showing true melody as well as creative imagination without artificial polish. While it can hit off frailties and foibles with telling effect, it is also a keen sympathiser with men in many of the passing incidents of their lives.

A MOTHER SAT WATCHING.

A mother sat watching and weeping alone
O'er the bed of her child, with feverish brain,
Draining her anguish in tears, as each moan
Escaped the pale lips in the sufferer's pain.
Lightly she brushed from her forehead the tresses,
Bright clusters of gold once so playful and wild—
Then soft to her fond mother bosom caresses,
With rapture ecstatic, her wee darling child.

She kissed the pale cheeks—unconscious the number,
While hovered around the dark spirit of death ;
Afraid e'en her breathing might ruffle her slumber,
She strove in affection to muffle her breath.
The small arms were lifted, so untely appealing,
Seeking from mother, the last tender embrace,
While soft o'er the features, so placid, came stealing
A smile e'en an angel had envied to trace.

Wildly the wee bosom heaved and trembled,
The sweet eyelids closed o'er the sunny blue eyes :
Unseen, white-robed angels around had assembled
To waft Jeanie's soul to its home in the skies.
Dark came the shadow of death, swiftly creeping,
Exhaled like the dew the mild spirit fled,
And the grief-stricken mother, convulsively weeping,
Rocked close to her bosom the form of the dead.

Why weep, loving mother, thy child all untainted,
Has but bid adieu to earth's sorrow and pain,
And now in a region congenial and sainted
Is waiting—an angel—to meet you again.
How selfish our tears ! we wish, just to please us,
To keep the dear children in graciousness given,
Unmindful the while that when sleeping in Jesus
We soon, very soon, shall be with them in heaven.

AN UNORTHODOX BALLAD.

The world has had enough of bards who o'er a "cold world
roam,"

And stop to wipe away a tear whene'er they think of "home."
When mem'ry wakes, and, "sweet and low," the village church-
bell rings,

They sigh to think they've cut adrift their mamma's apron
strings ;

And those who read their "tearful lays" reciprocate with glee
The hope that soon again those bards their "mother's face" may
see.

'Twixt birth and death—a mother's arms, the cemetery lone,
The man who does his duty finds—no time to sigh and moan.
Some try to laugh and cheer the world, no matter where they
roam :

These men are missed, but not the bards, who always dream of
home.

The world has had enough of bards who wish that they were
dead,

And snugly packed away from sight—a tombstone on their head.
'Tis time the people passed a law to legalise the deed

That knocks such poets on the head before they start to seed ;

For half the world's unhappiness, and nearly all its "tears"

Are manufactured by these bards to find a rhyme for "dears."

Life would be pleasant could we grant the "rest" they sadly
crave,

Those bards of "sighs" and "vanished hopes," those poets of
the grave.

If life is full of bottled groans, a thing of care and gloom,

It's just because we cannot kill those poets of the tomb.

The world has had enough of bards who think mankind to blame
Because their soulful lays remain unblazoned forth to fame.

There is a thing that they forget, when pouring out their scorn,

Some men are made of common stuff, and some are poets born,

Some bards inspire to noble deeds, or start the manly tear—

We weep from quite another cause when other bards appear.

'Tis not enough to make a rhyme, and murder commonsense,

And bards like these should always be consigned to kingdom
hence.

Knocked on the head, the public weal decrees a fitting doom

For bards who think mankind are fools, and poets of the tomb.

The world has had enough of bards who stray in "pensive mood,"

And shun the world's "discordant sounds," preferring solitude.

Folks sick of hearing "rustling leaves" and "laughing stream-
lets," too,

And want those bards to drown themselves, or give us something
 new.
 "Fresh air and freedom's" good enough, but apt at times to
 pall,
 And bards who've nothing else to sing, should never sing at all.
 Hang up their harps on "willow trees" and give their friends a
 spell,
 Then place a stout rope round their neck, and hang themselves
 as well.
 And yet, as long as "birdies sing" and hawthorn blossoms
 bloom,
 We'll have the bard of "pensive mood," the poet of the tomb.

The world has had enough of bards who "dream of days gone
 by."
 And thinking of "those happy hours" whose feelings rhyme to
 "sigh."
 The bard who's always "looking back" is sure to be a bore :
 There's nothing in the past for man, his hopes are all before,
 The present moment's always best, because it is our own—
 Why waste that moment sighing then o'er days forever flown ?
 But what surprises people most, when once their rhymes they've
 read,
 Is how these bards were happy with such "poems" in their
 head ;
 We never share their happiness, their poetry makes us sad :
 It's only when these bards are dead that we are really glad.

DOODLES GETS A TOOTH.

Away ye common infants of the fat and fiery face,
 Be silent all ye pug-nosed pets just added to the race :
 And let me sing in dulcet tones this most astounding truth—
 That Doodles', precious Doodles, got a popsy-wopsy tooth.

Away ye prosy parents, with your darling in your arms ;
 Away with all your doting talk about its little charms,
 For naught like this has happened, sure, since Adam was a youth,
 Wee Doodles', precious Doodles, got a popsy-wopsy tooth.

Oh, happy, happy pater, and, oh, rapturous mamma,
 What Baby's half so pretty as thy little household shah ;
 What miracle so wondrous, too, what half so strange, forsooth,
 As Doodles, precious Doodles, and his popsy-wopsy tooth.

WHEN YOUR PANTS ARE LETTING IN.

Talk of martyrs going bravely to the scaffold or the stake,
For the truth they hold within them, or their bleeding country's
sake ;

Talk of soldiers dying slowly on the gory battlefield,
And the throes they sometimes suffer ere their souls to God they
yield ;

But I rather think there's nothing in this world of grief and sin
Half so trying as the knowledge that your pants are letting in.

When you cannot sport a collar, and your shirt is getting frayed,
And you see no present prospect how your lodgings will be paid—
Though full of many sorrows and on speaking terms with care,
In your heart a hope may linger, and you may not just despair ;
Butt hat hope will fade and vanish, and your sufferings begin,
From the moment you are conscious that your pants are letting in.

You may blame it on misfortune, you may treat it as a joke,
You may scorn to fish for pity from the sympathetic folk ;
You may face the doubtful glances of the people that you meet,
And return the hurried greeting of the friend across the street,
You may wear a smile illusive, while you elevate your chin—
But your haunted with the knowledge that your pants are letting
in.

Though entanglel in the meshes of adversity's dark spell,
It's best, you think, to make believe you're doing very well.
So you cultivate a cheery tone—at best it's never bright—
And folks become persuaded that you're getting on all right,
Till your most important garment, which you knew was very
thin,

Drives you reckless and despondent, for you feel its letting in.

There's a grain of consolation, and you hug it to your breast,
In reflecting that no matter you're but one amongst the rest ;
And you always find some fellow—some companion in distress—
Who will cheer your drooping spirits, and your hand will kindly
press,

While he proves his pants are shameful, and commits a kindly sin
By swearing that he'd never know your pants were letting in.



JOHN HARDIE,

WHOSE father is a day-labourer, occupying a small croft, in the parish of Gamrie, Banffshire, was born there in 1849. He received the rudiments of education at a country school in the neighbourhood, but, his parents being in rather poor circumstances, he was obliged to leave this in his eleventh year, and apply himself to the occupation of herding cows. His fondness for books and reading of all kinds now made up in a measure for his deficient schooling. Mr Hardie continued in the service of various farmers until he was twenty years of age, when he served an apprenticeship of two years to gardening. Thereafter he filled different situations on several country gentlemen's estates till early in 1890, when he removed to Brechin. In this city he worked for some time as a jobbing gardener, eventually entering the service of a gentleman there, in which occupation he is still engaged.

Mr Hardie has always taken a deep interest in music, and often amuses himself in his leisure time by composing and harmonising pieces. About 1874, he tells us, he became fascinated by the poems and articles from the pen of the "Vicar of Deepdale," and he has since had pleasant correspondence with that writer. Although he had in his boyhood "sometimes strung a few verses together," Mr Hardie made no further attempts in that direction (as he thought he could produce nothing worthy of publication) until some time after his removal to Brechin. Since then, however, he has written a large number of poetical pieces, and is an occasional contributor to the columns of the *Brechin Advertiser* and other newspapers. He has a good share of the poetic faculty, a keen eye

for the beautiful in Nature ; and though his verses are simple in thought and tone, they are always felicitous in expression, fluent, and melodious.

ONLY LENT.

A tiny blossom kindly sent,
A heavenly jewel briefly lent
To cheer us by the way ;
A little spark from love's bright flame
To kindle in our hearts the same,
And brighten life's dull day.

A little star with ray divine,
Across this wilderness to shine
Just for a little space ;
Then back to Heaven's celestial spheres,
Where never enter grief or tears
To mar a Heavenly face.

Our little flower begun to fade,
It hung its weary fragrant head,
Then still and lifeless lay ;
The Master saw this precious gem
Was needed for His diadem,
And took our jewel away.

A little lamb from Heavenly fold
Again within the gates of gold,
Safe in the Shepherd's care ;
No more on barren wilds to stray,
But through the bright celestial day
The pastures green to share.

" Let little children come to Me,"
The Master says, and tenderly
He takes them in His arms ;
And there in peace they calmly rest
Upon the Saviour's loving breast,
Secure from earthly harms.

A treasure lent us for a day,
Gone back, to draw our hearts away,
With steps to Heaven bent ;
Our heart's affections, fixed on high,
On treasures safe beyond the sky,—
On earth they're only lent.

O WINTER DAYS!

O winter days, wi' a' yer waes !
 I wish ye were awa' ;
 The snawy days, the blawy days,
 They're nae for me ava.
 Let skaters say what e'er they may
 In praise o' Johnny Frost,
 His chillin' breath, his killin' breath
 Brings trouble to oor cost.

'Tis summer time in soothern clime,
 An' flowers deck the dell,
 While, shiv'rin here an' quiv'rin here,
 We face the wintry gale.
 Wi' swallow's wing an' joyous ring
 Cud we but flee awa'
 To sunny lands, to bonnie lands,
 Far oot o' reach o' snaw.

But winter's blast, it winna last,
 Sae patience we maun try ;
 The bitin' win's, the flytin' win's
 Will sune blaw ower an' by.
 Then summer time in Scotia's clime
 Will come to us ance mair ;
 The sunny days, the honey days
 Will banish winter's care.

Tho' winter grim life's road may dim,
 An' troubles round us fa',
 The dreary days, the weary days
 Will shortly wear awa' ;
 An' better times, wi' pleasant chimes,
 The comin' days may bring ;
 An' lightsome days, an' brichtsome days
 May tune oor he'rts to sing.

THE OLD MILL WHEEL.

I love the sound of the old mill wheel,
 It is music to my ear,
 As its sparkling spray
 And its cheery lay
 Greet the dancing sunbeams clear.

I love to sit by the old mill wheel
 In the dusky hour at e'en,
 When the Mill has ceased
 And my heart can feast
 On the placid twilight scene.

I love that spot by the old mill wheel
 Where we used to sit "lang syne";
 And the sun found rest
 In the golden west
 As I held her hand in mine.

The children, too, loved the old mill wheel
 As the days and years flew on;
 And we fondly still
 Love the dear old mill,
 When the boys to men have grown.

Yet the wheel goes on as in days of yore,
 And we listen to its lay;
 And our hearts keep young
 While its notes are sung,
 And it cheers us on life's way.

And we think of a music sweeter far
 That will greet us on yonder shore,
 When we cross the tide
 To the farther side,
 When the toils of earth are o'er.

I AM DREAMING, OFTEN DREAMING.

I dream of the purple heather
 That grows on my native hills,
 Where we roamed in youth together,
 And down by the flowing rills;
 I dream of the creeping shadow,
 Across from the old church tower,
 As we lingered by stream or meadow
 Till the fading twilight hour.
 I dream of the snowy whiteness
 Adorning the elder tree,
 Spreading in summer's brightness
 Its perfume sweet and free.

I dream of a humble dwelling
 That looked o'er the ocean wide,
 As the ships went bravely sailing
 Along on the wavy tide.
 Ah yes, where'er I'm roaming,
 And though distance lie between,
 I dream in the summer gloaming,
 Of that cot with its ivy green;
 And of hearts with love aglowing
 In my childhood's home so bright—
 That home, as the time is flowing,
 Fills my dreams by day and night.

I dream of the heaving ocean,
Of the tempest's sullen roar ;
Of the waves in their wild commotion,
As they dashed on the rocky shore ;
Or the calm of a summer morning
When the rippling tide was low ;
The sun with its beams adorning
The sea in a glittering glow ;
And the rocks with seaweed teeming,
Filling our hearts with glee ;—
I am dreaming, often dreaming
Of those pleasures by the sea.

I am dreaming, often dreaming,—
Oh when shall my dreams be o'er,
When my eyes with pleasure beaming,
Shall look on the scenes of yore ?
But what of the kindly faces
That cheered me in days long gone ?
Are they still in the same old places
When the hastening years have flown ?
Or has grim King Death been leaving
His cruel marks here and there,
While hearts have oft been grieving
O'er a silent, vacant chair ?

I dream of a realm where meetings
Can never know farewell ;
Where the same old kindly greetings
Shall parting griefs dispel ;
Where the gold of lasting gladness
Can never know alloy,
Nor the darkening cloud of sadness
E'er dim the pure, bright joy.
I dream of glad eyes beaming,
As they look on scenes so fair :
I am dreaming, often dreaming
Of the friendly greetings there.



DAVID OWLER

WAS born in Dundee in 1860, his father being then a "seafaring man." He was educated at the East Church Parish School, as it was then called. When only ten years of age, he left school to work, first, as a half-timer in a mill in his native city, and then as a message boy. Returning to the mill, he worked there for some time, afterwards serving a four years' engagement in the warping department of a factory in Dundee. He then went to learn the joiner trade, filling various situations in this line for eight years, as health and good business permitted. Fully seven years ago, Mr Owler removed to Dysart, and started on his own account as bookseller and newsagent, "with no connections, no trade to begin with, no experience, and about £20 in capital." Notwithstanding these and other drawbacks, he stuck to the business, eking out his income by framing pictures, corresponding to one or two newspapers, and acting as insurance agent. His business increasing and prospering, he gave up these adjuncts some time ago.

- For a number of years Mr Owler has written both in prose and poetry to the columns of the Fifehire and other newspapers under the *nom-de-plume* of "Dib." His verse is occasionally of a quiet and rippling humorous cast—liquid, easy, and full of droll images and a happy use of old "saws," which he turns to good account. His more reflective and descriptive poems are touched with the realism of a true artist, while it is quite evident that, at the instigation of a passing fancy, he can dash off excellent songs and tender lyrics.

THE GOLDEN RULE.

There's wisdom soond in mony a saw
 Gin we its truth could see,
 But there is ane that dings them a'
 Concernin' you an' me ;
 Therefore I think that ilk ane should
 This maxim keep in view—
 "Do unto others as you would
 That they should do to you."
 Then do to others as you would
 That they should do to you.

Ne'er fash your thooms tho' some may think
 Ye're but a silly fule ;
 An' never frae your duty shrink,
 But act the golden rule.
 Aye try to seek your neebor's gude
 Like honest men an' true ;
 An' "Do to others as you would
 That they should do to you."
 Aye do to others as you would
 That they should do to you.

We a' hae trials hard to meet,
 An' some are ill to bear,
 Sair griefs aft gar the e'e grow weet,
 An' silver slae black hair.
 But bear in mind a's for oor guid,
 Tho' hidden frae oor view,
 Sae "Do to others as you would
 That they should do to you."
 E'en do to others as you would
 That they should do to you.

Sae when wi' age your limbs grow frail,
 An' totterin' doon life's braise,
 May strong an' willin' han's ne'er fail
 To help you on your way.
 Oh ! never to grey hairs be rude,
 But render them their due,
 An' "Do to others as you would
 That they should do to you."
 Yes, do to others as you would
 That they should do to you.

MARKINCH.

In fertile Fife there stands a toon,
 Far kent an' noted roun' an' roun'
 For ferlies maist uncommon ;
 There cabbages like mountains grow,
 An' tattie's big's their ain kirk knowe,
 The roses aye are bloomin'.

They've naething there like ither folk ;
 Ilk egg has aye a triple yolk,
 An' bees are constant hummin',
 The cauldest wind that e'er did blaw,
 The whitest snaw that e'er did fa',
 An' hailstones like the Lomon'.

It never rains but aye doth poor,
 An' ilka drap's a muckle shooer,
 The mirkest nicht's but gloamin' ;
 When bleak December gars *us* shiver,
 The butterflies are thrang as ever,
 The rarest e'er was seen ;
 There snawdraps aye in June appear,
 The cuckoo comes on blithe New Year,
 When lambs are sportin' keen.

There's naething e'er comes near their show,
 Be't horti', agri', ornitho',
 Or dancin' on the green :
 They ne'er do anything by halves—
 Their kittlins are as big as calves,
 An' hae twa pair o' een.

The chickens a' are born feathered,
 Like nicks their taes are ilk ane tethered,
 Three-leggit, too, I ween.
 Their braw museum's crammed wi' "freaks,"
 Frae hairy worms till spotted snakes,
 Sea serpents frae the Orr ;
 They've guinea-pigs wi' wudden legs,
 An' hedgehogs big as whisky kegs,
 An' white craws in galore,

For wonders great in earth or air,
 There's nocht wi' Markinch can compare,
 The hail world o'er :
 Frae southern groves to northern zone
 It stands unrivall'd an' alone
 For wondrous lore.

Imagination ne'er could dream
 The sights that in and round it teem,
 Or science e'er explore.
 Fareweel, my scarce but touched on theme,
 O' wonderland ye are the cream,
 An' highest soar.

WHEN BIRDIES SANG.

When birdies sang the woods amang,
 An' blue-bells fringed the brae ;
 When day was bricht and short the nicht,
 An' Nature fair to see,
 Fu' blythe I sung, for I was young,
 An' cares were licht an' few ;
 My hopes were high as summer's sky,
 An' clear as mornin's dew.

At early morn, on light wing borne,
 The lav'rock sings fu' sweet ;
 His thrilling lays, blythe hymns o' praise,
 A loving service meet ;
 The daisy rare, sweet floweret fair,
 Awakes to greet the sun ;
 The hawthorn bloom, wi' rich perfume,
 Scents a' the air aroun'.

In Fintry's grove I sang o' love,
 An' woo'd a maiden dear ;
 Her heart was kind, an' pure her mind—
 My Mary was sincere.
 Her winnin' smile, sae free frae guile,
 Played roun' her dimpled mon' ;
 Her een were bricht as Luna's licht,
 Her hair o' sunny hue.

The fairest flower in lady's bower
 Blooms but to fade an' die ;
 The sun at noon, alas, how soon
 Sinks in the evening sky.
 My Mary, dear, no longer here,
 Now blooms a flower in heaven,
 An' I, now lone an' feeble grown,
 Wait till release be given.

THO' LANG IS THE NICHT.

Tho' lang is the nicht, an' cheerless the gloom,
 An' black hings the cluds in the sky,
 An' misfortune threatens oor lives to entomb,
 Nae maiter what schemes we may try ;
 When the cronies we trusted, an' thocht leal an' true,
 Gang by us as tho' they were blind,
 Yet trow ye, there's Ane watches o'er me an' yon,
 Whase heart is baith lovin' an' kind.

Sae bear ye in mind that the nicht winna last,
 That the dawnin' will come wi' the morn ;
 An' the sun chase awa' the cluds that o'er cast,
 An' hope's radiant beams us adorn.
 Then trust aye in Him, wha to ken is to live,
 Wha sees a' the road to the end.
 An' what's for oor guid depend on't He'll give,
 An' frae ilka snare He'll defend.

Then come weal or wae, come poortith or wealth,
 Tho' fortune may smile or may frown,
 Gin prostrate wi' sickness, or boundin' wi' health,
 Press onward wi' faith for the crown ;
 An' gin ony ye meet that ken nae the road,
 That's sair wi' their burden forfouchten,
 Speak kindly, an' point them, ye'll lichten their load,
 Kind deeds up abane's ne'er forgotten,



WILLIAM B. ROBERTSON WILSON.

REV. W. B. R. WILSON, who has written much and well on the subject of County history, biography, &c., was born at Irvine in 1843. He received his earlier education at the Academy of his native town, and thereafter studied for the ministry at Glasgow University and the Edinburgh U.P. Hall. In 1872 he was ordained at Dollar, then only a preaching station, and during his twenty-one years' ministry

there he has been the means of building a very handsome church, which was opened in 1877, practically free of debt.

As we have stated, Mr Wilson has taken a life-long interest in Scottish history and biography. Indeed, has made a special study of Scottish topography in its relation to Scottish talent and achievement. In prosecution of this study, he has published numerous essays dealing with certain districts of the country—several of these having appeared in *Scottish Notes and Queries*, and in the *Ardrossan Herald*; but many, we believe, are yet unpublished. Among those printed may be mentioned “Ayrshire as a Factor in Scottish Development,” “Argyleshire in Scottish Life and Thought,” and “Banffshire in Scottish Life and Thought.” He has also written a series of articles on “The Poets and Poetry of Irvine,” which may yet be re-issued in book form. Mr Wilson has also compiled and published in *Scottish Notes and Queries* a brief biographical dictionary of the “Notable Men and Women of Ayrshire,” and at present a similar work is appearing in the same journal on the “Notable Men and Women of Banffshire.” Mr Wilson’s ambition, he informs us, is to publish a book illustrating “the special part played by the different Scottish counties in the great drama of Scottish history and development.” These papers are the result of much careful and wide and laborious research, and as they are of great historic value, we trust, for the sake of Scottish literature, they will without loss of time see the light in book form. For this work he has made immense collections, and he hopes “it may yet see the light.” In addition to all this literary labour, we are told that, since 1882, Mr Wilson has done much good work for the “New English Dictionary,” as one of Dr Murray’s sub-editors.

The subject of our sketch has thus made a good

reputation in national literature, and it affords us pleasure to know that, early in life—mainly during his student days—he wrote a good deal of verse. Few of these poems, however, are preserved ; but a number of his later productions have been printed—some of them in small booklets. These abound with delicacy of thought, fine feeling, and prove that he has the natural spirit and the literary tact that go to make a poet.

O R A E T L A B O R A .

(The Saint's Watchword on Earth.)

By precepts clear, and many a sign
More eloquent than they,
Our God throughout His Book divine
Bids man both work and pray,—
Calls prayerless work but labour vain,
And workless prayer stark sin,
Yet pledges prayer its end must gain
When work with prayer joins in.

When hot pursued by vengeful foes,
"Entangled in the land,"
The Hebrew host at evening's close
Camped by the Red Sea strand,
'Tis written, that while Moses prayed,
God's voice came clear and low,
"Why criest thou to Me?" it said,
"Bid Israel forward go."

So, too, when fearing Ahab's rage,—
A price upon his head,—
The prophet of the wilderness
To Horeb's cavern fled ;
God's voice condemned his servant's fear,
And bade him no more pray.
"Commissioned one ! what dost thou here ?
Arise, go on thy way."

Rise up, then, thou despairing soul,
God bids thee do thy part,
Obey His voice, He'll swiftly roll
Doubt's burden from thy heart.
Work on, thou'lt have no cause to doubt,
Pray on, thou'lt have no need,
Hope makes its home in hearts devout,
Faith follows honest deed,

So struggling saint, when in midfight,
 Thy sinking banner's tossed,
 When Hope decays, and heaven's light
 Mid clouding fears seems lost,
 Strive on, nor though the strife be long
 To coward fear succumb,
 The crown and palm alone belong
 To those who overcome.

Work, then, and rest not, 'tis the part
 Thy God has fixed for thee,
 Though none works thus, but he whose heart
 On God calls ceaselessly.
 So, child of God, for watchword take
 This motto, "Work and Pray,"
 Till on thy waiting spirit break
 The dawn of heaven's day.

GOD'S SMILE REVEALED IN FLOWER AND LEAF.

No natural charms avail to bless
 The hapless man who doubts God's love ;
 Should earth put on her new Spring dress,
 And linnet songsters thrill the grove,
 While Summer light bathes flower and tree,
 Poured from June's sun, of suns the chief,—
 All glads him not, who cannot see
 God's smile revealed in flower and leaf.

June's sunshine vainly fills the air,
 And wraps the world in robes of light ;
 As vainly Summer, everywhere
 Decks field and grove with blossoms bright,
 Teeming them from her boundless store ;
 For when man's soul grows dark with grief,
 God's world reflects God's love no more,—
 The smile is gone from flower and leaf.

Thus in my youth it proved with me,
 What time, before the problem deep,
 "Whence comes the good man's misery ?"
 My early faith I failed to keep.
 For then life's shadows gathering fleet,
 Eclipsing quite my old belief,
 Chased, too, from earth the love-light sweet,
 The smile that once tipped flower and leaf.

Then though to Nature robed in green
 I turned in hope to win delight;
 Though broom-clad hills with golden sheen
 Both drew and fixed my roving sight,
 In vain I gazed; the scene, though fair,
 To my sad heart brought no relief,
 My soul, enthralled by dark despair,
 Could see no smile on flower and leaf.

At last from deeps of desperate doubt,
 Where horror long had silenced prayer,
 A voice arose—My soul cried out—
 To God it turned from its despair;
 "Come back," it called, "Thou Father kind,
 Well-known to boyhood's dear belief;
 Again light up my darkened mind,
 Restore the smile to flower and leaf."

"Oh! make me sure that Thou art still
 The God I knew in former years,
 Bearing me all the old good will
 Which used to still my rising fears.
 Oh! come and prove Thy love to me"
 I called aloud, with passion brief,—
 "Show me Thy heart, and make me see
 Thy smile once more on flower and leaf."

So strong my cry, my voice was heard,
 And He, I sought, at once drew near,
 And led me to His blessed Word,
 Whence to my soul, in accents clear
 And sweet, He spake this message kind—
 "Within this Book, for thy belief,
 A hidden Saviour lies; Him find,
 Thou'lt see my smile on flower and leaf."

Joy! joy! soon as the Voice divine
 I heard, God's peace within me reigned,
 And strange delights, more sweet and fine
 Than poets ever felt or feigned
 Thrilled through my breast—gone now the fear
 That had of my old joy been thief
 And as it passed, I saw appear
 The ancient smile on flower and leaf,

'Twas gladness all when God I found,
And proved in Christ His grace to me !
I seemed to tread enchanted ground :
God's lovelight haloed flower and tree ;
I was God's child without a doubt ;
He loved me, though of sinners chief,
And all was well within, without, —
God's smile upon both flower and leaf.

THE HAPPY MAN.

(From Heine.)

Sapphires blue are thine eyes, dear,
So lovely and so sweet ;
Thrice happy surely is the man
Whom lovingly they greet.

A diamond is thy heart, dear,
Which noble beams out-throws ;
Thrice happy surely is the man
For whom it loving glows.

Rubies red are thy lips, dear,
The world holds not more fair ;
Thrice happy surely is the man
To whom they love declare.



DUNCAN ANDERSON.

BEFORE crossing the ocean, the Rev. Duncan Anderson, M.A., Monymusk, had earned a high name as a student and scholar in the "old country." He was widely known as a man of deep learning, an eloquent speaker—endowed with a powerful poetical temperament, full of vigour and wit—long before his

handsome volume, "Lays of Canada and Other Poems," was published in Montreal by John Lovell & Son. Born in 1828, in the Parish of Rayne, Aberdeenshire, he was brought, while still an infant, by his parents—who came from Speyside—to Monymusk, at the Parish School of which he received the elements of a liberal education. After a few months' study at the Old Aberdeen Grammar School, he, at an early age, entered King's College and University, where he pursued his studies, ranking fifteenth in a class of one hundred and fifty students as competitors for bursaries. He was graduated as M.A., in the same class as Dr George Weir, of Morrin College, and won the second Hebrew prize in the Divinity Hall.

Soon after leaving College, Mr Anderson was appointed Rector of the Grammar School of Banchory Ternan, which he left in about a year after for the better appointment of Parish Schoolmaster of Monymusk. Here, it is interesting to note, he was a successor, at a long interval, of course, to a man of world-wide fame, Dean Skinner, author of "Tullochgorum" and other well-known songs. Having taken the usual number of Sessions at the Divinity Hall, one partial Session of which was spent at St. Andrews, Mr Anderson was licensed by the Presbytery of Garrioch in 1853, and in the following year he went to Levis, Province of Canada, where he has remained ever since.

For many years he was Chaplain to the Imperial troops, and for two decades he occupied the position of Presbytery clerk, fulfilling the duties of the office in a most unexceptionable manner. Mr Anderson is also known far and wide as an ornithologist of fine attainments, and the labour of his hands has found its way to Kensington Palace, and the Castle of Inverary. As a preacher he occupies, it is said, a high place among the divines of his church, his sermons are enriched by

classical allusion, and their literary finish and poetic beauty entitle them to a good place among the pulpit utterances of the day. In connection with these details of our poet's career, the following, by a writer in the *Scotsman*, is of interest:—"In Dr Weir, of Morrin College, and the Rev. Mr Anderson, Presbyterian minister at Point Levis, I found fine examples of a class that seems common here—Scotchmen who, after half a lifetime of Canadian experiences, still show unabated warmth of sympathy for every thing connected with the mother country. Aberdonians, both, they still preserve in their speech a pleasant flavour of the northern dialect; and to sit by and hear them cap each other's stories of Scottish life, it was equally evident they had lost none of their relish for the racy national humour. Mr Anderson I discovered to be an ardent ornithologist, and in his hospitable dwelling, embowered among spruce trees on the heights opposite the Citadel, I had the pleasure of inspecting a collection of Canadian birds, which has attracted general attention, alike from the interest of the specimens and a beauty and effectiveness of setting which might well rouse the emulation of the professional taxidermist."

On resigning his charge of St Andrew's Church, Levis, Mr Anderson was presented by his relatives with a small property and house, beautifully situated near the confluence of the Chaudiere and the mighty St Laurence, both of which rivers are in full view of the library windows. This place he has named "*Monymusk*," in compliment to his early home on the banks of the Don. Here he intends to spend the remainder of his days, and here he deems a fitting place to die, for in one of his own verses he says:—

"Spending life's gloaming there, 'midst birds and flowers,
Me, let eld visit, as on cherub wing,
And when the shades of ev'ning close around,
Till night shall come, like dying swan, my song I'll sing."

Few men, even amongst Canada's aristocracy, can point to a list of more noted visitors than can the well-known owner of Monymusk. The numerous trophies of the chase that adorn his hall, his unique and extensive collection of objects of natural history, especially ornithological, and medals and diplomas won in Canada and Britain, have been objects of deep interest, both to scientific men and to sportsmen, for many years. All are welcomed at Monymusk, and his wife, a daughter of the good city of "Bon-Accord," finds it always a pleasure to supply her visitors with a cup of welcome drawn from the parting gift of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, and their "Ancient Friend," the Marquis of Lorne.

Mr Anderson's poetic gifts were widely known even twenty six years ago, when his "Welcome to the Prince of Wales" was greatly admired for its musical and spirited tone. His writings are true to life, and reach the heart. In particular, his descriptive poems combine a quiet, clear intellectuality, combined with natural refinement of soul and tender sensibility. He is evidently a man of high-toned piety, and this, with his fine endowment of feeling and aspiration, makes his utterances profitable as they are pleasing. In the words of his "Ancient Friend," the Marquis of Lorne, dated Osborne, 26th January, 1891—

Manly are your songs, a sermon
 Fresher than the dews of Hermon :
 And while you sing of high emprise,
 I gladly note that for your eyes
 Your brother minstrels, wearing feather,
 Are not forgotten altogether :
 And thus, while deeds of glory puffed are,
 My thoughts turn where your "Aves" stuffed are !
 And happy recollection takes
 Me back to whisky, talk, and cakes
 In rooms of yours, whence griefs all banned are,
 Or brings me to your bright verandah,
 And lets me breathe again the air

Your odorous pine-trees to you bear ;
 Or stand, delighted to behold
 Quebec, and silver Lawrence rolled
 Around its Isle, or (homelier loves,)
 Feed all your Mause's happy doves.
 Or talk in Latin, somewhat jerky,
 While throwing grain before your turkey !
 What joyous hours recalled again,
 By your fair page, and honest strain ;
 Sweet herabled by words that tell
 Of thoughts we know we earned not well,
 But yet are dear because they come
 From lands we'd love till life be dumb,
 I thank you for your book of rhyme,
 That like a torch illumines time,
 And with your music lights the dark
 To show where heroes set their mark,
 So that strong work you fashion yet
 By each good lay that you beget :
 For the song and sword, as one,
 Must lift a nation to the sun ;
 Must make it yearn its course to run,
 Feel its strength and recognize
 It hath place beneath God's skies :
 Place that gallant hearts can fill,
 Place to guard with steadfast will—
 With the song, and sword and prayer,
 Raise it then, to do and dare !
 'Tis a land in which to glory,
 Room then ! for its place in story
 With the prayer, and sword, and song,
 Raise it high, and build it strong !

FISHING SONG.

When I was a fisher o' troot,
 I ave got alang fairly weel ;
 But nou, since for salmon I'm oot,
 Fient a tin will ye find in my creel.

Chorus—

Sae hey for the rod and the reel,
 That charm half life's troubles away,
 And hey for the leal-hearted chiel'
 That lives baith to work and to play.

Sae sang I but only yestreen,
 Wi' a grane like a grizzly bear,
 But fortune has gien me a gleam
 O' sunshine to lichten my care.

Chorus—

Sae hey for the rod and the reel, etc.

My "Fairy" had scarce reached its flight,
 When my pirl went a-spinnin' wi' glee,
 And my gaffer, half crazed wi' delight,
 Laid a beauty o' twelve on the lea.

Chorus—

Sae hey for the rod and the reel, etc.

My auld basket I'll fling in the flames,
 I'd fling it altho' it were new,
 For it wadna haud ane o' the gems
 That lie in my bonnie canoe.

Chorus—

Sae hey for the rod and the reel, etc.

TO A SHEEP'S HEAD AND TROTTERS.

Na! Na! nane but a kindly Scot
 Can join us roun' the toothsome pot
 That frae our Patron Saint we got
 In days of old;
 Frae guid St. Andrew, sans a blot,
 Or rust, or mould.

It may be true that when we stand,
 Rank'd for the foe wi' ready brand,
 Leal John is there at our command,
 And Paddy bright,
 But when a Sheep's Head is on hand,
 Wha's then in sight?

We weel may boast our haggis bauld,
 That keeps Scotch stamacks frae the cauld;
 But pleasures aft are twins we're tauld,
 To Peers or Cott'rs,
 And some new Burns may frae the fauld
 Sing "Head and Trott'rs."

Sae leeze me on your honest face ;
 Tho' somewhat grimed 'tis nae disgrace ;
 Ye've passed like mony a nobler race,
 Thro' scathin' fires ;
 And proud are Scotchmen aft to trace
 Sae in their sires—.

Nae doot bold Jason, as they say,
 Wha bore the "Golden Fleece" away,
 And shared Medea's Wedding Day,
 For work weel sped,
 Refreshed his sair forfoughten clay,
 Wi' guid Sheep's Head.

And Saul, but at his crimes we blanche,
 Wha raided cruel Agag's ranch,
 And cleaned him out,—root,—stock and branch,
 Made Samuel wroth,
 Because he showed a love *prepen*se,
 For Sheep's Head broth.

Sae set it down, the lordly dish,
 That hangs them a'—flesh,—fowl, and fish,
 And fills a Scotchman's ev'ry wish,
 However great ;—
 Wha doubts, I'd mak' the Maiden kiss ;
 Puir bladderscate.

And when we've pickt the juicy banes,
 Till they be bare like chuckie stanes,
 And cripples maist could stand their lanes,
 Then up as ane,
 And sing like mad,—Man,—Wife and Weans,—
 "God Save the Queen."

JOSEPHINE, TO HER CHARDONNERET (GOLDFINCH.)

Now this is June—sweet June,
 And all the birds have found a home,
 And youths and maidens love to roam,
 And deem night comes too soon.

Thy kindred, robed in gold,
 Now hurry here from sunnier lands,
 And join our little twitt'ring bands,
 With song we knew of old :—

No sweeter song than this !
And thro' the long, cold winter's rage,
Such strains came from that little cage,
With sun's first morning kiss.

And while the east winds blew,
And blinding snow swept like a sea
Its billows deep o'er bush and tree,
Thy strains but louder grew.

Ah ! tell, fair bird, to me,
Didst thou know then that spring was near,
When bud, and bloom, and leaves would cheer
Thy tuneful melody ?

Couldst thou, beneath that snow,
See fields adorned with leaf and flower ;—
Hear music in yon shady bower,
And feel the soft winds blow ?

Or didst thou mean to tell
Of days spent in far sunny lands,
Where streamlets washed their golden sands
And knew no winter's spell ;

Where thro' the orange bowers,
Or where the sweet azalias bloom,
Flit burnished wings, and rare perfume
Distils like summer showers ?

Perhaps too, as birds sing,
They give poor Josephine some blame,
That thou art here—a wild bird tame,—
That cage birds know no spring.

Fair bird, recall that day,
When wintry storms began to blow,
And 'neath a winding sheet of snow,
Thy form all pulseless lay.

I warmed thee in my breast,
I smoothed away each speck and stain,
Till life and beauty came again,
And laid thee in that nest.

And thou wert happy too,
And lov'dst to nestle near my cheek,
And sweetly sing, as if to speak
Of love so leal and true.

Can birds be false like men,
And breathe soft tales to willing ear,
Too prone the flatt'rer's word to hear,
That may not come again ?

Go ! me thou lov'st no more ;
See door and window open wide,
And clothed in nuptial robes, thy bride
Waits by yon lakelet's shore.

And what's for Josephine ?
The mem'ries of a maid—now sage ;
A vacant perch—a songless cage,
Where music once had been.

Then fly ! love guides thy wing,
God gives us leafy Juno again,
And I have snapped thy captive chain ;—
Go, then, in peace and sing !



ROBERT M. ADAMSON.

REV. R. M. ADAMSON, M.A., minister of the Free Church, Ardrossan, was born at Cupar-Fife in 1867. He received his early education at the Madras Academy, carrying off a gold medal as dux of the school. After a very successful career at Edinburgh High School, where he gained prizes in Latin, Greek, and English literature, he attended the Universities of Edinburgh and Dundee, taking his degree of M.A. at the former, where he passed his arts course, and gained distinction in the classes of moral philosophy and English literature. His divinity course at the New College, where he obtained an entrance bursary, was varied by two sessions at Leipzig and Jena. During his college career, Mr Adamson took an active interest in student life, being president of the New College Musical Society, secretary of the New

College Browning Society, and treasurer of the University Temperance Society. In 1890 Mr Adamson was appointed assistant to Rev. Mr Clow, South Free Church, Aberdeen; and towards the end of 1892 he received a call to his present charge at Ardrossan, where his personal qualities and pulpit gifts have already made themselves felt not only in the congregation, but by the townspeople in general.

Mr Adamson's literary bent was early manifested. We learn that he began his first essays in rhyme when, as a boy of ten, he celebrated the heroics of boy fights—a kind of internecine warfare between rival schools. His chief poetic influence at school and ever afterwards was Shakespeare; in boyhood, the poetry of Dr Walter C. Smith; then Byron, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, and Tennyson; and, later, the works of Browning, Goethe, and Dante. "It is probably due," says the writer of a sketch of Mr Adamson's career, "to his literary tastes that, when a student in Edinburgh, he attached himself to the ministry of Walter C. Smith, in whose congregation he filled such offices as Vice-President of the Sabbath Morning Association, Secretary of the Literary Society, and Secretary of the Literary Section of the Edinburgh Young Men's Association. We also learn that Mr Adamson has been a contributor to the *People's Friend*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Scottish Art Review*, *Theological Review*, and *Critical Review*. The words of two published songs by Dundee composers are by Mr Adamson, viz.—"The Brooklet," by Mr A. M. Stooile; and, "My Peace Art Thou," by Mr W. P. Fleming, the latter being a translation from the German. Mr Adamson's dramatic poems, in particular, have been highly spoken of and some of them have been recited with success by several professional elocutionists. The subjects are interesting, and he treats them in a natural, intelligible, and impressive way. His translations from Heine

and other German poets are faithful and vigorous—not a few of the lyrics showing remarkable felicity, and daintiness of language. His lighter and more humorous verse is equally as successful as those of a more serious and impassioned description, affording evidence of the poet's keen appreciation of beauty in nature and in art, as well as fervour of imagination and feeling.

JESSIE.

O, hae ye seen the dew-draps bricht
 Upon a sunny morn o' May?
 Or hae ye on a starry night
 Beheld the beauteous Venus ray?
 I'll tell you o' a fairer sicht—
 My Jessie's e'en,
 Her e'en sae fu' o' lovely licht.

My love is fair, an' mickle mair,
 For she is gude, an' kind, an' true,
 Her heart is mine—'tis bliss divine
 A bonnie lass like her to lo'e!

Nae rose had e'er sae sweet a blush
 As I've seen warm her tender cheek;
 Her gay stap gars a joyfu' flush
 Dart crimson thro' the daisies meek.
 The mellow mavis or the thrush,
 When Jessie sings,
 Micht e'en their tunefu' pip'in' hush.

My love is fair, &c.

O, faithfu' lassie, she's the flo'er,
 Her virtue glows upon her face;
 And aye, because her heart is pure,
 Her thocht, her speech, an' act keep pace;
 Her word is gi'en to me, an' sure
 Is Jessie's troth,
 Whilk gowd nor rank wad never lure.

My love is fair, &c.

"DAS IST IM LEBEN."

(From Schleffel.)

Herein life's course unhappily is ordered,
 That 'neath the rose still lurks the cruel thorn :
 Let but thy heart thrill with a sudden longing—
 And straight by some harsh doom 'tis rudely torn.
 Once in thine eyes I searched with eager yearning,
 And oh ! they spoke of love's felicity.
 God guard thee, sweet, it would have been too blissful;
 God guard thee, sweet, it may not, must not be.

Grief, envy, hate—these also I have tasted—
 A tempest-beaten, wandering, weary man ;
 I dreamt of peace—of hours serenely joyous,
 When first the twining of our lives began.
 In thy dear arms fain had I found a haven,
 And vowed my life in gratitude to thee.
 God guard thee, sweet, it would have been too blissful;
 God guard thee, sweet, it may not, must not be.

The flying wreck, the wind-tossed leaves a-sighing,
 The groves and meadows drenched with driving rain;
 'Tis fitting weather for this hour of parting :
 Grey as the heavens, my life begins to wane.
 Still let my fate be set for good or evil,
 Thy memory shall ever cling to me.
 God guard thee, sweet, it would have been too blissful;
 God guard thee, sweet, it may not, must not be.

LINES TO BEETHOVEN.

O mighty master of a glorious art,
 Where e'er thy soul divine may chance to dwell,
 Take thou this tribute of a grateful heart,
 My heart that loves thee more than words can tell.
 Ah ! how much richer is our soul that thou
 Hast made us hear the heavenly harmony
 Of those eternal melodies, which now
 And ever roll through God's infinity !
 Majestic manhood, wondrous genius come
 And smite our spirits into living fire,
 Our being flags and our poor lips are dumb,
 Send our hearts singing, tune life's fainting lyre,
 Oh godlike soul, deep stricken, yet so strong,
 Monarch of sound, and king of deathless song !

REALISATION.

Erewhile I wrote a poem of a stream,
 Meandering 'neath my window like a dream,
 I vaguely fancied Love was holding court,
 Calling a joyous throng to festal sport,
 Within a neighbouring wood, where many a nymph
 Was gaily dancing by the sparkling lymph.
 One fair I saw (yet could not see aright),
 And the brook whispered that this lovely sprite
 Would some day visit me in human shape,
 To dwell with me, nor ever seek escape
 Back to the spirit-realm away from me.
 Sweet, thou art come ! My vision was of thee.
 The brooklet would not say that love was past,
 And lo ! 'tis come. With thee 'tis come at last.
 And now the stream's true song is in my heart—
 Early and late, at home, 'mid wrangling mart,
 I live in thee, sweet wife, thou'rt dearer far
 Than any gleaming goddesses that are
 Revealed to poets' eyes by wold or lea—
 Ye scriles of love, your dream's no dream to me.


THE BROOKLET.

Beneath my window sings
 A brooklet winding ;
 A song it ever brings
 Of its own finding.
 From out a brake it flows,
 Where oft are glancing
 White feet of nymphs in rows
 Of merry dancing.

And o'er my window-sill
 At evening leaning,
 I hearken to the rill
 To catch its meaning.
 Of love it sometimes sings,
 And comes with laughter ;
 But often opes its springs
 Of weeping after.

Ah ! brooklet that dost flow
 With mystic singing,
 Now, tell me if thou know
 The future's bringing.
 Can'st thou not calm my mind ?
 What message hast thou ?
 Thou wilt not say—unkind !
 That love is past now,

THOMAS FORSYTH.

 F few can it be said more appropriately than of Thomas Forsyth—"Whom the gods love, die young." Born at Kelso in 1850, he spent the most of his life in Edinburgh. Although only a child when his mother died, he ever seemed to feel the gentle influence of her life. After enjoying a liberal education at Newington Academy, he entered a wholesale stationery warehouse, and a few years later became connected with the "Farmer" newspaper. Mr Forsyth had a vigorous mind, and seemed to excel in whatever department of work or study came in his way. His friend, Mr J. R. Russell, to whom we are indebted for these details, tells us that he was a youth of many gifts—in frame tall and powerful beyond his years, and his face one of singular beauty. He was possessed of considerable literary faculties and poetic feeling, and could express his ideas with great felicity of language. Those whose fortune it was to come in contact with him knew him as a warm, genial friend, and his early death after four day's illness, at the age of nineteen, made a gap in not a few hearts that will never be filled up. The verses "Gone Before" were written a few days before his death. The specimens we give of Mr Forsyth's muse, as well as other of his productions, viewed as written by one so young, are remarkable. They all breathe a fine, gentle spirit, and a warm, affectionate heart, ever alive to sympathies and affections of friendship, and a high view of life and duty. These characteristics are combined with felicity of imagery, beauty of sentiment, and smoothness of versification.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air
That follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
Which I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled cheek and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep,
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust ;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah ! well, and summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song ;
But oh ! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region beyond the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.

HIGHLAND MUSIC.

As sunset Lochail gilds thy dark troubled waters,
And bright in its radiance fresh beauties disclose,
So the heart-stirring presence of Annet's fair daughters
Bursts fresh on my gaze like the new-born rose.

Like the moan of the breeze as it sighs through the forest,
Swaying gently the branches, then sobbing retires.
So Ossian attuned the wild harp of the far west,
And sang his sweet lays as he swept o'er its wires.

Oh ! that is the music, so clear and so stirring,
That far-sounding music so deep and so strong,
That music alone my whole sympathies winning,
Melodiously blent with the grandeur of song.

Like the roar of the billows through caves of the ocean,
 Leaping up in their fury, then far away roll,
 So Nancy's sweet strains are to me fond devotion,
 They've captured my heart and enraptured my soul.

The beauties of Nature are varied and plenty,
 And loud in their praise does this world resound.
 The sweetest of these are but few and but scanty,
 And, when searched for, are always in secrecy found.

The wild-rushing stream, as it leaps down the corrie,
 And, foaming beneath, throws up glittering showers,
 From the rainbow a thousand bright colours borrow,
 Both when sun brightly shines and when black tempest lowers.

It was not for man that these colours were chosen,
 In secret the streamlet rolls gaily along,
 Unobserved the wee daisy, its petals unfolding,
 Blooms as fair and as fresh as the theme of my song.

Ben Nevis, I charge thee, take care of thy daughters,
 Far may I wander and wide may I rove,
 Whether over the land or over the waters,
 There's no place in Scotland like Annet I love.



JAMES COOPER.

THE REV. JAMES COOPER, D.D., the gifted and popular minister of St. Nicholas Established Church, Aberdeen, although he considers that he has no right to a place among Scottish Poets, has written at least one hymn that is well known, as well as a number of excellent translations. One of these—"Communion Anthem"—has a special interest for all Scotsmen, being the anthem that was sung after the reception of the Holy Communion—probably at Iona, and certainly at the Columbite Abbey of Deer. It is a translation from an ancient Latin original, which oc-

curs in the Book of Deer, and, as stated, may have been sung by St Columba at Iona.

Dr Cooper was born at Elgin in 1846, and was educated at the Elgin Academy, where, during each successive year of his course, he held the first place in the English Class. He afterwards had a distinguished career at the University of Aberdeen, graduating M.A. in 1867. Having travelled for some time as a tutor in Italy and Germany, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Elgin in 1871, and ordained minister of S. Stephen's, Broughty Ferry, in 1873. Eight years later (1881) he was translated to the East Parish of Aberdeen, where he has laboured since with ever-growing esteem and popularity. In token of this, and recognising his ripe scholarship, and many gifts and qualifications, the University of Aberdeen conferred on him the title of D.D. in 1892.

Dr Cooper has devoted much attention to Ecclesiology, and is President of the Aberdeen Ecclesiological Society, which, in 1886, he was mainly instrumental in forming, and has made several important contributions to its transactions. He has also edited for the New Spalding Club "The Chartulary of S. Nicholas' Church, Aberdeen," (two volumes, 1893) and has published a volume of Advent sermons, entitled "Bethlehem," as well as a number of occasional sermons, mostly on the Church—her nature and duties. Dr Cooper's style in the pulpit is said to be fascinating, while his writings are such that the most cultured and classic is delighted with the purity of the language used—the uninformed being equally pleased with the simplicity of the preacher's discourse. His poetical and other translations are allowed to exhibit high attainments at once in scholarship and literature, and show the possession of considerable poetic power.

COMMUNION ANTHEM.

The Body with the Blood of Jesus Christ our Lord,
Eternal health to us for our true life afford !

Fed with that broken Body, cheered with that precious Blood,
With souls refreshed we render our humble thanks to God,

Who fills the empty soul, and from His throne above
To hungry souls on earth sends down His feast of love.

The chalice of salvation I will take, and will proclaim,
Each time I taste Thy goodness, the glory of Thy name.

The joyful Alleluia, the sacrifice of praise,
To Him who saves all nations let all the nations raise,

To Him be offered righteousness, the sacrifice divine ;
In Him put thou thy trust, and not in strength of thine,

ONE ARE WE.

One are we : from One hand we spring,
Our Father, here and there ;
In One, our Head to Whom we cling ;
One Spirit set us there.

One are we ; though Death's stream divide
Our ranks 'tween here and there ;
They who have gained the further side
Own us, and love us, there.

One are we : they have fought the fight,
'Tis different, here and there ;
They rest, we wrestle day and night,
But hope to meet them there.

But we are one : our Life is one ;
Our Lord is here and there.
"Thy Kingdom come," "Thy will be done"—
Our prayers—are offered there.

One are we ; one would be, O Lord,
Complete both here and there,
Thy perfect victory to record
And share it with Thee there.

SEQUENCE OF SAINT NICHOLAS.

(Translated from the Latin of Adam of Saint Victor in the
Missale de Arbuthnott.)

Come, brethren, sing with one accord
Exultant praises to the Lord ;
And bring a sacred strain to grace
The Feast of blessed Nicholas.

Who in his cradle days began
To show himself the Church's son,
Observing her appointed fasts
Already at his mother's breasts.

Studios and pure, thy call was given,
Confessor blest ! direct from heaven ;
And angel voices from on high
Proclaimed thy mitred dignity.

Rare piety informed his breast,
And oft he succoured the opprest ;
Three maids he saved from infamy,
And cheered their father's poverty.

Some sailors sailing on the main,
And battling 'gainst its waves in vain,
Their ship a wrack, in their despair
Invoked the saint with earnest prayer—

"Save us," they cried, "for thou have power
With God to help in danger's hour,
And to the haven of the sea
Draw us from death's extremity."

Nor cried in vain. "Be of good cheer,"
The saint replied, "For I am here."
Then straight upsprung a fav'ring breeze,
And tranquil calm possess'd the seas.

E'en from his tomb an ointment flows,
A cure for all the sick man's woes,
By virtue of his prayers, for he
With God hath such acceptance high.

Sunk in this world of sin are we,
In depths of vice as in a sea ;
Shipwreck we suffered have, alas !
Aid us, O glorious Nicholas.

Us to salvation's haven bring,
 In peace and joy with saints to sing;
 That better unction of the Lord
 Which to the soul can health afford,

For us, sore hurt, on sin's dark main,
 Dear Saint, by thy pure prayers obtain;
 So we thy happy festival
 Shall keep with joy through ages all.

And Christ Himself thy sons shall crown,
 After their race on earth is run.



JOHN PILLANS WOOD,

LITHOGRAPHIC ARTIST, was born in Perth in 1852, removed to Edinburgh in his early youth, and has resided there ever since. He is the author of numerous poems, mostly of a religious and reflective nature, showing graceful fancies, and elevating ideas of life and duty. His writings always afford clear evidence that his mind instinctively raises its aspirations from Nature to Nature's God.

S P E R O.

Oh, wherefore didst thou doubt, and why the voice of fear?
 Hope has her message still to whisper in thine ear;
 From fair-robed moorland flower that greets the stranger's eye,
 To starry depths profound in solemn mystery;
 In dew drop's lowly birth; in ocean's surge and roar;
 In wayside purling stream, and where the rivers pour
 Their leagues of wintry torrents, deep sounding to the main,
 One will, one perfect thought, bind all within its chain,
 Above, beneath, and through all Nature's great expanse,
 No wandering wind is heard to sigh, Lo! here is chance!—
 Yea, and in life's strangest scenes, let faith be first, not sight,
 And say, "shall not the Lord of all the earth do right."
 Then wherefore didst thou doubt; Almighty power and grace
 All through the desert march, shall go before thy face.

SPRING MUSINGS.

The lowliest plant that breaks the softening sod,
 With tender blade fresh from the hand of God,
 If it had words to whisper in mine ear,
 How full of hope the message it would bear,
 As, all unseen, it strikes the deepening root;
 While from the rinding of each upward shoot
 The broadning leaves aspire, 'mid light and shade,
 To reach the perfect flower for which 'twas made,
 And I, one little life in life's great scheme,
 No more the sport of idle wish and dream,
 But conscious of a hope within my breast,
 Singing mid severed ties, of life more blest :
 One goal to reach, through Christ's redeeming grace,
 Body, soul, and spirit, blameless in holiness.

THE WILD CURLEW.

Amid the throng of city life
 Fond visions rise to view ;
 I see once more my native hill
 Where cherished memories linger still,
 Gladdened by the murmuring summer rill,
 And the note of the wild Curlew.

There stands the cot, where dwelt of yore
 Friends that were kind and true ;
 There flows the stream, with waters clear,
 Down where the sombre pines appear,
 Where first I heard in childish fear
 The voice of the wild Curlew.

Again ; with youthful step I climb
 Where gleams the early dew,
 Up where the ewes were wont to graze,
 Cheered by the warm returning rays,
 Where oft I've watched with wondering gaze
 The flight of the wild Curlew.

When dreary storm-clouds swathed the hills,
 And dark the heather grew ;
 When flocks lay safe in sheltered rest,
 And gentler birds cower'd in their nest,
 Still could I hear above the blast
 The cry of the wild Curlew.



GEORGE GEBBIE,

A DESCENDANT of a very old family of Scotch yeomanry, who farmed an estate called Newbyres, was born at Rosemount, near Troon, in 1832. He attended the village school at Troon, kept by a dominie of the good old type, where he was considered a promising scholar, and even then showed a decided interest and predilection for literature and art. When about seventeen years old, young Gebbie proceeded to London to fill a situation as clerk in a dry-goods warehouse ; and a dozen years later he went to Canada on a visit to his brother, then a prominent merchant in the town of Howick, province of Quebec. He subsequently removed to Utica, New York, and was for a time employed in that town, and afterwards in New York itself. In 1866, Mr Gebbie began business on his own account as a retail bookseller in Philadelphia, a year later entering into partnership with a dealer in engravings. This firm dissolving, our poet associated with himself Mr George Barrie, who was at that time connected with Messrs Lippincott & Co. Shortly afterwards they sold out their retail book business, and the firm became very successful in the subscription publishing line. In 1880 Mr Gebbie retired, selling his interest to his partner, and returned to this country, where he intended to remain ; but his affection for his adopted country proved so strong that a year later he re-crossed the Atlantic, and entered again into the publishing business in Philadelphia, under the name of Gebbie & Co., although he was sole partner of the firm until a few years ago, when his son was admitted to an interest. Mr Gebbie died in 1892.

Mr Gebbie, besides being a good business man, was a crisp and vigorous writer of prose and verse, and wrote a number of poetical pieces of considerable

merit. He was an enthusiastic Scot, and was fond of and familiar with the history and literature of his native country. The year before his death, along with his family, he re-visited Scotland, treading once more the familiar scenes of his youthful days, and deriving much pleasure from the associations they recalled.

AN AYRSHIRE MINER'S TALE.

Hail Kyle ! thy smiling hills and glens
Are worthy of thy poet's song,
And he, the greatest of your sons,
Whose "wood notes" echo loud and long
Through distant lands in every clime,
Will vaunt thee till the end of time.

Green be the scenes he loved to sing,
Green as the memory of his lay,
Which swells forever through the world,
And fills thy sons' hearts, far away,
With visions sweet of burn and dell,
And home, as with a magic spell.

Ah, had he lived he might have sung
The song this feeble minstrel sings,
And garlands o'er their grave have flung,
Till honoured, as the grave of kings,
Admiring pilgrims' feet had worn
A pathway to the Church of Sorn.

"Whose grave is that with roses decked?"
I asked an old man wandering near;
"Whose grave is that?—then I expect
That you must be a stranger here."
'Twas thus the old man slow replied,
Then came and sat down by my side.

I said I was a stranger, come
To wander o'er the land of Burns !
And asked him to relate the tale,
If tale there was, about the urns—
For round two urns the roses ran ;
He said he would, and thus began :

“ I knew them well, for there are two
 Who sleep beneath that hillock there,
 And in their youth a happier pair
 Ne’er courted by the banks of Ayr,
 Than Jeanie Smith and Willie Glen,
 But ’tis a long time now since then.

“ Glen was a miner to his trade,
 And Jeanie kept her father’s house ;
 And ’twas arranged when they were wed—
 But this was kept still as a mouse—
 That they should make their dwelling there,
 As room was plenty, and to spare.

“ But, sir, that wedding day ne’er came,
 For Willie Glen was killed and lost,
 Down in the mine—the fire-damp horst,
 And he, with thirteen more, were tossed
 Back in the pit—where? none could tell,
 For all the dark walls shook and fell;

“ And though we labour’d hard for weeks,
 We never reached the buried men,
 And even hope was dead at last,
 For all we knew, that ne’er again
 In life, would we behold the friends
 Who’d met with such untimely ends.

“ I need not tell the black despair
 That settled o’er the lost one’s homes,
 But fancy, if you fancy dare,
 The widows’ and the orphans’ moans,
 The mothers’ and the sisters’ wail,
 Oh, sir, it is a sad, sad tale.

I’ll therefore say no more of this,
 The sacred privacy of grief
 Is not for curious eyes to see,
 And God in time will send relief;
 But I must not omit to tell
 ’Twas nearly Jeanie Smith’s death-knell.

“ She lay in prostrate grief o’erwhelmed,
 One ray of hope at first she clutched,
 But days dragged on and grew to weeks,
 For tidings she no longer watched;
 ’Twas clear the fingers of despair
 Had placed their grasp of iron there.

"Life changes,—melancholy soon
 Succeeded as the weeks crept past,
 And weeks grew months, and months grew years,
 And time had softened grief at last,
 And Jeanie Smith, who still was young,
 Had lovers who her praises sung.

"Oh, deem not that her love was weak,
 Or that her purpose was infirm,
 But rather say that human power
 Can never human plans confirm,
 And circumstances change the mind,
 And circumstances rule mankind.

.

"I saw her wed to Robert Doyle,
 'Twas five years after Willie died,
 And then she freely gave her hand
 And all the love she could, beside,
 But that, as you may well expect,
 Was little better than a wreck.

"I've seen her in her married days,
 Her little children on her knee,
 Sit musing, as she seemed to think,
 Had such things been? Could such things be?
 'What might have been?' and sat and sighed,
 'What might have been had he not died?'

"And many a woman dreams like this,
 And many men do much the same.
 For thought is not to be controlled,
 And sighs will burst, which some would blame,
 At board and bed, and by the hearth,
 If they but knew what gave them birth;

"But I must hasten with my tale—
 'Twas thirty years since she was wed,
 And time had dealt unkind with her,
 For husband, children, all were dead,
 And she was left, herself alone
 To mourn her loved ones dead and gone.

"Then had you seen, as I have seen,
 The widow with her care oppress'd
 And thought 'this was the maiden fair
 Who Willie Glen's young love possess'd,'
 You would not blame me thus to dwell—
 Indeed the story's sore to tell.

“ And she had trials yet to come ;
Another dire explosion spread
Fear and destruction in our midst,
Although, thank God ! that none were dead,
It scattered with its crushing blast
What brought to open day the past.

“ And skeletons of men lay bare
Who'd lain there nearly forty years,
And all the village gathered round,
And many shed anew their tears ;
Though none could now be recognised,
In such a scene all sympathised.

“ The entrance to the old mine now
Was cleared and open—this was searched,
And from within, excited shouts
Told those without, who almost scorched
With frenzied expectation stood,
They'd found out something—tidings good.

“ They brought him forth with loving care,
For 'twas a corpse that they had found,
And strange to say, the pent-up air
Had kept the body safe and sound ;
All gazed in silence stern and deep,
The features seemed composed in sleep.

“ Till, loud and shrill, a woman's cry
Uprose in piercing agony,
And Jeanie Smith (that was) stood there
The very picture of despair,
And wrung her hands and shrieked, ' 'tis he,
O God, 'tis Willie Glen I see !

“ 'Twas Willie Glen ; and Jeanie Smith
Had met him now thus face to face,
But time had travelled on with her,
And left him in his youthful grace,
Although embraced in death's cold arms,
He looked asleep in youthful charms.

“ What thoughts upon her memory rushed
Is not for me to guess or tell,
But 'twas not long she had to think
For down upon the ground she fell,
But opened once her lips and said,
' Lay me beside him !' and was dead.

"My tale is done, her wish fulfilled ;
 We placed two urns beside the grave,
 And stranger, you may haply tell
 This tale beyond the ocean's wave,
 But not to truer maids or men
 Than Jeanie Smith and Willie Glen."



MRS SUSAN KERR,

DAUGHTER of the late Mr Thomas Doubleday of Newcastle, was born in 1840, and inherits her father's powers of versification. Mr Doubleday was one of the leading men of his time, and his name is a household word in Northumberland. His writings are mainly metaphysical, poetical, and political. Our poetess was educated under governesses, and never attended any of the public schools. The money crisis of 1825 reversed the fortunes of the family, and though Mrs Kerr and her sisters might have stayed comfortably at home, they preferred, when old enough, to take a part in the battle of life, and so took to teaching. Mrs Kerr, who has resided in Scotland during the last thirty years, is one of the first three of the now long roll of LL.A's. of St. Andrews. Her early literary efforts were in connection with the *People's Journal*, being awarded prizes in the *Journal* Christmas competitions for stories entitled "He was Dead and is Alive Again," "She and I, or Who Shall Win," and "The Empty House in the Perth Road;" for essays, "Women's Rights," and "An Ideal Husband," and for poetical pieces, viz., "My Love Comes Home To-Day," and "The Taming of the Ravens," (The Battle of Largs, 1263)—her latest award being in Christmas 1892 for poem on "The

Murder of James the First." Mrs Kerr has also contributed to the *Evening Telegraph*, and *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. Her serial story, in the *Journal*, entitled "Nellie's Revenge, or, the Dundee Factory Girl," was exceedingly popular with all classes of readers. The bulk of her time, however, being taken up with teaching, literary composition was then only engaged in during her limited spare hours. Besides her literary gifts, she is also an excellent musician, and good at artistic work. Her husband, Mr R. N. Kerr, author of "Our English Laureates and the Birds," &c, &c., for a time conducted the King Street Institution, Dundee, but this was given up on his being appointed Secretary to the University College of that city.

Mrs Kerr's poetical compositions have been much praised by high authorities as possessing unusual merit, and embodying much true poetic sentiment. In addition to smoothness of versification, they are full of feeling, and are distinguished by much felicity of imagery, and beauty of conception. They all breathe a genuine poetic spirit, and are evidently the outcome of a gentle, meditative mind—thoughtful, earnest, graceful, and tender.

MEMORY OF SPRING.

How shall I sing the glory of the spring ?
 I, in the dull, sad autumn of my days,
 But dimly hear the joyful hymns of praise
 That now from every field and thicket ring.

I hear the sad, shrill note of Robin's song,
 Telling the winter of my life is near ;
 It drowns the songs of love so sweet and clear—
 The blackbird low, the mavis loud and strong.

Away with self ; the wakening earth is glad,
 The meanest insect hums its Maker's praise ;
 Shall I alone the voice of sadness raise,
 When hill and valley are in glory clad ?

Let me sing rather of the bygone years,
 When all my heart-beats were attuned to spring,
 Ere the sad memories that round me cling
 Had dimmed the landscape with the mist of tears.

We sat together on the sunlit hills ;
 My love, who was so soon to find his rest,
 Gazed with me then upon the mountain's crest,
 That seemed to soar o'er earth and all its ills.

The tender grass was springing at our feet ;
 The yellow primrose dimpled in each nook,
 Casting soft shadows on the babbling brook,
 Which murmur'd low its flower-crowned banks to greet.

The silver birches shimmered in the light ;
 Each turned her graceful head towards her love,
 The hot sun god, who wooed her from above,
 And kissed her quivering leaves with radiance bright.

High o'er our heads we heard the happy lark,
 Not dumb as we, but loudly praising God,
 Who gave him back once more the daisied sod—
 The soft bright sunshine for the winter's dark.

Hark to the sudden splash ! the yellow trout
 Leaps from the pool beneath the willow tree,
 Who, leaning forward her fair self to see,
 Flings shafts of glinting sunshine all about.

Far off, where on the sunny slopes they rest,
 We hear the snow-white lamb's impatient bleat ;
 The plover piping in the springing wheat ;
 The stock-dove cooing in its sheltered nest.

And we were young and happy in our youth ;
 Why should we fear the winter's bitter chill ?
 Were we not sheltered safe from every ill,
 Wrapped in the double folds of love and truth.

.

Never for us, dear love, shall joy-bells ring,
 I struggle still, amidst the winter's cold ;
 Along the narrow path towards the fold
 Where thou art dwelling in eternal spring.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Sadly beside my lonely hearth I sit,
 To greet the coming—nay, to mourn the dying year :
 It gave me all my bliss, my hopes so dear,
 Which, fading like the months to winter drear,
 Came with the year, and now will die with it.

Why did he seek me ? Call me truest, best ?
 I was so blind : love took me by the hand,
 And led me smiling through the sunny land.
 The earth seemed changed to heaven ; but now I stand
 With eyes that see, and thoughts that will not rest.

How can I blame thee, love ? She is so fair.
 The snow-white lily and the gorgeous rose
 Unite to form the charms with which she glows :
 While, with sweet coyness, over all she throws
 The dazzling mantle of her amber hair.

Could she not pass us by ? Oh, fleeting love !
 She was so richly dowered—I, sad and lone,
 Save for the gift of love I called my own :
 Hark ! how the rain beats and the chill winds moan ;
 God, take me from my pain to Thee above !

And in the summer, when the grass is green,
 And like a garment clothes my resting-place,
 Bring back the wanderer by Thy loving grace,
 To cast one thought on my forgotten face,
 To *see* what is—to *think* what might have been.

Through the deep dark the merry joy bells sound,
 To tell once more a glad New Year is born :
 They seem to say, " Weep not, though now forlorn ;
 Before the sun's rays gild the coming morn,
 New hopes, new love, new joy, thou shalt have found."

THE MURDER OF JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND.

Loud blew the wintry blast,
 And Perth's fair city, 'midst the falling snow,
 Lay still and silent, save that to and fro
 In the deep silence hurrying footsteps passed.

Oh, most unhappy King !
 Keeping the Xmastide in Royal state ;
 Will no one warn thee of thy coming fate ?
 No friendly hand the needful warning bring ?

The raven's croak means Death,
And fiery portents light the wintry sky ;
Forerunners of the night, when thou shalt cry
In vain for mercy with thy dying breath.

The courage of thy race
Runs in thy blood. Shall bonnie Scotland's King
Fear the weird spawwife and the raven's wing ?
No ! let him meet the foeman face to face.

Without is winter's cold ;
Within are mirth, and love, and royal cheer ;
Voices of women ring out sweet and clear ;
The song goes round, and merry tales are told.

Swiftly the moments fly,
At last, o'er grim Blackfriars silence falls ;
One happy group alone within its walls
Holds friendly converse. Hark ! what means that cry ?

'Tis but a night bird's call ;
Why look so scared and pale, my bonnie Queen ?
Hast *thou* turned coward ? Nay, my darling Jean,
Be thy brave self. Alas ! God keep us all—

'Tis the wild cateran's yell,
Fly, dearest, fly. Alas, alas ! too late—
E'en now the Graham thunders at the gate,
And hunts his victim with the hate of hell.

And there are none to aid,
Save the weak women, who around him cling ;
Unarmed, unguarded stands he, Scotland's King :
Still every inch a King, still undismayed.

The vault ! a woman cries,
One with weak arm holds fast the unguarded door—
Soft fingers madly tear the oaken floor—
It yields, and he, at last, in safety lies.

In safety ? none can save.
A crash—the poor weak arm is bruised and torn.
“ Hurrah ! the bird is snared ; he dies ere morn—
Met him the measure he to others gave.”

Unarmed, yet undismayed.
Bravely he struggles with the savage foe ;
Till done to death by many a cruel blow,
He lies in Death's dread majesty arrayed.

GARFIELD.

"Oh, this pain ! Can you not help me ?"

Brave struggling heart,
Courage ! 'tis morn at last ;
The gates of death are past,
Long half-apart.

Thy help is God :
We doubt His loving care ;
Faithless we cry, Oh, spare
Thy chastening rod.

Thy race is run ;
What seemed so cruel and hard
Is now a great reward—
A glory won.

Thou art on high ;
But in the nation's heart
Thy memory has a part
That cannot die.

Now he is blest ;
But look on her, dear God,
Who, on life's stormy road,
Still seeks for rest.

Dry up her tears,
Break not the bruised reed ;
Thou know'st how great her need,
How dark her fears.

May she at last,
Safe in the better land,
Clasp her dead darling's hand,
All sorrows past.



DAVID TAYLOR

WAS born at Dollar in 1817. After receiving what was considered sufficient education to carry him through life, he was apprenticed to the weaving, and in this occupation he was engaged for some years in his native village. Removing to St Ninians—then, with Bannockburn, a great centre of the weaving industry—Taylor resided there for the later part of his life. Previous to this, and while living in Dollar, he began writing verses, some of which were published in the *Clackmannanshire Advertiser*; and during his residence in St Ninians he contributed to the Stirling newspapers. Besides writing poetry, he made some claim to composing music, and many of his pieces are set to his own melodies. On the occasion of the centenary of Burns, Taylor attended “A Gaitherin’ o’ the Bards” in Alloa, and delivered an epistle entitled “Robin.” Acting on the advice of some friends, he collected a number of his poems, and published them in 1862 in book form under the title of “Poems and Songs, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.” During the summer of 1876, while spending a holiday in his native town, Taylor went amissing; and soon after his body was found in the Devon—“the Devon he had so often mingled with his song.”

Mr W. Harvey, Stirling, to whom we are indebted for these details, says that many of Taylor’s effusions, though they may come under the category of “local skits,” are much above the average merit of such. He never soared into the fairy realms of poetic imagery, but rather portrayed common-place scenes with his vividly humorous pen. He preferred the simple account of some clachan incident to a pompous record of any imperial crisis.

"THE PROOF O' THE PUDDIN'S THE PREEIN' O'T."

Young Maggie looks weel, neither foolish nor vain,
 But love keeps folk whiles frae the seein' o't,
 I'll ken better efter I mak' her my ain,
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

We think lassies at first gentle, modest, and kind,
 Like goddesses lovely, exalted in mind,
 But will ye think sae when in wedlock we're joined,
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

I maun tak' the lassie for better, for waur,
 My fortune nane need try the spaein' o't,
 For wha can pry into futurity far?
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

I'll study tae please her as weel as I can,
 An' gie her my siller tae ware when its wan,
 I think she will follow economy's plan,
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

She says what is best to do aye she will try,
 But what if she's tryin' the leein' o't,
 Hoover I'll come tae the truth bye-and-bye,
 For the proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

But takin' a wife is a serious joke,
 It's something like buyin' a pig in a poke,
 She may be a guid ane, she may be a moke,
 The proof o' the puddin's the preein' o't.

OOR AIN MITHER TONGUE.

Tune—"When the kye comes hame."

I lo'e auld Scotland's mountains,
 Her mony hichts an' howes,
 Her heather hills, her fountains,
 Green glens, an' broomy knowes.
 Her men and maidens pretty,
 Her minstrels, auld and young,
 That cheer us wi' a ditty
 In oor ain mither tongue.

Chorus—

In oor ain mither tongue,
 In oor ain mither tongue,
 That cheer us wi' a ditty
 In oor ain mither tongue.

I lo'e to see the thistle
 An' bonnie wild flowers blaw,
 An' hear the birdies whistle
 Within the leafy shaw—
 An' view the lav'rock wingin'
 His flichts the clouds among,
 Inspirin' ane o' singin'
 In oor ain mither tongue.

My native land is Scotland,
 An' it I wadna gie
 For ony sunny hot land
 That lies ayont the sea;
 Nor foreign strain I'll borrow
 Frae syrens that hae sung,
 We've sangs to soothe oor sorrow
 In oor ain mither tongue.

The sangs o' Rab an' Allan,
 Hogg, Nicoll, an' Macneill,
 Raise joy within the dwallin'
 O' mony a dainty chiel';
 An' granny sittin' spinnin',
 Can please her oes sae young,
 An' sweeten toil when croonin'
 In oor ain mither tongue.

Some lits in language lallan'
 Can mak' a carle sae fain,
 He'll loup like ony callan'
 An' think he's young again;
 Then what though Time be bringin'
 Us on to need a rung,
 We'll beat it when we're singin'
 In oor ain mither tongue.

MY AIN GUDAMAN.

O dear, dear to me
 Is my ain gudeman;
 For kin'ly, frank and free
 Is my ain gudeman;
 An' tho' thretty years hae fled,
 An' five sin' we were wed,
 Few bitter words I've ha'd
 Wi' my ain gudeman.

I've had seven bonny bairns
 To my ain gudeman,
 An' I've nursed them i' their turns
 For my ain gudeman ;
 An' ane did early dee,
 But the lave frae scaith are free,
 An' a blessin' they're to me,
 An' my ain gudeman.

I cheerie clamb the hill
 Wi' my ain gudeman,
 An', if it's Heaven's will,
 Wi' my ain gudeman,
 In life's calm afternoon
 I wad toddle canny doon,
 Syne at the foot sleep soun'
 Wi' my ain gudeman.



CHARLES MILLAR,

A NATIVE of Dundee, was born in 1809, being a descendant of an old Fifeshire family. It was on the farm of a progenitor of Mr Millar that Archbishop Sharpe was murdered. Our poet, whose father was long known and esteemed as a man of business in Dundee, took, in 1853, a lease of the farm of Balrud-dery, in the Carse of Gowrie district, which he occupied for nineteen years, leaving it in 1872, when he removed to Newport, where he spent the remaining years of his life. Mr Millar was from natural bent a born engineer, and his ingenuity found exercise in many a labour-saving appliance on his farm. It is of interest also to mention that, while resident in Dundee, he invented and erected a water-clock in the steeple of St Peter's Church, although he had never seen such a contrivance. This clock was for about twenty years one of the sights of Dundee, until it was rendered unreliable,

owing to the failure of the public water supply. He was a great lover of poetry, and in conversation he is said to have frequently, and with singular aptness, quoted Burns, whose poems he mostly knew by heart. Mr Millar was also a warm friend and devoted adherent of the Rev. Mr M'Cheyne; and, later, was for many years an elder in the Free Church of Newport. His recollections went back to early in the century, and he remembered seeing the French prisoners taken in the wars with Napoleon being marched out the Perth Road of Dundee. Though often solicited to do so, Mr Millar never entered any of the municipal bodies of his native city, but for many years he acted as a Director of the Royal Infirmary. He died in March 1893.

A NE O' ILK' HUNDER.

[On hearing that Lord Douglas had found among some old Acts of Parliament (as far back as 1600) an Act entitling him to the under-mentioned number of fish from every boat that arrived at Dundee Harbour.]

Ambition ! O thou tyrant vile !
 Thou'rt skelping at us rank and file—
 Nae mair our fisher lads may wile
 Haddocks in number ;
 Act 1600 now can bail
 Ane o' ilk hunder.

As weel from weaver bodies take
 'Twa best knags out o' ilka haik,
 So poor mechanics' hearts may quake
 And mourn with me ;
 This lad can out ilk boat-load take
 A hunder kings o' sea.

If thou but here had stopped thy wing,
 And no so far flung out thy string ;
 But thou must hae twa o' best ling
 Frae ilka boat,
 And keillen if they kiellen sling
 To cram thy throat.

Ye stupid bodies o' St Stephen,
 You'll set Dundee a-weepin', grievin';
 You'll starve us a' as sure's your leevin'
 Wi' lordly cunnin';
 To me it seems you're all conniven
 To keep up Lunnon.

If you'd but haen our fishy lanks,
 For fish we wouldna gi'en you thanks,
 But aff straight to Newfoundland's banks,
 Whaur's cod in plenty;
 And, if you hadna played sic pranks,
 Twa or three wad send ye.

Was it for one, ye glossy waves,
 Was it for one, sea-treasured caves?
 Was it for one, ye brawny slaves,
 Was made the ocean?
 That man to man should coor as slaves!
 Presumptuous notion!

I'll gie ma word and testifee
 That a' the fishes o' the sea
 Were made to all as weel's to thee—
 Not to one guest;
 But all should sit baith frank and free
 At this great feast.

MY UMBRELLA.

'Tis sweet when Winter's air is cold,
 And winds through woolds and forests bellow,
 To meditate on things of old
 While grasping hard your umberella.

And when in Spring the showers descend,
 The herbs and plants and flowers to mellow,
 'Tis somewhat nobly to extend
 A spicy brown-silk umberella.

At Lammas, when the scorching heat
 Would make your face look brown and yellow,
 Where could you find so sweet retreat
 As underneath your umberella?

Or going to town on Autumn night,
 You chance to meet a saucy fellow,
 Or vicious dog who would you bite,
 Then poke them with your umberella.

Its beauties I can't overpraise,
 Its properties I ne'er can tell a':
 When done, it might make ladies' stays—
 The bones e'en of your umberella.

When days and years proclaim you're old—
 A dottle, cripple, gonty fellow,
 Then for support you can lay hold
 O' the npright of your umberella.

And I've been told by knowing folks—
 Their pate indeed was very shallow,
 Who would not put in tinder box
 The rags e'en of their umberella.

ON A BASSINETTE.

Wee image o' your dear mamma,
 An' aiblins o' your dear papa,
 Perhaps e'en traces o' them twa,
 Your face beset, wee darlin' pet,
 You'll please accept from grandpapa
 A Bassinette.

Sweet be thy dreams and sound thy sleep,
 As round thee kindly watchers keep
 Their hourly tread, with unheard feet
 And pacing step,
 Until out-ower thine eyelids peep
 From Bassinette.

When travelling through this vale of tears,
 And burdened sair beyond thy years,
 And all about with cares and fears
 Thou'rt sair beset,
 Thou'lt sweetly think in after years
 Of Bassinette.



WILLIAM HARVEY,

ONE of the youngest poets we have had the privilege
 of dealing with in this work, was born at Stirling
 in 1874. On the death of his father, a coach-painter,

when William was but three months old, the whole maintenance of the family was thrown on his mother's shoulders. As soon, therefore, as he was able to work at all, he was obliged to leave school; and in his eleventh year he was apprenticed to a hatter. After serving his apprenticeship to this calling, he gave up the idea of further prosecuting it, and accordingly betook himself to another trade. In 1889 he entered the employment of a large carriage-building establishment in Stirling, where he is at present engaged as a carriage trimmer.

Mr Harvey's first attempt at literature was an essay on "Joseph," sent to a competition held in connection with the Boys' Brigade, of which he was then a member; and for this he gained first prize. Shortly after, he began contributing verses, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Sterlini," to *The Stirling Sentinel*, for which newspaper he has also written a series of articles in prose and verse, mostly of a legendary character, entitled "Scottish Lays and Legends," besides contributions on other and more general subjects. In 1892 Mr Harvey was awarded the first certificate in the Church of Scotland's Young Men's Guild Essay Competition on "The Scottish Covenants." Mr Harvey's poems, like his prose, very frequently have for their theme the scenes and traditions of his native land. Particularly in his lengthy and more ambitious poems do we find the painter's eye for Nature and keen discrimination of character. He not only conceives and sustains his subjects with poetic power, but he is capable of bringing vividly before the mind the setting of his incidents and pictures.

THE DYING PILGRIM.

On the highway of Time a poor pilgrim was treading,
'Twas the last earthly footprint that e'er he would make,
'Twas the last night of care, for the morrow's sun, shedding
Its rays on Eternity, would find him awake.

A weary-worn straggler on the path of Redemption,
 He had long been a votary to sorrow and toil,
 Earth's riches to him seemed all empty pretension,
 He was born to be buried,—a son of the soil.

No kind eye of pity ever deemed it its duty,
 To cast on this wanderer its kindest gleam;
 The whole world seemed a robber, its wealth seemed its booty,
 And the glories of Scripture a mythical dream.

But the last night had come, and the last sleep before him
 Seemed telling of love that beyond it lay stored;
 That the world would rage on when the cold sod was o'er him,
 But that he would be safe with his Master and Lord.

Ere the last step was over, an angel had taken
 The soul, that by care had been knit to the world;
 To the glories of heaven did that ransomed one waken,
 As Eternity's banner was o'er him unfurled.

THE SCOTTISH CLANS.

(Written at the Gathering-Stone of the highland army on the field of Sheriffmuir).

The twinkling stars above us shine, and all is peace beneath,
 And every hill is richly clad with ever-famous heath
 Which wafts us back unto the time when every heart beat high
 For Stuart right, for Scotland's king, when all would "do or die."

No despot's hand could e'er subdue those children of the free,
 No more than human hand could still the wild unbounded sea,
 For, as they lisped their infant prayers, they learned the way to
 fame,
 Then rose in manhood's strength to shield their ever-glorious
 name.

Thus, to the clansmen of the hills we owe a sacred debt,
 And surely Scotland never can their glorious deeds forget.
 Not till the Camerons cease to rise, and highland heath to bloom,
 Till all is hushed for ever in a long oblivious gloom.

But ages surely must arise and speed their long career,
 Ere from the page of history our clansmen disappear.
 For even now there seems to start Macdonald from the glen,
 While bold Macgregor brings to life his land of lawless men.

And fresh upon the evening air the slogan seems to break
 Till spectral-like the clans arise and all their places take
 To fight the battle o'er again, the Menzies and the Hay,
 Join in the strife, for home and life, come death or victory.

The Gathering-stone once more is used, a hundred dirks flash
 bright,
 And gleam like brands of living fire beneath the moon's clear
 light ;
 No pleasant omen of the fray imagination draws,
 And consummates in spectral lines—the fight for Stuart's cause.

But, as they rose, they fade away, and all again is still,
 The starry veil of heaven looks down upon the silent hill,
 And Scotia conjures up the names of all her clansmen brave,
 While memory throws a halo round each highland chieftain's
 grave.



WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

AUTHOR of "The Battle of Stirling Bridge," was born in Edinburgh in 1811. Of his parents little is known beyond the fact that his father was a trader. From a well-written sketch of our poet by William Harvey in the *People's Friend*, to which we are indebted for the following particulars, we learn that, after receiving such an education as was obtainable by boys at that period, Sinclair was apprenticed, at the age of fourteen, to a bookseller in his native city. In connection with the bookselling business there was also an extensive circulating library, and of this he made good use, having an ardent love for reading. During his apprenticeship he came in contact with many persons of literary tastes, who were frequent visitors at the library, and of this connection his literary life in after years was the result. While yet an apprentice, young Sinclair took to poetry, contributing poems and songs

to the newspapers and periodicals. Attracting the notice of the celebrated Christopher North, some of his verses were granted a place in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Leaving his situation in Edinburgh, he seems to have followed a somewhat varied course, for we next find him employed as clerk to a lawyer in Dundee. Soon, however, he began to look about for occupation of a more congenial nature; and therefore proceeded to Liverpool to fill a situation appointed him in H.M. Custom House. After a short term there, his services were transferred to Leith—an alteration with which he was highly satisfied, for it brought him again into closer contact with his acquaintances. Here, it is said, he gave to the world the “bulk of his pickings from Apollo's throne”; and, through his gleanings in the field of poetry, cultivated acquaintance with his brother poets, Robert Gilfillan, Robert Nicol, David Veddar, and “Delta.”

In 1843 Sinclair published his volume entitled “Poems of the Fancy and Affections,” which contains many poems abounding in fine imagery, much force of expression, and noble martial strains. Shortly after this he retired from the service, and settled in Stirling, where he was a frequent contributor to the *Journal and Advertiser* under the *nom-de-plume* “St Clair.” So warm was Robert Nicol's appreciation of Sinclair's genius that he submitted his poems for our poet's revision before publishing. About this time, too, appeared his song, familiar in every clime where Scottish foot has trod, which was awarded the prize in a competition commemorative of the Battle of Stirling Bridge, and sung at the laying of the foundation stone of the Wallace Monument on 24th June, 1861. The song was set to music by Mr Marquis Chisholm, and sung at the banquet by Mr Stenbridge Ray. Sinclair died in 1870, and he was laid to rest in Stirling Cemetery, in the very midst of the scenes

which gave to him that inspiration so nobly portrayed in his immortal song. A few months ago (1892)—twenty-one years after her husband's death—it fell, says Mr Harvey, to the sculptor's hand to record on the tombstone erected by his admirers the name of William Sinclair's widow, Jessie Forrester, at the age of eighty-two.

THE VICTOR-CHIEF TO HIS SLAUGHTERED STEED.

Adieu ! the blast, the shot, the shell,
 The pealing caannon's roar,
 The trumpet's note—the clang of arms—
 Shall greet thine ear no more ;
 Fast stiffening on the crimson heath,
 A thousand foemen bleed,
 And join the phantom ranks of death
 With thee, my gallant steed.

To thee the bugle ne'er shall ring
 Its summoning call to arms,
 Nor the resounding martial peal
 E'er thunder war's alarms ;
 No more the rider on the field
 May rein thy daring speed,
 Nor wield the lance, nor bear the shield,
 My steed, my gallant steed.

O ! thou wert gentle as the lamb,
 And fearless as the blast,
 But the iron has subdued thy heart,
 And laid thee low at last ;
 But hark ! the notes of triumph swell,
 From danger thou art freed ;
 And loud acclaims have rung thy knell,
 My steed, my gallant steed.

THE ROYAL BREADALBANE OAK.

Thy queenly hand, Victoria,
 By the mountain and the rock,
 Hath planted 'midst the highland hills
 A Royal British oak ;
 O thou Guardian of the free !
 O thou Mistress of the sea !
 Trebly dear shall be the ties
 That shall bind us to thy name,
 Ere this Royal Oak shall rise
 To thy fame, to thy fame !

The Oak hath scattered terror
O'er our foemen from our ships,
It hath given the voice of England's fame
In thunders from their lips ;
'Twill be mirror'd in the rills !
It shall wave among the hills !
And the rallying cry shall wake
Nigh the planted of thy hand,
That the loud acclaim may break
O'er the land, o'er the land !

While it waves unto the tempest
It shall call thy name to mind,
And the " Gathering " 'mong the hills shall be
Like the rushing of the wind !
Arise ! ye Gaels, arise !
Let the echoes ring your cries—
By our mountain's rocky throne
By Victoria's name adored—
We shall reap her enemies down
With the sword, with the sword !

O dear among the mountains
Shall thy kindly blessing be ;
Though rough may be our mien, we bear
A loyal heart to thee ;
'Neath its widely spreading shade
Shall the gentle Highland maid
Teach the youths who stand around,
Like brave slips from Freedom's tree,
That thrice sacred is the ground
Unto thee, unto thee !

In the bosom of the Highlands
Thou hast left a glorious pledge,
To the honour of our native land,
In every coming age ;
By the Royal Voice that spoke
On the soil where springs the oak—
By the freedom of the land
That can never bear a slave—
The Breadalbane Oak shall stand
With the brave, with the brave !



ROBERT CAMPBELL.

THE REV. ROBERT CAMPBELL, the highly esteemed minister of Calton U.P. Church, Glasgow, was born at the farm house of Clashgalloch, in the parish of Barr, Ayrshire, in 1837. He was the third and only survivor in a family of four children, and he had the misfortune to lose his father at the tender age of four years. This led to his being brought up by his grandfather, Mr David Weir, farmer, in Waterhead, New Cumnock. Mr Weir was an elder in the Secession Church—a genuine christian of the old calvanistic type, sterling and true, and his life and teaching made a lasting impression on the mind of his grandson. When young Campbell reached the age of ten, his grandfather removed to a farm in Kintyre, Argyleshire. Like the most famous city in the world it was “beautiful for situation,” and calculated to nurse into life whatever latent poetic gift might lie in the mind of youth. The farmhouse over looked the Sound of Kilrannan, and had the magnificent Arran Peaks in full view.

During his sojourn here Robert Campbell received many permanent impressions. His ear was open to the voice of Nature, and his mind and heart responded to her message. Amid such surroundings, while watching the sheep on the hills in early morning and late evening, he studied Scotland’s greatest bard, until he could nearly repeat every line he had penned. This also tended to cultivate the poetic faculty, the possession of which he has since given evidence of. There being no school in the district, he went over to Ayrshire during the winter months, and attended a school at Benston, in the parish of Old Cumnock—taught by a poet noticed in this work—Mr John Johnstone, an old Trafalgar hero, and a good classical

scholar. Later on he went to the Free Church School in New Cumnock, and then for a short period he was himself a teacher in the mining village of Beach, near Dalmellington.

The year 1854 saw our poet a student at Glasgow university, which he attended for five sessions, followed by other five at the Divinity Hall of the U.P. Church in Edinburgh. During his College course Mr Campbell paid his way by engaging in Home Mission Work in Glasgow, so that not only was he a self-supporting institution, but he thus early obtained an intimate knowledge of human nature in general, and of the needs and aspirations of the poorer classes in a great city in particular. He was six years a Missionary in the High Street in connection with Greyfriars Church. The success of his work led to the meeting being formed into a regular congregation—first of all in the Candleriggs, but it received the name of Canon Street, when afterwards it came to be located there.

Mr Campbell was ordained first minister of this church in 1863, and laboured with considerable success till the month of May 1865. He then accepted a call to Aldershot, and was settled there in the June following. His success attracted the attention of the London Presbytery, which led to his transference to a failing cause in London. Albion Presbyterian Church, London wall, the only Presbyterian church in the city of London proper—had been on the decline for many years. The congregation was too feeble to get a minister for itself, and the Presbytery was allowed by the Synod to select a suitable man, and the choice unanimously fell on Mr Campbell. If the little one did not become a thousand, it at all events prospered under Mr Campbell's faithful ministry. Unfortunately the city magnates refused to renew the lease of the church—getting £1600 instead

of £60 per annum for the site, so that Mr Campbell was, in a manner, forced to accept a call addressed to him by another languishing congregation—the Calton U.P. Church, Glasgow. There Mr Campbell's success has been simply marvellous. To renew the life of a dying cause in a locality far from promising would have taxed the energies of most men, but he, nothing daunted, threw himself into the work with indomitable courage and power, with the result that the little one has become more than a thousand, and the congregation is now one of the most prosperous in the city, while it is the largest of the denomination to which it belongs.

Apart from his vigorous intellect and keen faculty of observation, Mr Campbell, in his congregation, and among a wide circle of friends, is highly esteemed alike for his warm sympathy and brotherly kindness. His presence is full of sunshine—indeed, as has been said, “he is the incarnation of a smile bordering on laughter.” He has a rich poetical vein in his nature, which he has sedulously cultivated. His best known work is a sacred drama, entitled “Jezebel,” (Glasgow : Robert Robertson, 1892) which has already passed through several editions, and seems destined to pass through many more. He has also contributed numerous poems and hymns to various magazines and periodicals. These might well be characterised as really richly melodious verse, pervaded by an earnest and loving devotional spirit ; while his poem, “Jezebel,” has been very highly spoken of. Whether in respect of dramatic treatment or felicitous poetical expression, the thought is always clear and well sustained, and there are numerous passages full of elegance of expression.

I BUILT ME A BOWER.

I built me a bower, and the roses hung
In clusters around the eaves,
Where the warbling birds their concert made,
And the scented breezes swept from the glade,
And rustled the laughing leaves.

But the ruthless winter beat on my bower
With pitiless blast and chill ;
And the roses and leaves have been driven away
By the withering blasts of the winter day,
And scattered over the hill.

I planted a tree in my garden fair,
Down deep in the rich, dark soil ;
And I watched its growth with never a fear,
But that mellow fruit in some coming year,
Would reward me for my toil ;

But a cancer began to eat at its root,
And the tree began to pine,
And its leaves to shrivel, as if the breath
Of some noxious vapour had done to death
That fair young plant of mine.

I built me a boat to sail the seas,
Built strong of the stoniest pine,
To weather the gale with well-filled sail,
And dance upon the brine ;

But the storms have shattered my dainty barque,
And started her timbers strong,
And she lies a hulk on the ocean shore,
Where the tempests hiss and the billows roar
As in fury they dash along.

Alas ! Alas ! is there nought on earth
That's safe from the touch of decay,
That will feed my heart in the coming years,
And be mine at last in spite of my fears,
When my youth has passed away !

It is God alone ; who remains the same
When cycles have gone their round,
But faith and hope, with their radiant eyes,
Speak of sorrow and death as a dark disguise
For the love which calls us home.

A HIGHLAND STREAM.

O modest, unambitious, Highland stream !
 Singing, in sweet content, your quiet song ;
 Meandering 'mid sombre banks of heath,
 Through sheep-walks, under shadow of the hills ;
 Murmuring through the pebbles on your way ;
 Now speaking louder, 'mid the greater stones
 As if their opposition roused your wrath ;
 Or leaping the cascade with joyous bound ;
 Then silent, stealing from the pool below,
 As if the effort took your breath away.

O calm, secluded, happy Highland stream !
 You lead your useful life, and sing your song
 Amid the heath banks and the silent hills ;
 Unenvious of mighty Amasons
 With waters fit to battle with the seas ;
 Or classic streams of which great bards have sung.
 We learn from thee, thou humble Highland stream !
 To sing, content, the song that is our own ;
 Singing, because we must, our simple song ;
 Not dumb, because we cannot sing like bards,
 The music of whose words has thrilled the world !

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

(From "Jezebel.")

Ministering in manner manifold,
 Unseen, not boileless, as folly dreams
 Behind the veil of sense which shuts them in,
 We move unheard about the haunts of men,
 Now spreading snowy pinions in the air,
 And bearing upwards, through the dome of blue,
 Some soul just left the house of humble clay ;
 Now carrying water from the wells of God
 To meet the needs of those who thirst for Him ;
 Or strongly grasping, with a hand unfelt,
 The man who trembles on destruction's verge.
 To our ministering how much they owe,
 The best instructed yet have never known.
 How peaceful they, in very darkest hours,
 When firm, deep-laid foundations seem upturn,
 And rocks are crumbling into yielding sand,
 And disappointment, anguish, and dismay
 Are born of sad, untoward circumstance.
 Did men but know the tender heart of God,
 And that His hosts are round them night and day !

.

So good, so perfect, is the plan of God,
 Not those before the sapphire throne who stand,
 Not those who launch some new-made world in space—
 Fit home for happy creatures yet to be!
 Not those who firmly bridle wrathful kings
 Who thirst to wreak their vengeance on the weak,
 A happiness more exquisite could taste,
 Than ours, who guide a soul from youth to age,
 If but they choose the path that leads to life.

M A T E R N A L G R I E F.

(From "Jezebel"—Rachael speaks.)

My son ! my son ! if tears would only come,
 This empty, aching heart would find relief !
 But sorrow's heat hath made their fountains dry.
 No tears ! a throbbing brow ! an aching heart !
 Those are the portion of my widowhood.

Within this tomb he sleeps, the noblest son !
 So wise, so pure, so tender, and so true ;
 My rich inheritance, my life, my all !
 I lived upon his love, leaned on his strength !
 As royal David felt, I feel to-day,
 When, weeping as he went, he cried, " my son ! "

How true a treasurer memory is,
 I never fully realized till now !
 Through all past weeks and months and years she walks
 And, fresh as yesterday, from ample stores
 She brings the priceless treasures of the past :
 The nestling babe I carried in my arms,
 The playful boy, the young man in his strength,
 Are with me in my hapless grief to-day.
 Nor these alone, but unimportant things—
 Mere dust upon the furniture of time—
 Words, acts, I never thought to meet again !

O, memory, how cruel ! yet how kind :
 My sweetest comfort, and my greatest grief !
 Through alchemy most strange—mysterious—
 Thy silver thou transmutest into gold,
 And things of no account out value gems ?

They murdered him : They robbed him of his life !
 They robbed him of his life before mine eyes !
 In spite of prayers, and tears, and agonies ?
 And robbing him makes me so very poor,
 That life itself I do not wish to keep ?

R. H. LUNDIE.

THE REV. R. H. LUNDIE, D.D., comes of a long line of distinguished divines. His grandfather and father were ministers of Kelso, and both were men of great piety, and were men of remarkable literary accomplishments. His father, Robert Lundie, was intimate with Walter Scott, Lockhart, Gifford, and other literary celebrities, and was an early contributor to the *Quarterly Review*. His sister's biography (Mary Lundie Duncan) is one of the best known works of the kind, while another sister, Mrs Horatius Bonar, is also well-known in our literary annals. Both have a place in the eleventh volume of this work. The family were brought up in an atmosphere of poetry and piety, and revelled in the exquisite enjoyment of Nature in one of the most lovely districts of Scotland.

The subject of our sketch was born at Kelso in 1824, and was educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh. He was ordained at St Andrew's, Birkenhead, in September, 1850, and removed to Fairfield, Liverpool, in 1866. There he still remains, greatly esteemed, and actively engaged in full ministerial work, and devoting much time and energy to the social questions of the day. In recognition of his many acquirements and worth, the University of Edinburgh, some years ago, bestowed on him the degree of D.D. He was Moderator of the English Presbyterian Church in 1884.

Dr Lundie inherits the literary and poetical gifts for which his "forebears" have been so long known, and for many years he has written a new year hymn for the Sunday schools of Fairfield and Kensington. A number of these have gained wide popularity on account of their deep spirituality of tone, which gives

them a double force as they enter the feelings and penetrate the heart.

THE YEARS ARE PASSING OVER.

The years are passing over,
 The years I have to spend,
 The longest day must darken,
 The youngest life must end ;
 Then be my motto "Onward,"
 And upward be my way,
 Till at the gate of glory
 Shall break the heavenly day.

I will not live for pleasure,
 Not all for self I'll live,
 But, Lord, to Thee, who lov'st me,
 My heart and life I'll give ;
 My firstfruits now I offer,
 In Thee my race I'll run,
 And thou shalt be my Father,
 And I will be Thy son.

With holy love enkindled,
 O may my spirit burn,
 While at the feet of Jesus,
 I daily sit to learn ;
 Yes, I will live to serve Him
 For He has died for me,
 For Him shall work be pleasure,
 And light shall labour be.

I'll strive to help the burden'd,
 Depending on His grace,
 I'll wipe the tear that's falling
 On sorrow's sunken face ;
 For though my strength be feeble,
 There's strength for me above,
 Although my love be wavering,
 My Father God is love.

And walking in His favour,
 Beneath day's bright blue dome,
 I will not faint or weary,
 For I am hastening home.
 Life's short enough for labour,
 By God enjoined and blest,
 Eternity is peaceful
 And long enough for rest.

I HAVE A HOME ABOVE.

I have a home above,
 Where heart and treasure are ;
 I long to reach the land I love,
 The promised land afar.

I have a Father there
 Who waits for me to come,
 Who wills that all his own should share
 The joy of that sweet home.

I have a Brother there,
 A Brother kind and good,
 For guilt like mine who did not spare
 To shed His precious blood.

Beloved friends there are,
 Through grace to glory gone,
 Each shining as a glittering star
 Around the heavenly throne.

And many many more
 Are hastening to that land,
 Who soon will tread the holy shore,
 Amid the white-robed band.

Lord, I will follow Thee,
 I too will run the race,
 In that blest home I too would be,
 "A sinner saved by grace."



HUGH KERR,

SHOEMAKER, was born at Stewarton, Ayrshire, in 1815, and died in January, 1893. Amongst the members of the "gentle craft" he was acknowledged to have few equals as a workman ; but it is as

a local poet and descriptive prose writer that his memory will long be held in remembrance in his native place and elsewhere. Like many of our singers, he was in no way indebted to culture or education for the exercise of the poetic gift.

His first volume was published fifty years ago. It was a small booklet, and was most favourably noticed by George Gilfillan—then the critic whose good opinion all sought—and other authorities in the literary world. Ten years later another volume was published; and, until a few years ago, at not infrequent intervals, the local press received contributions from his pen. While his undoubted genius found its best expression in describing the beauties of nature, and the joys and sorrows of humble life, his ready pen had a wide scope, the extent of which was known only to his most intimate friends. The following lines are of more than average merit, and possess a heart-reaching melody and pathos:—

THE WEE CLASPIN' BIBLE.

This wee claspin' Bible, my mither's wee Bible,
 My ain faither bocht when he made her his bride,
 And when she gaed frae me, she haanded it tae me,
 And hoped I wad study to mak' it my guide.
 The auld chair she sat on, an' mony times grat on,
 As thochts o' the dead brocht the tears tae her e'e,
 An' a' roun' that dwellin', dear, dear tae a callan',
 O! wee claspin' Bible, are present in thee.

This wee claspin' Bible, this tear-drappit Bible,
 I've born by her side to the kirk wi' the lave,
 When aften she saunter'd until the kirk entered,
 An' mournfully gazed on my faither's green grave.
 The voice sweet and calm aye, I hear in the Psalm aye,
 It comes like the tone of a spirit sair vext,
 An' I still see her lean wi' her haun' on her e'en,
 An' the streiked speirment leaf slippit in at the text.

This wee claspin' Bible, this precious wee Bible,
 In dark, dusty corners mann never be cast ;
 There's jewels within it, and pleasures infinite,
 Will buy ye a' croons when life's trials are past.
 Bairns, let it direct ye, the worl' may neglec' ye,
 Still firm on its promises every rely ;
 This battle well over, bright spirits will hover,
 And hail you a conqueror home to the sky.



JOHN TAYLOR, M. D.,

WAS born at Newark Castle, Maybole, Ayrshire. He was widely known as a politician and poet, and contested the Ayr Burghs in 1832, and again in 1834, as the Radical candidate, but was defeated on each occasion. He was afterwards a member of the Chartist Convention, and suffered imprisonment and considerable privations for his adherency to that party. Dr Taylor died in Ireland, where he had retired in ill-health. In 1851 a memorial volume of "Christian Lyrics" was published in Dublin (James M'Glashan, Upper Sackville Street). It was dedicated to the Archdeacon of Connor. A monument is erected over his remains at Island Magee Church, Ireland.

FOR WHAT SHALL I PRAISE THEE?

For what shall I praise Thee, my God and my King?
 For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
 Shall I praise Thee for pleasure, for health, or for ease,
 For the spring of delight and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise Thee for flowers that have bloomed in my breast,
 For joys in perspective and pleasures possessed?
 For the spirits that heightened my days of delight,
 And the slumber that sat on my pillow by night?

For this should I praise, but if only for this
 I should leave half untold the dominion of bliss ;
 I thank Thee for sorrow, for sickness, and care,
 For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish and fear.

The flowers were most sweet, but their fragrance is flown,
 They yielded no fruit, they are withered and gone ;
 The thorn it was poignant and precious to me,—
 'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to Thee.

BEAUTY IN NATURE.

Vain mortal ! though the smile of nature brings
 To thee no pleasure ; still in every face,
 In every floweret in the vale that springs,
 In every little warbler there that sings,
 God's mighty hand you trace.

And would'st thou other songs than nature's song,
 Swelling in thousand notes among the trees ;
 Go, join the heartless, despicable throng
 From infancy to crime who sweep along,
 And dwell with these.

For me, tho' broken-hearted, I could find
 One pleasure in the broken mountain peak,
 Leaving earth's grovelling hopes and fears behind,
 And borne on fancy's wing, the immortal mind
 With God can speak.

Heaven's wildest notes have music to my ear,
 The rushing tempest, and the roaring sea,
 The fiery lightning darting thro' the sphere,
 The thundering voice that others trembling hear
 Have charms for me.

PITY.

Soft as the falling dews of night,
 The tear of pity flows ;
 Bright as the moon's returning light,
 That gilds the op'ning rose :
 Sweet as the fragrant breeze of May,
 Her sympathetic sigh,
 Mild as the dawning tints of day,
 The beam that lights her eye !

Still gentle spirit, o'er my heart,
Preserve thy united sway,
Teach me to blunt affliction's dart,
And soothe her cares away;
Or if my anxious efforts fail,
And sorrows still pursue,
I'll *wish*, while list'ning to the tale,
That good I cannot *do*.



M. T. M. DAVIDSON,

MASTER of Dundee Orphan Institution, is a native of Dundee. He began life as a clerk in a manufacturer's office in that city. He thereafter went to St Andrew's University, where he graduated in Arts and Science, and gained prizes in the subjects of Moral Philosophy, Education, Natural Philosophy, and Chemistry, beside specially distinguishing himself in Professor Meiklejohn's class on education. Continuing his studies as a student of science, he passed successfully his examinations for the degree of Bachelor of Science. For some time he was engaged as amanuensis to Professor Meiklejohn. He was then appointed to take charge of the Boys' School, Tay Street, and after holding this position for some years was chosen master of the Lower School (boys) of Dundee High School. Mr Davidson also acted as assistant master in the Science Department. In 1886 he published a Geography of the British Isles, which is used in schools throughout the country. He is the author of a most delightful, attractive, and popular cantata, "The Grammar Fairies," the music of which was composed by Mr J. More Smieton. The play is of an educational character, its aim being to show the absurd method of teaching grammar by rote, and at the

same time to present, in a simple and lucid form, the abstract principles of grammar, so that they may be easily apprehended by the minds of children. There is a happy combination of the instructive with the amusing, the latter preventing the didactic becoming uninteresting, and giving a poignancy to the piece. Each of the fairies represents a part of speech, and describes their various functions in song. As has been said, "The 'Parts of Speech' were surely never presented in such fairy guise before. While appreciating the humour, the little folks are likely to be unconsciously mastering the essentials of English grammar. This is doubtless the secret purpose of the authors." The first selection we give pathetically tells of the hard lot of an under-master in

QUEEN FAIRY'S SONG,

If you would a successful teacher be
 Whate'er your rank or state,
 You must become as a little child
 If a child you would educate.

To train the mind, you must win the heart
 ('Tis not to be won in a day:)
 But once a child has learned to love,
 He will quickly learn to obey.

Fun and love, love and fun,
 These are the elements two
 By which the heart of a child is won,
 Who tries it will find it true.

Put off your frown for a happy smile,
 Have few commands and laws;
 If your hold of the heart be firm and true,
 No need for tasks or tawse.

When books and slates are laid aside,
 School-day, for ever done,
 Your pupils their grammar may forget,
 But never your love and fun.

THE TEACHER'S SONG.

I once was a student gay and free,
My form was once erect,
My biceps muscle was a treat to see,
And best of all I was wholly free
From examination papers to correct.

I became a teacher in a secondary school,
But I never did suspect,
That my student days so gay and free,
Would be changed to such awful monotony,
With examination papers to correct.

I began to get pinched and thin and pale,
So went to the doctor direct ;
He was skilled in the science of anatomy,
And he diagnos'd the cause of my ailments to be
Examination papers to correct.

I became an elder in the Parish Church,
And I walked very circumspect,
But I had to resign my charge very soon,
I was missed from the church every Sunday forenoon,
With examination papers to correct.

From the daughters of Eve of this fair town
A partner I did select ;
But our honeymoon suddenly revealed to my wife,
She was married to a man for the rest of her life
With examination papers to correct.

In less than a year she lay on her bier,
Neighbours swore 'twas a case of neglect,
I was tried by jury and acquitted on the ground
That a verdict of guilty could never be found
'Gainst a man who had papers to correct.

I again to a maiden fair proposed,
To me she did object ;
Unless I could give her a guarantee,
That all my nights would be wholly free
From examination papers to correct.

When I am dead and the doctors meet
My worn-out brain to dissect,
They will all agree 'twas better for me
To have left such a life for another countree,
Where there's not a single paper to correct.

THE TELLING FAIRY'S SONG.

I see the deeds of men, and of every living thing ;
 I hearken what they say, and I listen while they sing ;
 And though they deem it not, I know the thoughts of men,
 And my plain and simple duty is to tell it all again.
 To tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it all again.
 To tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it, tell it all again.

Where'er the sailor sails, where'er the soldier fights ;
 When e'er the truth is told, and wrongs are put to rights ;
 When the statesman utters wisdom, and the poet sings his lay,
 Tho' no human eye can see me, I hearken what they say.
 And though they deem it not, I know the thoughts of men,
 And my plain and simple duty is to tell it all again.

When the lark at early morn soars up to heaven's gate ;
 When in the leafy wood, each bird calls to its mate ;
 Where the swift and noble river flows onward to the sea ;
 When the stars come out and twinkle, all are seen and heard
 by me.
 I know the heart of nature, I know the thoughts of men,
 And my plain and simple duty is to tell it all again.



THE REV. DR JOHN MACLEOD, MORVEN, AND
 REV. DR JOHN MACLEOD, GOVAN.

THE late Jean L. Watson, in her little "Memoir" of Dr Norman Macleod says:—"Morven, when the mist shrouds its bold and barren hills, and covers its blue lakes, is not without features of gentler beauty ; it has its dark precipices, over which burns tumble and foam,—lovely glens, clothed with the rich foliage of the oak, the ash, and the birch,—interspersed with sombre moorlands, in summer gay with yellow furze ; while around are sprinkled small farm-houses, labourers' cottages, and shepherds' huts, giving life to the pleasing picture.

A hundred years ago, on the side of one of these hills, might have been seen an unpretending building (which has long since given place to another edifice), known as the Manse of Fuinery. This house was occupied by the minister of Morven, the Rev. Norman Macleod, whose family, consisting of sixteen sons and daughters, made bright and lively its old walls.

The pastor's flock at Morven was scattered over an area of one hundred and thirty square miles. There were two churches in the parish, but there were no seats in them, with the exception of one or two pews belonging to the principal heritors; and so primitive were the people that, in order to obtain wheaten bread when the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed, a messenger was sent a distance of sixty miles, over moor and loch, to procure it.

The youngest son of the minister had been appointed, on his father's completing fifty years of ministry, his assistant and successor; but, to the last, the old man's heart was in his work. We have a touching incident given, connected with the closing scene of his ministry. One Sabbath the Sacrament was to be dispensed in his church, whither he went to give a farewell address. His old and faithful servant, Rory, guided him to the pulpit, for he was now blind. He mistook the side for the front; and Rory, seeing this, laid his trembling hand on the bookboard, thus placing him in a right position, from which he could speak to the people. The minister was a man of majestic stature, with long, white hair streaming over his shoulders, his face beautiful with a holy look. It was to be his last address to his people, and he knew it, therefore his words were few, but pathetic. The kind Highland hearts were melted, and low sobs were heard all around, when he told them "they should see his face no more." He died soon after.

Rory, who had been "minister's man" for fifty

years, soon after Mr Macleod's death, began to droop and decline. One evening he said to his wife, "Dress me in my best ; get a cart ready ; I must go to the manse and bless them all, and then die." His wife thought him delirious, and hesitated, but he insisted on being obeyed. He was taken to the manse, and, with his Sabbath tartan-plaid wrapped about him, tottered into the parlour, and, as the family gathered round him, announced his errand, saying, "I bless you all, my dear ones, before I die." Then, raising devoutly his withered hands, he offered a short prayer for their welfare, and, kissing the hand of his mistress, bade them farewell. He died the following day.

The youngest son of the manse of Morven, John (his elder brother being Dr Norman Macleod, who was minister of St Columba Church, Glasgow, and father of Dr Norman Macleod of the Barony Parish), was settled as minister of that parish on the death of his father, who had been its minister for 50 years, and was the subject of the following sketch, gleaned from an article in *Good Words*, written shortly after his death in 18— by the late Principal Shairp of St Andrews. "Gifted with powers which in Edinburgh or in London would have won for him the highest rewards of his profession, he has, says the writer, "from pure love of his native district and of its people, resisted the strongest solicitations of public duty or ambition, or both, and been well content to live and labour and die on the spot where he was born. The impression he has left on his native district, the hold he has laid on men's affections, has been, if less wide, yet more deep and enduring than probably it could have been in any large city. And not their native district only, but the world, is the better for the knowledge that such men have existed. Whether present in the body or absent, these secluded and high-souled lives stand before our

memory like the great mountains, to strengthen and refresh us by the very thought of them.

Of such a life there has been, in our time, no finer example than that of Dr John Macleod, the lately-departed minister of Morven. Sprung from a well-known race, which has contributed many distinguished sons to the ministry of the Scottish Church, he stood quite single and unique in his marked individuality. His father, his home, and his parish have been well described by his nephew, the late Dr Norman Macleod, in that most characteristic of his works, *The Highland Parish*. John, the younger of two brothers, was singularly endowed both in body and in mind. To Glasgow College he had been like the rest of his race; yet it was no college, but the sights and sounds, the silences and the solitudes of Morven, that had moulded him. In physical, as in mental, stature he towered head and shoulders, above the people. His unusual height (six feet eight) in no way detracted from his strength, or his fitness for hard exercise and long endurance. In youth he had been a sportsman, and his skill was known on every moor of his native region. On all those western shores was no more fearless or trusty pilot. In 1824, at the age of twenty-three, he was appointed to assist and to succeed his father. The parish is of vast extent, and all but surrounded by the sea, so that the homes of the then numerous and scattered population were many of them inaccessible, except by boat, or by long journeys over moor, morass, and mountain-ridges. His great muscular strength and his resolute spirit enabled him to follow duty by sea and land where few would venture. . . .

When one, who was a born king of men, after going through many hardships to reach them, stooping his tall form beneath their low doorway, greeted them, read the Scriptures, and prayed with them in their

Gaelic tongue, with a fervour and poetry all his own, it may be imagined that he laid hold of their hearts. He loved them as though they were his own immediate kinsmen, counselled them in their difficulties, sympathised with their sorrows, and they returned his love with large interest.

Perhaps one of the most striking peculiarities of Dr John Macleod was the rare way in which his fine poetic nature and his great practical wisdom interblended. On the only visit which the Poet-Laureate paid to Argyleshire and Morven, Dr John Macleod met him at a neighbouring country house. They two fraternised as though they had been familiar friends, and as they sat far into the night Dr John brought forth from his exhaustless store his best anecdotes of humour and of Hebridean adventure. Next morning Lord Tennyson told his host that he thought the minister of Morven was the finest man he had ever met, adding, "He is a man with a well-born head." Dr John Macleod's poetic compositions in Gaelic, some poems, many hymns, are said by competent judges to be of the highest order. One of his boat-songs he himself translated into English, preserving the Gaelic assonance instead of rhyme, as only a master of both languages could do, and makes one regret that he had not oftener cared to work in this way. But to literary, as to other fame, he was indifferent. What he loved, he loved for its own sake, not for the praise of men.

He seldom spoke in the General Assembly, but when he did it was on Highland subjects, and then his voice was listened to as an oracle, as well from the wisdom of his counsel as from the impressiveness of his speech. It was in preaching the gospel to the poor that he appeared to the best advantage. When he spoke in English, men recognised a man of vigorous intellect and warm heart; but when he addressed his flock in

his and their native language, he stood alone in the beauty of his eloquence and the persuasiveness of his appeals. To strangers he appeared grave and dignified—a man with whom no one would venture to take a liberty. But a little nearer acquaintance soon showed the warmth, the geniality, and the humour, which lay hid beneath that grave and stately exterior.”

One who knew him well informs us that he was in many ways the most remarkable of his gifted family—in magnificence of aspect, and in dignity and independence of character. Although honours were heaped on him in his later days—he was Moderator of the Church, (1851) and Dean of the Chapel Royal—he never “lifted his little finger to ‘push’ himself forward. I have never seen anyone of such forceful and impressive personality, or who made you feel more that he was a king of men. He was at the same time the most hospitable and courteous to what (to convey my meaning) I may call inferiors, I have ever seen—a noble and rare trait of character.”

DR JOHN MACLEOD OF GOVAN.

Dr John Macleod, presently minister or Govan Parish, is the youngest son of the above Dr John Macleod of Morven, and great-grandson, on his maternal side, of the famous Donald Macleod of Bernera. He has been minister successively of Newton-on-Ayr, Dunse, and Govan. He was born at Fuinery, Morven, in Argyleshire, three generations being thus connected with that parish.

We here print first a beautiful song by Dr John Macleod of Morven, written in imitation of a Highland Boat Song, and in illustration of Gaelic rhythm.

THE CLANSMEN.

Air.—“Agus Ho Mhorag.”

Send the biorlinn on careering,
Cheerily, and all together ;
Ho ro ! clansmen,

A long, strong pull together,
Ho ro ! clansmen.

Give her way, and show her wake,
Mid showering spray and curling eddies ;
Ho ro, etc.

Bend your oars, and send her foaming
O'er the dark and glowing billows ;
Ho ro, etc.

Proudly o'er the wave we'll bound her,
As the staghound bounds the heather ;
Ho ro, etc.

Through the eddying tide we'll guide her,
Round each isle and breezy headland ;
Ho ro, etc.

See the diver, as he eyes her,
Hides with wonder under water ;
Ho ro, etc.

The gannet high in midway sky,
Triumphs wildly as we're passing ;
Ho ro, etc.

The sportive sunbeams gleam around her,
As she bounds the shining water ;
Ho ro, etc.

Clansmen ! cheer, the wind is veering,
Soon she'll tear and cleave the billows ;
Ho ro, etc.

Soon the flowing breeze will blow,
Will show the snowy canvas on her ;
Ho ro, etc.

Wafted by the breeze of morn
We'll quaff the joyous horn together ;
Ho ro, etc.

Another cheer ! our isle appears,
Our biorlinn bears her on the faster ;
Ho ro, etc.

Ahead she goes—our biorlinn knows
That eyes on shore are gazing on her ;
Ho ro, etc.

Ahead she goes—the land she knows,
 Ho ro ! the snowy shores of Canna !
 Ho ro, etc.

Ahead she goes—the land she knows,
 Ho ro, ho ro, ho ro, we have it.
 Ho ro, etc.

The following are translations of two of the most popular of the Gaelic songs by Dr John Macleod of Govan. They are the only examples we have met of closely faithful translation preserving the distinctive Gaelic melody and rythm. These songs are sung in the Highlands to airs of great plaintiveness and beauty:

HIGHLAND LOVE SONGS.

I.

(Fhir a Bhata na-hò-ro ay-li.)

From the seaward summits peering
 Long I wait thy sails appearing :
 Wilt thou come to-day, to-morrow,
 Or nevermore to console my sorrow ?
 Sailor love na-hò-ro ay-li,
 Sailor love na-hò-ro ay-li,
 Sailor love na-hò-ro ay-li,
 Their jealous tongues made my love forsake me.

No brief season's fitful feeling
 Gave I thee—vain all concealing :
 Childhood's love will alter never
 Till death's dark blow lay me low for ever.
 Sailor love ! na-hò-ro ay-li, &c.

Fickle-hearted though they called thee,
 Not the less thy love enthralled me :
 Still in dreams I hear thee speaking,
 And still at dawn for thy form am seeking.
 Sailor love ! na-hò-ro ay-li, &c.

Oft they bid me tear thy semblance
 From my slighted heart's remembrance.
 But such hopes are now as idle
 As ocean's tide in its pride to bridle.
 Sailor love ! na-hò-ro ay-li, &c.

Evermore in tears I'll languish
 Like a lone white swan in anguish,
 As her dying notes awaken
 The reedy loch, when by all forsaken.
 Sailor love ! na-hò-ro ay-li, &c.

II.

(Gun bu slan a chi mi.)

Health and joy go with thee,
 My own true love for aye,
 With thy locks so golden,
 Fit theme for poet's lay :
 Sweet to me thine accents
 In sorrow's dismal day,
 Ever as I heard thee
 My heart grew light and gay.

Eyes of blue bright-beaming,
 Eyelashes thickly lined,
 Cheek that mocks the rowan,
 Clear-featured face and kind :
 What though liars babble
 That love to slights gave place,
 Year-long seems each season
 Since last I saw thy face.

Sad am I and weary
 To-hight upon the sea,
 Sleep forsakes my pillow
 While thou art far from me :
 Oft to thee thought wanders,
 Afar from thee I pine,
 What to me life's pleasures,
 If thou canst ne'er be mine ?

Jealous tongues may tell thee
 I left thee in disdain,
 That my love decaying
 Would wake no more again :
 Heed them not, for trust me,
 Till life itself shall pass,
 Thou to me art dearer
 Than dew unto the grass.

The following are also by Dr John Macleod of Govan:

PASSING MORVEN.

[Written by the Rev. Dr John Macleod of Govan on passing Morven on the first occasion after the death of his father, and the home of the family for a century had been broken up.]

Down Mull's dark sound from port to port
The vessel holds upon her way,
From green Loch Aline's wooded shore
To yonder castle—crown'd bay.

And silent 'mid a motley throng
Of strangers—on her deck I stand
Watching with thoughts unutterable
The glory of the gliding land.

O land of Morven ! dearer far
To me than fairest spot of earth :
O land on which my eyes first looked,
The land that gave my fathers birth.

Scanning to-day thy winding shores,
Although as through a haze of tears,
I feel anew thy wondrous spell,
Rich heirloom of a hundred years.

I see the kirk-crowned sward of Kiel,
The old grey cross against the sky ;
The eastward-ordered grassy graves
Where holy generations lie.

I seem to see, in visions fair,
The summer Sundays long ago ;
The little church—his kingly head
Stooping to pass its lintel low.

I hear the old familiar sounds
That broke, but did not mar the calm ;
The clear, sweet piping of the lark,
The plaintive cadence of the psalm.

But past the shores of Achabeig
By craggy Dhucraig—Achnahaw—
By Savary's beach and wooded knoll,
We swiftly sweep, and nearer draw

To where, the midmost channel reached,
Blest Fuinary I behold once more,
The double gables flanked with trees,
The gleaming arch above the door.

And every spot on which I gaze,
 From sandy beach to cairn-topped Ben,
 Islands and cottage, fields and burns,
 Green Fingal's bill, the bridge, the glen,

All—all—to-day but speak to me
 Of that bright past forever fled—
 Of him, whose presence haunts them all,
 A year past numbered with the dead !

Lo ! the " Grey Isles " !—our paddles forge
 Through rushing tides, a track of foam,
 The sullen shores of Mull are gained,
 And I, once more, have lost my home.

SALACHAN BURN AT MORVEN.

O softly babble to the sea,
 No hand can stay or fetter thee,
 Streaming through moor and vale and lea—
 Oceanward.

Flow between the mountain ridges,
 Leap the black and shattered ledges,
 Sweep beneath those ivied bridges—
 Oceanward.

Sun-goldened woodlands bid thee stay,
 Thick-foliaged o'er thy channel'd way,
 Break from their shadows—break away—
 Oceanward.

Not strange the course thy waters take,
 I know thee to thy fountain lake,
 Thy gentlest sweep, and boldest leap,
 Thy rough rock-walls and plunging falls,
 Thy foam-bells ringing free,
 Thy pools and thy shallows,
 Thy sun-woven shadows,
 Thy startles and sallies,
 Thy fern-glades and valleys,
 Were early known to me.

O near and far, and loud and low,
 Thy mystic voices come and go,
 Dream-eyed I see thy waters flow—
Oceanward.

There are links we cannot sever,
 Voices still and hush'd for ever,
 Wake, and blend with thine, dim river—
Oceanward.

REMEMBER NOT THE SINS OF MY YOUTH.

Could I recall the years that now are flown,
 For evermore :
 Revive my early visions—long o'erthrown—
 And hope restore :
 How blest it were to mould my life anew,
 And all my broken vows of youth renew.

Oh were I once again but free to choose
 As in past days,
 How oft the sun-lit path I would refuse
 For sterner ways !
 Content to turn aside from every road,
 Save that which kept me in the smile of God.

But vain the dream : the strife is o'er with me ;
 Dark days remain ;
 I could not trust my heart if I were free
 To choose again ;
 The dazzling morning might again deceive,
 Life be mis-spent, and age be left to grieve.

I would not, if I could, recall the years
 That now are fled :
 Their cares and pleasures, labours, hopes, and fears
 For me are dead :
 I ask but mercy for the weary past,
 And grace to guide me gently home at last.



MRS NORMAN MACLEOD, SENIOR, AND MISS ANNIE CAMPBELL MACLEOD.

THE following spirited song, "Sound the Pibroch," is by the mother of the late Dr Norman Macleod, Barony Church, Glasgow. It is from "Songs of the North" (London: Field & Tuer), a handsome volume, edited by A. C. Macleod and Harold Boulton—the music being arranged by Malcolm Lawson. The work contains many songs of rare value and beauty, never before printed, and is dedicated, by special permission, to the Queen. We also give from the same work two songs, full of rich melody and tender sentiment, by Miss Annie Campbell Macleod (who is now Mrs Wilson, and lives in India), the second daughter of Dr Norman of the Barony.

SOUND THE PIBROCH.

Sound the pibroch loud on high
 Frae John o' Groats to isle o' Skye;
 Let a' the clans their slogan cry,
 And rise and follow Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
 Tha tighin fodham, fodham, fodham,
 Tha tighin fodham, eirigh!

And see a small devoted band
 By dark Loch Shiel have ta'en their stand,
 And proudly vow with heart and hand
 To fight for royal Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, &c.

From every hill and every glen
 Are gathering fast the loyal men,
 They grasp their dirks and shout again
 "Hurrah, for royal Charlie!"

Tha tighin fodham, &c.

On dark Culloilen's field of gore
Hark, Hark, they shout "Claymore, Claymore!"
They bravely fight, what can they more?
They die for royal Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, &c.

No more we'll see such deeds again,
Deserted is each Highland glen,
And lonely cairns are o'er the men
Who fought and died for Charlie.

Tha tighin fodham, &c.

(By A. C. M.)

O'ER THE MOOR.

O'er the moor I wander lonely,
Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore;
Where are all the joys I cherished?
With my darling they have perished,
And they will return no more.

I loved thee first, I loved thee only,
Ochon-a-rie, my heart is sore;
I loved thee from the day I met thee,
What care I though all forget thee?
I will love thee evermore.

FAIR YOUNG MARY.

(Mairi Bhan Og.)

Mhairi bhan og, my ain only dearie,
My winsome, my bonnie wee bride,
Let the warld gang and a' the lave wi' it
Gin ye are but left by my side.
The lark to its nest, the stream to the ocean,
The star to its home in the west,
And I to my Mary, and I to my darling,
And I to the ane I lo'e best.

Time sall na touch thee, nor trouble come near thee,
Thou maunna grow old like the lave,
And gin ye gang, Mary, the way o' the weary,
I'll follow thee soon to the grave.
A glance o' thy e'en wad banish a' sorrow,
A smile, and fareweel to a' strife,
For peace is beside thee, and joy is around thee,
And love is the light o' thy life.

JAMES MONTEATH MACCULLOCH.

(JAMES SAINT-BLANE.)

OUR readers will be pleased to see that we have been privileged to reveal the identity of one who has hitherto written songs and composed melodies under various "pen-names." A paragraph in the introduction to a little work, "Twelve Songs, with Music," by James Saint-Blane, author of "Maggie, Queen o' Avondale," and Jb. Monteath (London: W. Kent & Co., 1884), states that "it may be acknowledged that the surname Saint-Blane is a *nom-de-plume*, and that it was assumed by one whose mother, like that of the Poet Motherwell, was a member of a family named Monteath, long settled at Dunblane, Perthshire."

Our poet's paternal grandfather, leaving his ancestral home in the Far North, journeyed southward until he reached Keir estate, near Bridge of Allan, on which he found a habitation, married, and had several children, all of whom died young, except a son and a daughter. The latter became the wife of Mr John Monteath, long the popular "Master" of Dunblane School, and author of an interesting work entitled "Dunblane Traditions;" while the former married the Master's sister, and had a family of three sons and four daughters. The second of the three sons—James Saint-Blane, who was born in the town of Falkirk in 1841—ultimately became the sole surviving male member of the family. His father, after being a few years engaged in teaching in Stirlingshire, became a journalist in Stirling, where he died in 1852. At this time James was about eleven years of age; he passed the next four years of his life in the shop of a bookseller in Stirling; thereafter, for a year or two, was engaged as a junior clerk in the same town; and,

later, in Edinburgh and in Glasgow, he was associated chiefly with the publishing trade. Although it was not until he was twenty-three years of age that he began writing, his parentage and his connection with books considered, it is not surprising that he developed taste and ability for literary work, both in prose and in rhyme.

The space at our command now will not permit of our giving a detailed list of Saint-Blane's contributions to literature—fugitive and under various pen-names. It may interest many to learn, however, that, as "Richard Rollingstone," he wrote "Walter Leslie's Plunge : a Story Disclosing Facts concerning Licensed Music-Hall Life" (London : Simpkin, Marshall, & Co., 1871), of which several thousand copies were sold immediately on publication. As "Special Reporter," "Special Correspondent," &c., he had connection with the press at one time ; but he never really became a professional writer, and his claim to recognition at our hands rests solely on his songs.

Had space allowed, not a few romantic stories could be narrated of our poet's ramblings and experiences. A number of these are recorded in a very interesting article that appeared several years ago in the *People's Journal*. Certain "sweet faces" seem to have haunted him, more than one of them ultimately inspiring some of his finest songs. This sketch also informs us that his song, "Sons of Scotland," was very eulogistically spoken of by the late Rev. George Gilfillan, the "Poets' Friend" of the day, who said—"The words ring right martially, and along with the music (by John Fulcher) must stir the blood and 'beet,' to use Burns's word, the patriotic flame."

Being desirous to narrate the story of Saint-Blane's life beyond the period embraced in the *People's Journal* article, we communicated our wish to Mr Monteath, co-author of the "Twelve Songs" alluded to above,

who has kindly forwarded to us the following important and deeply interesting statement:—"Where the story of James Saint-Blane ends, there begins the story of Jacob Monteath. For upward of twenty years it has been my intention that my identity should not be revealed in my lifetime; but the honour you confer upon 'James Saint-Blane,' by devoting to him the closing pages of your valuable Work of fifteen volumes, induces me not only to assist you in identifying *him* under his own name, but also to enable you to conclude your Work with the record that 'Jb. Monteath' is the latest and last pen-name that has been and will be adopted by James Monteath Macculloch, author-composer of 'Maggie, Queen o' Avondale.'"

Regarding the literary work of the subject of this sketch, we have now to add that, during the short career, many years ago, of the "London Scottish Journal," he contributed thereto a series of "London Scottish Rhymes," one of which, "Song of the Scots Frae Hame," was republished in the book of "Twelve Songs." The words of this song we print below. To "Tinsley's Magazine" (1879-80), he contributed a series of Poems entitled "The Loves o' Langsyne," also several short stories, including "The Bard of Inveralm," a touching narrative of a songwriter's life and death.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

Though vagrant fancy roams at will,
 Delights in widest range,
 The heart owns thee its idol still—
 Can never learn to change.
 Though truant eye seeks beauty's throng,
 With admiration glows,
 And lingers oft, and lingers long,
 And glances fond bestows,
 For ever thine, the Faithful Heart
 Yields not to charm or spell—
 One image doth its joy impart,
 Thine image loved so well.

Though idle lips may whisper love
 In still more idle ears,
 The heart disdains to rise above
 The love of early years.
 Though song anon my harp may breath,
 A tender strain may raise,
 'Tis art but twining words in wreath
 To sing another's praise:
 For ever thine, the Faithful Heart
 Yields not to charm or spell—
 One image doth its joy impart,
 Thine image loved so well.

A N N I E.

A bird o' passage on the wing,
 Ae night, my spirit weary,
 A haunt where mirth and laughter ring
 I sought to make me cheery.

There, in that hall—a crowd among
 Whose aim was dissipation—
 I met a gentle Queen o' Song,
 Full worthy higher station.

Again, and yet again, we met—
 Alas, 'twas to our sorrow!—
 Until we parted wi' regret,
 Each longing for the morrow.

Ae day we sought a woodland shade,
 And, while we there did tarry,
 Fair Annie this confession made—
 She wasna free to marry.

Unlawfu' love our souls did spurn—
 What could we do but sever?
 Each heart became a sacred urn,
 Inscribed "Farewell—for ever!"

Wi' eye upraised, toward the sky
 She pointed wi' her finger—
 "Death sunders ev'ry earthly tie,
 And there with you I'll linger."

SONG OF THE SCOTS FRAE HAME.

Though far frae hame, we're aye the same
As in the days o' yore ;
Though changed our lot, our souls are not—
We're Scotsmen to the core.

CHORUS —

As in the past, so to the last,
Till in the grave we'll rest,
In weal or woe, where'er we go,
Old Scotland we'll lo'e best.

Our thoughts by day oft homeward stray
To banks o' winding streams ;
And snow-capt hills and dancing rills
By night engage our dreams.

Chorus.—As in the past, &c.

Though far frae hame, we're aye the same,
A patriotic band ;
Wi' rev'rent air we breathe the prayer—
God bless our native land !

Chorus.—As in the past, &c.

Should health e'er fail or want assail,
We'll say, " What's mine is thine !"
The young we'll tend, the old befriend,
For sake o' Auld Lang Syne.

CHORUS—

For auld lang syne !
For auld lang syne !
True Scots are we, and aye will be
For auld lang syne.

THE AULD KIRKYAIRD.

In a wee toon in the west
There's an auld kirkyaird,
An' my kin a' ha'e their rest
In that auld kirkyaird.
Faither, mither, ta'en awa' ;
Brither, sister, ane and a'—
My saut tears had cause to fa'
In that auld kirkyaird.

There was ae time bune the lave,
 In that auld kirkyaird—
 I stood sadly by a grave
 In that auld kirkyaird :
 It was when we buried ane
 Wha for my ain love I'd ta'en—
 My dream'd life o' bliss was gane
 In that auld kirkyaird.

Though I ha'e been lang awa'
 Frae that auld kirkyaird,
 The ae thought aye bune-most a'
 Is that auld kirkyaird :
 When the day comes I maun dee,
 Sans regret I'll close my e'e
 If a grave be promised me
 In that auld kirkyaird.

JAMIE'S FAREWELL.

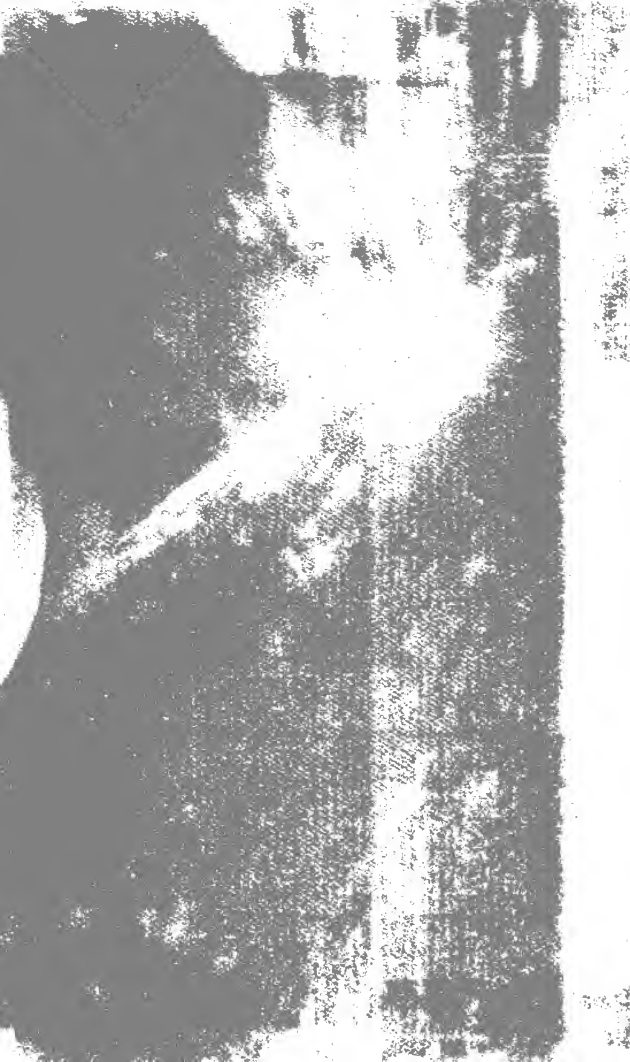
Farewell, dear cronies ane and a' !
 This night for aye we sever ;
 But lang as I ha'e breath to draw
 Forget you I shall never.
 Our days abroad, our nights at home,
 Hae gi'en me mickle pleasure :
 Whate'er my lot, where'er I roam,
 Our happy hours I'll treasure.
 Farewell ! Farewell !

Farewell, fair lasses ! we must part—
 This night for aye we sever :
 The warmest corner o' my heart
 I promise you for ever.
 You're good and kind—it grieves me sair
 I canna longer tarry :
 Alas !—but diuna ask me mair—
 I am na free to marry.
 Farewell ! Farewell !

" My own, my native land," farewell !
 This night for aye we sever :
 Each crag and peak, each glen and dell,
 I'll keep in mind for ever.
 Nae doubt I'll ken some home-sick pangs,
 Wi' none but strangers near me;
 But crooning o'er the auld Scots sangs
 Is sure to soothe and cheer me.
 Farewell ! Farewell !







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Edwards, David Herschell
Modern Scottish poets

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